

# INVESTIGATION OF A HOMICIDE

## THE MURDER OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

by

Judy Whitson Bonner

CIA =

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INVESTIGATION OF A HOMICIDE  
The Murder of John F. Kennedy

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CONTENTS

WHERE OTHERS HAVE ERRED .....	5
CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS .....	9
RANKING SYSTEM OF DALLAS POLICE	
DEPARTMENT .....	15
CODES AND SIGNALS OF DALLAS POLICE	
DEPARTMENT .....	16
PROLOGUE: 'A DAMN GOOD JOB' .....	21
PART ONE: SIGNAL 19	
12:28 p.m. ....	27
12:28 p.m. ....	41
12:29 p.m. ....	44
12:30 p.m. ....	50
12:30 p.m. ....	53
12:30 p.m. ....	55
12:34 p.m. ....	57
12:40 p.m. ....	61
12:41 p.m. ....	63
11:55 a.m. ....	68
12:33 p.m. ....	73
1:12 p.m. ....	76
1:16 p.m. ....	79
1:17 p.m. ....	81
OBSERVATION .....	84
PART TWO: CODE 3	
1:20 p.m. ....	91
1:20 p.m. ....	94
1:22 p.m. ....	97
1:25 p.m. ....	101
1:48 p.m. ....	105
1:53 p.m. ....	109
OBSERVATION .....	113

PART THREE: CASE NO. F-85950

2:20 p.m. ....	119
2:21 p.m. ....	124
2:30 p.m. ....	126
2:40 p.m. ....	129
3:05 p.m. ....	133
3:10 p.m. ....	135
4:00 p.m. ....	139
4:10 p.m. ....	142
4:15 p.m. ....	149
6:00 p.m. ....	151
7:05 p.m. ....	155
7:30 p.m. ....	159
7:40 p.m. ....	164
8:40 p.m. ....	166
11:26 p.m. ....	167
12 midnight ....	170
Saturday, November 23 ....	173
Sunday, November 24 ....	178
EPILOGUE: THE LINGERING SHAME ....	183
SUMMARY OF EVIDENCE ....	191
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CASE ....	195-251
THE BEEF SHEETS ....	252-301
DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT ORGANIZATIONAL CHARTS ....	302-303
DALLAS POLICE RADIO LOG NOVEMBER 22, 1963 ....	305
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS ....	365

**WHERE OTHERS HAVE ERRED . . .**

Most of the books about the John F. Kennedy assassination – even those which agree with the Warren Report – contain glaring errors concerning the event and its aftermath, and particularly about the involvement of the Dallas Police Department. Some of these mistakes – and the true facts, as reported in *Investigation of a Homicide*:

**ERROR:**

In *Six Seconds in Dallas*, author Josiah Thompson claims DPD motorcycle patrolman James Chaney was not splattered with blood from President's head wound, proving, Thompson says, that shots didn't come from School Book Depository.

**FACT:** See page 50.

**ERROR:**

In *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, author Jim Bishop implies that Lee Harvey Oswald was never formally charged with the murder of John F. Kennedy.

**FACT:** See pages 13, 167 and 173.

**ERROR:**

Bishop also claims Dallas police told Oswald why he was arrested as they drove him from Texas Theater to police headquarters. He inaccurately reports conversation between Oswald and his captors.

**FACT:** For a true account of what police and Oswald said after his arrest, see pages 110 and 111.

**ERROR:**

In *Unanswered Questions About President Kennedy's Assassination*, author Sylvan Fox claims two rifles were found in School Book Depository.

FACT: See page 98, affidavit page 263.

**ERROR:**

In *Rush to Judgement*, Mark Lane says Dallas police concentrated their search on grassy knoll after shots were fired, that they didn't search or seal School Book Depository.

FACT: See pages 56, 58, 61, 62, 64-66, 97.

**ERROR:**

Lane says nobody saw Oswald leave School Book Depository after shots were fired.

FACT: See official witness affidavit, page 264.

**ERROR:**

Lane says Oswald didn't attempt to ride bus to Oak Cliff after assassination.

FACT: See affidavits pages 266, 268; photo page 227.

**ERROR:**

Lane claims Oswald's billfold searched after his capture did not contain identification card with his name and photo.

FACT: See page 110 and photos pages 229-235.

**ERROR:**

Lane says Officer J. D. Tippit tried to contact police dispatcher at 1:08 p.m.

FACT: See official police radio log, pages 319, 323, 324.

**ERROR:**

Lane says all Dallas police cars were ordered to triple underpass after assassination.

FACT: See radio log, pages 315-322.

**ERROR:**

Lane says Dallas police officials were the ones who decided when and how Oswald would be transferred to county jail.

FACT: See page 175.

**ERROR:**

In *Assassin or Fall Guy*, author Joachin Joesten says shots were fired from triple underpass.

FACT: See pages 55, 58, 59, 66.

**ERROR:**

Joesten claims Dallas Sheriff Decker ordered men to surround triple underpass even before shots were fired.

FACT: See page 51 and radio log pages 355, 356.

**ERROR:**

Joesten also says Lee Harvey Oswald was never seen carrying a pistol.

FACT: See affidavits, pages 270, 271, 272, 274, 297.

**ERROR:**

In *Who Killed Kennedy*, author Thomas Buchanan says there were no witnesses to assassination.

FACT: See pages 58 and 62.

**ERROR:**

Buchanan also claims Oswald was not a member of Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

FACT: See photos of membership cards, pages 231, 242.

**ERROR:**

In *Whitewash*, author Harold Weisberg says Oswald didn't know



route of President's motorcade.

**FACT:** See affidavit, page 286.

**ERROR:**

Weisberg also claims attempt to move Oswald from city to county jail was unnecessary.

**FACT:** See pages 174 and 175.

**ERROR:**

In *Death of a President*, William Manchester says Dallas police radio dispatcher didn't relay message about president's shooting for five minutes.

**FACT:** See pages 51 and 53, radio log pages 355 and 356.

**ERROR:**

Manchester also claims Oswald was denied counsel while in Dallas jail.

**FACT:** See pages 14, 130, 156, 174.

## CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

... based on the Dallas Police Department radio transcript and official department records.

**Friday, November 22, 1963**

**11:37 a.m.** — Air Force One bearing President Kennedy and his party lands at Dallas Love Field Airport.

**11:49 a.m.** — Presidential motorcade led by Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry leaves Love Field, headed for downtown Dallas.

**12:20 p.m.** — Motorcade reaches edge of downtown Dallas.

**12:24 p.m.** — Motorcade turns off Harwood onto Main Street by Police and Courts Building.

**12:29 p.m.** — Chief Curry reports to dispatcher that motorcade is nearing triple underpass where it is to proceed to Dallas Trade Mart for President Kennedy's luncheon address.

**12:30 p.m.** — Three shots fired at Presidential car from Texas School Book Depository at Elm and Houston near triple underpass. Chief Curry orders motorcade and escort to go to Parkland Hospital, alerts dispatcher to have Parkland stand by.

**12:30 p.m./** — DPD motorcycle patrolman Marrión Baker in motorcade escort hears shots, identifies School Book Depository as source, goes into depository building to search — encounters Lee Harvey Oswald, who is cleared by building superintendent.

**12:32 p.m.** — Chief Curry says to dispatcher, "It looks like the President's been hit."

12:34 p.m. — Police dispatcher receives first message from squad at Elm and Houston identifying School Book Depository as source of shots.

12:35 p.m. — Two more squads at scene report to dispatcher that witnesses identify shots as coming from Texas School Book Depository.

12:37 p.m. — Officers request additional squads at Elm and Houston, report they have a witness who saw the President slump when hit.

12:38 p.m. — Officer at Elm and Houston reports witness saw someone pull gun from window of School Book Depository. Dispatcher cannot understand if officer said "second or seventh" story.

12:40 p.m. — Patrolman reports from Parkland Hospital "the President's head was practically blown off."

12:42 p.m. — DPD Inspector J. Herbert Sawyer reports command post is set up at School Book Depository but more manpower is needed to seal and search building.

12:44 p.m. — Sawyer radios first description of suspect in shooting which is then broadcast by dispatcher on both DPD radio channels.

12:45 p.m. — Officer J. D. Tippit (squad 78) and Officer R. C. Nelson (squad 87) ordered by dispatcher to move into Central Oak Cliff area to replace Oak Cliff squads which have been called downtown.

12:54 p.m. — Dispatcher tells Officer Tippit to "be at large for any emergency that comes in."

12:55 p.m. — Officer at Elm and Houston reports he has a witness who says he "saw the President get hit."

1:12 p.m. — Deputy Sheriff Luke Mooney and DPD Sgt. Gerald Hill discover sniper's nest and empty cartridge cases by southwest window on sixth floor of Texas School Book Depository.

1:16 p.m. — Dispatcher receives call from citizen using police radio that an officer has been shot on Tenth Street in Oak Cliff. Check shows it to be squad 78 — Officer J. D. Tippit.

1:19 p.m. — Dispatcher reports suspect in Tippit's shooting is running west on Jefferson Boulevard.

1:22 p.m. — Deputy sheriffs and DPD homicide chief Will Fritz discover bolt-action rifle hidden between stacks of book cartons on sixth floor of School Book Depository.

1:23 p.m. — Dispatcher broadcasts first description of suspect in Tippit's shooting; dispatcher on channel 2 notes similarity between this and suspect in President's shooting.

1:25 p.m. — School Book Depository superintendent Roy Truly tells Capt. Fritz that one of his workers, Lee Harvey Oswald, was missing from roll call taken after lunch.

1:25 p.m. — Officer reports from Jefferson Boulevard that suspect dropped his jacket in a parking lot while fleeing.

1:31 p.m. — Dispatcher confirms on radio that Officer Tippit is dead.

1:36 p.m. — Officer in Oak Cliff gives more detailed description of suspect in Tippit's shooting, reports he was apparently armed with a 32 automatic pistol.

1:45 p.m. — Cashier at Texas Theater at 231 West Jefferson telephones police dispatcher to say a man who appeared to be running from something just ducked into theater without buying a ticket. Dispatcher broadcasts information that suspect is in theater.

**1:52 p.m.** — Officers report they have captured suspect in Texas Theater after a fight and are enroute to station with suspect and weapon.

**2:05 p.m.** — Officers arrive at police station with suspect, whose identification papers show him to be a "Lee Harvey Oswald" alias "Alek J. Hidell."

**2:10 p.m.** — Arresting officers confirm Lee Harvey Oswald is suspect in assassination.

**2:20 p.m.** — Lee Harvey Oswald is taken to homicide and robbery bureau for first interrogation session.

**3:10 p.m.** — DPD homicide detectives search Lee Harvey Oswald's belongings in Irving home, find mail order rifle ads and communist literature, discover Oswald's rifle missing.

**4:04 p.m.** — Oswald is searched outside police show-up room; five bullets and bus transfer slip dated Nov. 22 found in his pocket.

**4:05 p.m.** — First "show-up" of Oswald. Helen Markham identifies him as man she saw shoot Officer Tippit.

**4:10 p.m.** — Homicide detectives search Lee Harvey Oswald's room in Oak Cliff, learn from landlady he had come there and changed clothes at 1 p.m.

**4:20 p.m.** — Oswald returned to homicide bureau for further questioning.

**6:20 p.m.** — Second "show-up." Bus driver Cecil McWatters identifies Oswald as man who boarded his bus at Elm and Murphy about 12:40 p.m.

**7:05 p.m.** — Will Fritz signs formal complaint charging Lee Harvey Oswald with murder of Officer Tippit.

**7:10 p.m.** — Oswald formally arraigned for murder of Tippit before Justice of the Peace David L. Johnston, ordered held without bond.

**7:40 p.m.** — Third "show-up." Howard Brennan identifies Oswald as man he saw in sixth floor window of Texas School Book Depository when shots were fired at motorcade. Jeanette and Virginia Davis identify him as man they saw fleeing from scene of Tippit's shooting.

**8 p.m.** — Will Fritz receives FBI reports on trace of rifle found in School Book Depository and pistol taken from Oswald at his capture, showing Oswald purchased both weapons by mail order.

**8:40 p.m.** — Oswald's finger and palmprints taken and paraffin test given.

**11:26 p.m.** — Fritz signs complaint charging Oswald with the murder of President Kennedy.

**12 midnight** — Oswald taken to police assembly room for press conference.

#### **Saturday, November 23**

**1:30 a.m.** — Oswald arraigned before Justice of the Peace Johnston for murder of President Kennedy, ordered held without bond.

**10:15 a.m.** — Oswald delivered to Will Fritz' office for more questioning.

**1:10 p.m.** — Oswald visited by his wife and mother in fourth floor visiting area of Police and Courts Building.

1:30 p.m. -- Will Fritz receives crime lab reports on bullets, cartridge cases, prisoner's finger and palmprints, paraffin test.

2:15 p.m. -- Fourth "show-up." Cab driver William Whaley identifies Oswald as man he took from downtown Dallas to Beckley intersection in Oak Cliff about 12:50 p.m. Friday.

2:30 p.m. -- Fritz signs complaint charging Oswald with aggravated assault in shooting of Gov. Connally.

2:45 p.m. -- Fingernail scraping and hair specimens taken from Oswald, with his consent, for crime lab tests.

3:30 p.m. -- Oswald visited by his brother Robert.

3:45 p.m. -- Oswald called on by president of Dallas Bar Association offering legal assistance.

5:30 p.m. -- Oswald taken to Fritz' office for further questioning.

8 p.m. -- Oswald attempts to call his wife in Irving.

#### Sunday, November 24

9 a.m. -- Police begin security check of City Hall basement prior to Oswald's transfer to county jail.

9:30 a.m. -- Oswald signed out of city jail and taken to Fritz' office for final questioning.

11:15 a.m. -- Oswald taken from Fritz' office to City Hall basement to be transferred.

11:21 a.m. -- Jack Ruby shoots Lee Harvey Oswald in City Hall basement.

1:07 p.m. -- Oswald pronounced dead at Parkland Memorial Hospital.

#### RANKING SYSTEM OF DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT NOVEMBER, 1963

(from lowest rank)

Patrolman

Sergeant or Detective *(same status and pay -- detective in criminal investigation, sergeant in all other divisions)*

Lieutenant

Captain

Inspector

Deputy Chief

Assistant Chief

Chief

**CODES AND SIGNALS  
USED BY DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT  
NOVEMBER, 1963**

**CODES** (these are used to designate speed and destination of a police vehicle)

- Code 1 – routine call. Normal speed, without red lights or siren
- Code 2 – urgent call. Increased but cautious speed, red lights and siren turned on at all intersections
- Code 3 – top emergency. Highest safe speed, red lights and siren running continuously
- Code 4 – disregard last call
- Code 5 – enroute
- Code 6 – arrival at destination

**SIGNALS** (these designate various crimes or emergencies)

- Signal 6 – disturbance
- Signal 7 – accident
- Signal 8 – drunk
- Signal 9 – theft
- Signal 9A – automobile theft  
(no Signal 10)
- Signal 11 – burglary
- Signal 11A – burglary in building
- Signal 12 – silent burglar alarm
- Signal 12A – audible burglar alarm
- Signal 13 – prowler
- Signal 14 – stabbing
- Signal 15 – meet officer
- Signal 16 – injured person
- Signal 17 – gang fight
- Signal 18 – fire call
- Signal 19 – shooting
- Signal 20 – robbery
- Signal 20A – robbery in progress
- Signal 21 – dog bite victim
- Signal 22 – animal complaint

- Signal 23 – parking violation
- Signal 24 – abandoned property
- Signal 24A – abandoned car
- Signal 25 – aggravated assault
- Signal 26 – missing person
- Signal 27 – dead person
- Signal 28 – sick person
- Signal 29 – loose stock
- Signal 30 – prisoner
- Signal 31 – malicious mischief
- Signal 32 – suspicious person
- Signal 32A – suspicious person in car

Codes and signals are the means of rapidly transmitting vital information over the police radio, which is coordinated by the central dispatching office at police headquarters. Each police officer has an assigned squad number to use in identifying himself by radio to the dispatcher and to other officers in the field. "10-4" is the traditional signal denoting that a radio message has been received.

*“The Dallas Police Department does not know how to investigate the assassination of a President of the United States. No police department in the world does. But we do know how to investigate a homicide, and we did a damn good job of it.”*

*— An officer of  
the Dallas Police Department*

## PROLOGUE

### "A DAMN GOOD JOB"

At 12:30 p.m. Friday, November 22, 1963, the police department of Dallas, Texas, found itself faced with one of the most formidable challenges ever thrust upon a local police force.

The Dallas police had to find, capture and prove the charges against an unknown assailant who, from a secluded sniper's nest, had fired a high-powered rifle into President John F. Kennedy's limousine as it was driven in a motorcade through downtown Dallas. The shots killed the President and critically wounded Texas Governor John Connally.

The entire responsibility for this challenging case belonged solely to the Dallas Police Department, for there was no law at that time making a Presidential assassination a federal offense, and this was, despite all its historic and world-wide implications, still a homicide which had taken place in the city limits of Dallas and therefore under the jurisdiction of the city's own police department.

The Dallas police had no time to reflect on why this crime had been committed, or why the tight net of security so carefully laid had tragically failed. They had to act, they had to act fast, and they had to act alone.

Of the four assassinations which have felled United States presidents, all by the bullet, this one was by far the most difficult to investigate and solve. Two assassinations – that of President James A Garfield in Washington, D.C., on July 2, 1881, by Charles J. Guiteau, and that of President William McKinley in Buffalo, New York, on September 6, 1901, by Leon F. Czolgosz – were boldly committed in full view of astonished onlookers by men who were immediately arrested and both quickly tried, sentenced and executed. John Wilkes Booth, who shot President Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865, in Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C., managed to escape the scene of his crime, but he was a well-known

figure and was recognized as he leaped from the balustrade of the Presidential box to the stage below, crying "Sic semper tyrannis." Twelve days later he was cornered by government troops in the barn of a tobacco plantation near Bowling Green, Virginia, where he either shot himself or was shot by a self-appointed executioner. The exact truth has never been known.

The man who assassinated John Fitzgerald Kennedy at the pinnacle of the young President's vigorous career did it from a distance, virtually unseen, and then managed to flee without being noticed. This was all the Dallas police had to go on. Quickly they learned – from eye witnesses and from their own deduction – that the shots had been fired from a sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building, and they hurried to find the assassin's post and whatever clues he had left.

When a Dallas police officer was shot and killed forty-five minutes later and three miles away from the assassination site, the Dallas police assumed without question that this crime had been committed by the same man – an assumption which seems logical by hindsight but which was not so obvious at the moment, yet was the key factor which led to the suspect's capture. Then, with bravery which cannot be comprehended unless it is endured, the police plunged into the place where the suspect had fled, knowing he was armed and had nothing to lose if he killed again. There they arrested him.

It took the Dallas police only one hour and twenty-two minutes to find and apprehend the suspect – a remarkable accomplishment in police history, and one which was achieved with no assistance whatsoever from any outside law enforcement agency. Less than twelve hours after the assassination, the Dallas police – with practically no assistance – had assembled enough valid evidence against the suspect to charge him in the assassination, and there is little doubt that had the prisoner lived to trial he would have been convicted and sentenced under the laws of Texas.

The fact that Lee Harvey Oswald did not live, that he died two days later in an ironic and unpredictable chain of circumstances, does not diminish the accomplishments of the Dallas police in identifying him, arresting him and proving the case against him,

nor can his death by Jack Ruby's gun be entirely blamed on the Dallas police.

This book, although written by a Dallas author who lived in Dallas during the assassination and its aftermath and who has had a close working relationship with the Dallas police, is not an attempt to whitewash, defend, excuse or heroize the Dallas Police Department. It is not an effort to present any new theories about the assassination itself, for the author – like the Dallas Police Department – agrees generally with the conclusions of the Warren Commission Report. The book, does, however, contain many details overlooked, incorrectly or insufficiently explained by the Warren Commission as well as facts never previously brought out which will hopefully shed new light on the assassination, on the efforts to prevent it, on the man who committed it, and especially on the role of the Dallas police in solving it. By giving a complete, accurate, organized and documented report of the assassination and its investigation from the police viewpoint, the book also helps explain and refute many of the charges and false theories which arose after the tragedy of November 22.

The essential purpose of this book is to present a minute-by-minute account – from the moment the shots were fired into the motorcade until the moment the accused man was killed – of a fascinating, exciting and complex case in criminology as it was lived and handled by the officers of an American city's police department. In so doing, it is hoped to make the accomplishments of the Dallas Police Department more clearly understood and appreciated, and in a larger sense to generate a greater understanding of all local police forces in our nation – their problems, their strengths, their shortcomings, their vital role in our free society.

This is the story of how the officers of the Dallas Police Department got their man Friday, November 22, 1963.



PART ONE

**SIGNAL 19**

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22

12:28 p.m.

Jesse Edward Curry, chief of the police department of Dallas, Texas, gripped the steering wheel a little tighter and pulled his foot all the way back from the accelerator as his car passed between the cherry and white Dallas Criminal Courts Building and the old grey and rose, fortress-like County Courthouse which stand on two opposite corners of Main and Houston Streets at the western edge of downtown Dallas. By the time Curry reached the intersection, he was driving so slowly that he had no difficulty making a smooth right turn north onto Houston, and when he checked his rear view mirror he saw that the rest of the cars in the motorcade were staying in line as he wanted. The chief felt an unexplained urgency to go faster, to get all this business over with as quickly as possible, but he deliberately kept his slow pace — just over ten miles an hour, the car's speedometer told him — for the left turn at the next corner, which was Elm. Curry disliked having to slow for the two turns, but it was necessary in order to reach Stemmons Freeway, since Main does not provide access to this thoroughfare. But once on Stemmons, he would at last be able to increase the motorcade's speed and hurry on to the Trade Mart for lunch, rest, and at least a partial relief from the tension which had been building since the President announced his Dallas visit and which had grown almost unbearable since Air Force One had landed at Dallas' Love Field Airport and the Dallas Police Department had taken command.

As he started down Houston, Curry saw that the crowds were even heavier than they had been in other parts of downtown Dallas. Most of the people stood on the grass of Dealey Plaza, a green parkway memorializing the publisher of the *Dallas News* which stretches over the west side of Houston Street across from the complex of county buildings. Some of the people had spilled out onto the street, but police officers were attempting to push them back as the motorcade neared. Curry noticed that the officers were massed shoulder to shoulder around the Elm and Houston intersection, their backs to the street and – he hoped – their eyes constantly scanning the crowd and the buildings beyond as they had been instructed to do. The chief felt a surge of pride as he always did when he saw his men on duty, standing erect and alert, their dark blue uniforms rippling in the breeze, their pistols resting in the holsters on their right hips. As the chief's car moved down Houston, he could see the semi-circular gold patch with the legend "Dallas Police Department" on each officer's right sleeve and the brightly-colored shoulder tabs designating each man's division. They look good, Curry thought. They look the way policemen ought to look.

Curry, a tall, thickly-built man with balding grey hair and a face remarkably unlined for his fifty years, blinked for a moment behind pale-rimmed glasses as his eyes caught the glare of a blazing noontime sun reflecting from the plaza's pools and fountains. It was November 22, only a month away from winter, but one of those warm, bright blue days which often make November in North Texas seem more like summer. Curry guessed that the temperature, with the time now well past noon, was already in the mid seventies and might climb higher still. It had rained heavily in Dallas most of the week, and rain had been predicted for Friday, but a northeast breeze had swept away the threatening clouds not long before Air Force One's landing to reveal brilliant autumn sunshine. Curry had been almost sorry to see the clouds clear – partly, he had to admit, because that would make the weather all the hotter – but more especially because the sun

brought removal of the big plexiglass bubble atop the Presidential limousine and, with it, some of the tight security Curry and his force had worked so hard to insure.

From the sun's heat, and the tension, Curry's white shirt clung stickily to his body under his dark blue business suit – the chief seldom wore a uniform – and he could feel rivulets of sweat rolling down the back of his neck onto his collar. He wished to himself, as he often did on days like this, that the city would include air conditioning for police cars in its next budget. That made him wonder about air conditioning at the Trade Mart, where President Kennedy was to deliver a speech to a luncheon crowd of nearly one thousand Dallas civic and business leaders. "They'd better have it turned all the way up," he thought. "Otherwise the heat might be intolerable with that crowd."

Curry hunched his big shoulders and rocked his neck back and forth trying to relax before he reached the Elm Street turn and the high-speed drive that would follow. He glanced into his rear view mirror to see one of his back seat passengers, Dallas Sheriff J. E. (Bill) Decker, whose department serves as law enforcement agency for the area of Dallas County outside the city limits. Decker looked dapper as usual, and cool, in a well-cut grey suit, blue pin-striped shirt, sculptured cufflinks, black wing-tip shoes, and that ever-present narrow-brimmed hat – never a Stetson and boots, Curry mused, as any outsider might suppose a Dallas sheriff would wear. Decker's conservative clothes, however, had no relation to his performance in the best tradition of Texas sheriffs. He had long been regarded as one of the ablest lawmen in the state and indeed the nation, and Curry respected him deeply.

Decker had been characteristically quiet during the ride from Love Field, but he was smoking even heavier than usual, and Curry knew that meant he was nervous. Forrest Sorrells of the Dallas Secret Service office sitting next to Decker in the back seat, and Winston Lawson from the Secret Service in Washington occupying the front passenger seat, had made only a few passing comments since the motorcade had wheeled out from the airport more than half an hour earlier.

The car Jesse Curry drove was a white, unmarked, 1963 Ford Galaxie equipped with a special engine and a police radio and telephone. It led the motorcade taking President Kennedy and his official party from Love Field, through one of the city's older residential neighborhoods where once-proud homes were now overshadowed by commercial shops and luxury high-rise apartments, into the heart of downtown, and on to the Trade Mart, part of a cluster of wholesale market buildings a mile northwest of the central business district. The length the motorcade would travel was just short of ten miles, as clocked by Curry and Assistant Police Chief Charles Batchelor on several trial runs, and they had estimated it would take forty-five minutes to complete, although Curry felt certain now that the actual time would be closer to an hour.

About four lengths behind the chief's "rolling command car" came the sleek black Lincoln flown to Dallas especially for this occasion and now being driven by Secret Service agent William R. Greer with agent Roy H. Kellerman in the front seat with him. In the back of the big car sat President and Mrs. Kennedy, the President on the right and his wife close beside, radiant in a bright pink suit and matching hat. Directly in front of them in the car's jump seat were Texas Governor and Mrs. John Connally.

A Secret Service car carrying eight agents — two in the front, two in the back and two perched on each running board — followed the Lincoln, then a convertible bearing Vice-President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson and their party, then another Secret Service car. The rest of the motorcade was made up of several cars carrying various national, state and local dignitaries and, at the end, a press bus packed with newsmen and photographers. A quarter of a mile in front of Curry's lead car, Deputy Police Chief George Lumpkin, head of the department's radio patrol division, drove as an advance scout to clear the crowds and spot any obstructions or potential trouble. Two Secret Service agents from Washington, a Texas Army Reserve officer and Dallas Police Department homicide detectives Billy L. Senkel and F. M. Turner rode with him. Twenty of the police department's crack

motorcycle patrol officers escorted the motorcade — at the front, at the rear and around the President's open car — and the grinding, churning of the engines on their gleaming silver and grey vehicles almost drowned the cheers of the crowds.

Jesse Curry's right hand cradled a telephone speaker receiver for his car's two-way police radio, and he talked into it quietly but steadily to maintain communication with the police dispatcher at headquarters in City Hall, with Lumpkin, with the Lincoln, and with the other two police command posts he had set up to handle the Presidential visit. The first post, at Love Field, was commanded by Deputy Police Chief Newton T. Fisher, and another at the Trade Mart was headed by Assistant Chief Batchelor. The third command post was the motorcade itself, with Curry in charge. The chief was pleased with this organization. "Dolly" Fisher, head of the department's service division and a police academy classmate of Curry's almost thirty years earlier, had the experience and quick-thinking ability Curry knew was needed to oversee Air Force One's arrival and departure and to control crowds around the Love Field landing strip. Curry had selected Charles Batchelor for the Trade Mart command, not only because Batchelor was the department's first assistant but also because he had formerly headed the traffic division and could be depended upon to manage the large crowd that would gather there. The chief had given Sergeant Gerald Henslee charge of the dispatcher's office, with the added responsibility of receiving and broadcasting all messages over channel 2 of the Dallas police radio system, the channel that had been assigned exclusively for the Presidential visit. Curry considered Henslee to be the ablest member of the dispatching staff, a man he knew could keep calm and cool in the face of any pressure or crisis.

For the past two weeks Curry and his department had been working closely with the Secret Service, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and President Kennedy's advance representatives to plan the three-hour Presidential visit to Dallas in painstaking detail. Tight security, crowd control, investigation of known subversives and rigid personal protection all are standard

procedures anytime a United States president makes a major public appearance, and all are accomplished with hand-in-hand cooperation between the Secret Service, the FBI and local police authorities. But Dallas, Texas, in the fall of 1963 was not an ordinary city in an ordinary time, and consequently the security and protection measures taken for John Fitzgerald Kennedy's Dallas visit of November 22 had been even more thorough than usual. Dallas had spawned the National Indignation Convention, the General Edwin Walker forces and a host of other right-wing organizations which talked openly of violence against the liberal factions President Kennedy supported. Kennedy was not a popular figure with many people in Dallas; he had failed to carry the city in the 1960 election and his views and policies had found increasing disfavor in its predominately conservative atmosphere. During the 1960 campaign Lyndon Johnson and his wife had been heckled by a partisan crowd. Then, in early October of 1963, an angry mob had jostled and spat upon United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson when he delivered a UN Day address at Dallas Memorial Auditorium, and although this ugly affair had been isolated amid a generally hospitable reception, it had shocked the nation and forced Dallas officials to realize that unpleasant incidents involving political figures were very likely to occur — perhaps more so in Dallas than in other parts of the country.

Coveting a desirable national image for economic and prestige reasons and openly chagrined by the political extremists its anti-Washington views had actually helped to foster, Dallas was determined that nothing would happen to mar this Presidential visit. City leaders were as much afraid of retribution and national disgrace as they were concerned for the President's own safety, with the general feeling being that if an incident did take place it would be something embarrassing, not disastrous. There were some, though — including police chief Curry and other top police officials — who warned that an assassination attempt could not be discounted and that all planning should in fact proceed on the basis that this was a distinct possibility.

To prevent any incidents — no matter how trivial — the city government and the Citizens Council of high-echelon civic leaders had mounted an intensive educational campaign through the newspapers, radio, television and other mass communications channels urging the people of Dallas to treat the President with proper respect and to greet him in a manner that would do credit to Dallas, whatever their personal political feelings. At the same time the Dallas Police Department, in cooperation with the Secret Service and the FBI, worked to insure that he would receive the strongest protection that it was possible to provide for every minute of his two-hour visit, which would take place entirely within the city limits of Dallas — the Dallas Police Department's own area of command.

Although the Secret Service is by custom and law officially in charge of the President's security, the agency always relies extensively on assistance from local police forces during Presidential visits. Chief Jesse Curry and the Dallas Police Department had to bear an even greater portion of responsibility for his protection than would have been the case in any other city, because of the special problems which existed in Dallas. It was a heavy burden, but Curry had accepted it with the serious, determined purpose that characterized most of his actions.

Jesse Curry was seldom given to anything but serious thoughts, which stemmed from his upbringing by a stern father who had been a Dallas policeman before him, and later a Baptist preacher. Curry was plain, practical, thorough, and extremely conscientious, so much so that he was known to worry unreasonably when even the smallest detail didn't work the way he thought it should. He always looked out for his men, never breaking his word to them, defending them when it was necessary against criticism or accusations, trying to understand their problems. He had come up through the ranks, so it was logical that he would understand. He had attended police school without pay, so strong was his desire to be a policeman; joined the Dallas force as a radio patrolman in 1936, then worked corner traffic in downtown Dallas until he made sergeant. That started a steady rise to lieutenant, captain, assistant chief and, finally, the chief's job on January 20, 1960.

Curry's three years and ten months as police chief had been eventful, filled with many critical cases and problems. The most sensitive one had been the integration of Dallas public schools in the fall of 1961, a milestone that took place without incident because of careful advance planning and security arrangements in which Curry had played a key role. In handling the awesome duties of police chief, Curry's strength and energy — still almost as reliable as in the days when he was a star high school football tackle — served him well. He could work long and hard, and he demanded the same from those under him.

Curry was proud of his department, in a way a man who had dreamed of being police chief could be proud, but he recognized its weaknesses, too, and fretted about them continually. "Don't take it so hard, chief," was a frequent warning from his subordinates who couldn't avoid noticing the look of concern that often clouded his face and made the blood vessels stand out from his temples. His biggest problem was the lack of enough men on the force — only 1,123 as of November 15, 1963 — dangerously low for a city approaching half a million in population, compounded by the fact that Dallas sprawls over an enormous land area, making law enforcement by an under-manned department that much more difficult.

Pay for a rookie patrolman was only \$370 a month, and it didn't go up very far or fast from there, so it was difficult to attract and keep quality men. Curry himself only made \$17,600 a year after more than a quarter century in the police department. Most of his men were forced to "moonlight" on other jobs to earn enough to take care of the families. Curry knew this, and it disturbed him.

He hated the tight city budgets he was compelled to live with and the repeated turn-downs of his requests for needed new equipment, better salaries, and additional space for department offices, the crime laboratory, and the city jail. But Curry was a cautious man, hesitant to speak out too strongly, reluctant to involve himself in any dissension with the city government, its elected or appointed officials. So usually he worried quietly, despite the fact that the city's crime rate had continued to climb

and Dallas had been branded by a Texas newspaper with the unfortunate but accurate title of "Murdertown, USA," because of its high number of murders per capita. It was a mocking phrase that made Jesse Curry ache with a feeling of personal liability.

All this had enforced his resolve that everything must go right on November 22 when President Kennedy came to Dallas. An orderly, friendly turnout of greeters had to be insured, unpleasant demonstrations had to be avoided, potential troublemakers had to be stopped, and the President had to be protected adequately and constantly. While he recognized that the Secret Service would have the final authority particularly in the matter of the President's own security, and he knew that the FBI would also have to be closely involved in matters relating to possible subversive activity, Curry, with typical caution, double-checked every step of the advance planning and proceeded as if the responsibility of the Presidential visit rested completely with his department. That way, he figured, nothing would be left to chance, nothing would be undone because another agency might not have understood its lines of authority. If any area were covered twice, he decided, better that than for it not to be covered at all.

The police department's major job, in terms of manpower and planning time, was crowd control. Two things made crowd control so important: keeping the President from being harmed accidentally or intentionally by an unruly mob, and preventing a crowd from getting out of hand so that one person could slip past security and endanger his safety. Anticipating an enormous number of people at Love Field and all along the route of the motorcade, which would pass through Dallas during the noontime rush, Curry had assigned the bulk of his force for November 22 to handle the crowd. Extra caution had been taken by posting policemen at intersections and other places where large crowds were likely to gather.

Prevention of activity by subversives or troublemakers occupied another critical phase of planning. The Dallas police had joined with the FBI to seek out and find known agitators in Dallas, individuals who had been identified with extremist groups, persons who had been involved in the Stevenson episode, crackpots who

harbored an imaginary grievance against the President, or anyone else who might be capable of trying to heckle, embarrass or harm him or anyone in his official party. Several of these potential suspects were brought into police headquarters for questioning prior to November 22; undercover police agents were assigned to "tail" or follow others throughout the day of the President's visit so their whereabouts and activities could be known at all times. The police department's criminal intelligence section had infiltrated several extremist groups to learn if they intended to demonstrate and to discourage them if they did, with the result that only one group — the Indignant White Citizens Council — was known to have scheduled a demonstration. Their members had promised Dallas police it would be peaceful, but even so Curry had ordered the pickets, designated for the Trade Mart, to be placed under heavy guard at all times.

A nagging worry about the FBI had troubled Curry throughout the period of advance planning and continued to harass him even as the motorcade reached its end. He knew that relations between Dallas police and the FBI were strained — primarily, he felt, because the FBI was autocratic, often held back vital information, and sometimes even refused to cooperate in a case. Curry hoped that this time the FBI had told the Dallas police everything it knew about possible subversive activity or potential agitators in Dallas. He wished he could be sure, but he knew he could not, if past experience was any indication.

Insuring the President's safety from any unknown source of danger had been the most critical and difficult phase of the entire security planning. The Secret Service furnished a heavy guard, of course, but there was no way its agents could protect him completely at all times. A big worry had been the large number of windows in buildings along the motorcade route — more than ten thousand, Curry had estimated. His men had discussed with the Secret Service the possibility of having police officers search each building prior to the motorcade, but his was decided to be a task beyond the scope of available manpower and time. Captain J. Will Fritz, head of the Dallas Police Department's homicide and robbery bureau, had strongly suggested — and Curry had

concurred — that four Dallas homicide detectives, all expert marksmen and familiar with the Dallas streets and buildings, ride in an open car behind the limousine with their rifles trained at building windows in case someone should try to shoot down on the President. If gunfire or any other disturbance should occur, Fritz had said, the detectives could halt it in progress, hopefully before anyone was harmed, and apprehend the offenders on the spot. But the Secret Service had disagreed, saying it was traditional for their agency to drive and staff the follow-up car.

Curry remembered now remarking to Chief Batchelor at one of the planning sessions about the extreme difficulty of trying to protect a President from one unknown person who might be determined to harm him — and not afraid to be caught at it. That was the history of Presidential assassinations, Batchelor had reminded him, and his words had sent a shudder down the chief's spine. All they could do, he realized, was pray that such a person did not exist in Dallas.

But everything else had been handled thoroughly and correctly, Curry felt sure, and the knowledge filled him with a surge of confidence which overcame his concern. The security arrangements for the President were the most elaborate ever made in Dallas. Curry had ordered more than half of his total force to cover the event — the largest detachment of police personnel ever assigned to one detail in the Dallas Police Department's history. This included the full radio patrol and traffic divisions and the major portion of men from the detective and special enforcement divisions, plus a large complement of police reservists. The deep night shift had been held over to provide additional manpower, the regular day shift had been assigned to handle all other police business, and the oncoming shift was on standby alert. The 655 police officers assigned to guard the Presidential visit were augmented by deputies from the sheriff's department and a squad from the Dallas Fire Department.

At Love Field, uniformed officers armed with ropes and other equipment necessary to control the crowds had reported for duty early Friday morning. Part of this squad had checked and guarded every entrance, window and vantage point at the airport, while

other officers had stood watch at all entrances, tops of terminal buildings, and the control tower. As Air Force One had approached Love Field, the major streets over which the plane passed had been blocked off to prevent anyone trying to shoot up at it. When the plane touched down, it had been surrounded immediately by two dozen policemen who stood guard with arms interlocked, allowing only members of the official greeting party to approach. Similar precautionary measures would be taken when the Presidential party departed from Love Field following the Trade Mart luncheon.

Curry and Batchelor had stationed police officers on top of bridges and overpasses along the motorcade route as well as at every major intersection. In the downtown area, uniformed officers were on duty at every intersection and at intervals on the streets where the motorcade would pass. Motorcycle patrolmen cruised along other streets and plainclothes officers mingled with the crowds to spot agitators and any other potential dangers.

At the Trade Mart, Chief Batchelor's staff and Secret Service agents had inspected and posted guards at all fourteen entrances to the main courtyard where the luncheon tables were set. The Secret Service had been concerned that high balconies and catwalks circling the courtyard might provide seclusion for a sniper, but Curry had assured them that advance checking and constant patrol could prevent such a possibility. That morning when five thousand yellow Texas roses had been delivered to decorate the luncheon tables, police and Secret Service agents had probed through every flower to make sure that no bombs or other damaging weapons lurked beneath their fragrant exteriors. Orders had been issued for the President and his party to be served their luncheon steaks at random from the waiters' trays. That way, anyone wanting to kill the President would have to poison the entire crowd.

It's a far cry, Curry thought, from the first trip Kennedy ever made to Dallas, back in 1957 when he had been a U. S. senator. Curry was not yet police chief, and he hadn't even been aware of the incident until one of his staff members told him about it during the course of planning for this visit. Kennedy had arrived at Love Field then, too, for a speech at a convention in downtown

Dallas. But no party had met him, and he had been forced to hitch a ride into town with an airlines public relations representative. Curry did remember Kennedy's second visit clearly, for it had come only a few months after he had taken over as police chief, in the heat of the 1960 presidential campaign. The police had been called into service primarily as an escort to Memorial Auditorium, where Kennedy delivered a campaign speech, and no problems of any kind had occurred.

Kennedy's only other Dallas visit as President differed completely from the one today because it had almost no advance preparations. That had been on October 9, 1961, when the President flew to Dallas to see House Speaker Sam Rayburn, who lay dying of cancer at Baylor University Medical Center. Curry learned of that trip not from the Secret Service but from one of his own men who worked part-time for a Dallas television station and had seen the news on the press wires. By the time the Secret Service finally contacted Curry at 1:30 p.m., saying the President would arrive in two hours, the chief had already made necessary security and escort arrangements, with a heavily-guarded secret route from the airport, to the hospital in East Dallas, and back. The only dignitary who met Air Force One that day was Chief Jesse Curry himself.

But this day, everyone knew the President was in town, and it seemed to Curry that just about everyone had come out to see him. The size of the crowd surprised him, but he was relieved by its apparent friendliness. Curry thought the visit had been too heavily publicized, the motorcade route made too well known. That meant security was all the more essential — and all the more difficult. He had been troubled by the appearance earlier in the week of some cheaply-printed handbills which bore a photograph of President Kennedy and the heading "Wanted for Treason." Then Friday morning, as he had read his paper over a hurried breakfast, he had seen a full-page, black-bordered advertisement accusing the President of being soft on communism, of abandoning the Monroe Doctrine for the "spirit of Moscow." It had seemed like a bad omen, but nothing had gone wrong so far, thank God. Curry sucked in a deep lungful of air and slowly let it



out, saying to himself as he did, "Everything's all right."

It was almost time for the turn onto Elm. Curry looked up at the big flashing electric clock atop the Texas School Book Depository Building, a seven-story rust brick structure on the southwest corner of Elm and Houston, and saw that it was precisely 12:30. That put them about ten minutes behind schedule — not an unreasonable delay, he decided. Curry saw the road sloping down toward the triple underpass beneath the railroad tracks which cross Elm, Main and Commerce, and relished the moment the car would reach it, for that would bring a little relief from the searing sun and, more importantly, the knowledge that the motorcade was over at last.

He reached into his jacket pocket and felt the velvety softness of a red rose which had dropped from Mrs. Kennedy's bouquet during the Love Field greeting ceremony. He had stopped to pick it up and decided to keep it as a souvenir for his little daughter Cathy Diane. Sweet, precious Cathy. She was eight years old, a child whose arrival had come late in the Curry's marriage, but with great joy. Cathy would love the rose. He couldn't wait to see her face light up when he gave it to her. Maybe, if everything went smoothly at the Trade Mart, he would be able to go home a few minutes early and spend some time with Cathy to tell her about the day's events. They would have a lot to talk about.

12:28 p.m.

It was warm at police headquarters, and long before noon Sergeant Gerald Hill had loosened the collar of his white shirt and rolled up his sleeves. He was glad to be wearing plain clothes. Nothing could be more uncomfortable on a day like this than one of those heavy Dallas police uniforms.

Hill was working temporary duty in the police personnel bureau, located on the third floor of the Police and Courts Building, but apart from the plain clothes and the eight-to-five hours, there wasn't much he liked about it. Jerry Hill wanted to be where the action was. Today, with the President in town and his motorcade going through downtown Dallas at this very moment, Hill itched to be out with the crowd and resented being stuck in the personnel office on routine assignments.

A love of excitement and action had spurred Jerry Hill to become a policeman. While attending Southern Methodist University in Dallas he had gone to work for the *Times Herald*, writing general news stories and later serving as radio and television editor. But on Saturday nights or whenever else he could, Hill volunteered to cover the police beat, and city desk, always short staffed, was happy to accept his eager offers. Hill had studied journalism in college because he thought newspaper reporting would be more exciting than anything else he could do. But he soon found that a lot more went on at the police station than in the city room of a newspaper. Besides, policemen did things, they made things happen. Reporters just wrote about them. And so, in 1955, after going on a reducing diet to meet the entrance qualifications, Jerry Hill had joined the Dallas Police Department.

Now, at thirty-four, with eight years of police service behind him, Hill knew he had a bright future. He had made sergeant quickly and easily, he was ambitious to go farther up the ranks, he didn't mind volunteering for any difficult assignment, and he was considerably more intelligent than the average policeman. In most situations he took command naturally, and that ability had not gone unnoticed. Hill's only problem was a tendency to be a rebel, to speak out to the press or anybody else who would listen on what he felt were problems or inadequacies in the police department. He had been active in the Dallas and Texas police associations, whose primary purposes were to promote better pay and working conditions for police officers. That hurt his standing with some police and city officials who regarded the police association in the same light as a labor union – an institution bitterly hated by many Dallas leaders – but this didn't bother Hill. He felt that in the long run his efforts would pay off – for him and for the department. Jerry Hill had never lacked confidence.

Besides, his assets overshadowed that problem, and the best asset was a tremendous capacity for work, or more accurately, for action. He still weighed too much, and with his pudgy face and balding, close-cropped hair, Jerry Hill didn't look like a man brimming with energy. But, he was always available for extra duty and worked most of his off hours in the newsroom of KRLD-TV in Dallas, not so much to earn extra money as to have something to do, to feed his enormous desire to be around where things were going on.

In spite of his preference for field action, Hill always gave as much of himself to routine work, too, so that today he had stayed at his desk through the noon hour compiling personnel reports, not even taking time to watch the Presidential motorcade. Now that it was almost 12:30, he decided to skip lunch and spend a half-hour preparing a speech he was to give that night at a church meeting. Its topic: the Christian's responsibility in law enforcement.

Hill glanced up from his papers and noticed that Captain Ralph Westbrook, head of the personnel bureau, was walking over to a window that looks out on Main Street at the Harwood intersection.

"What's the crowd like?" Hill called to him.

"Big."

"Is the motorcade in sight?"

"It must have passed already. The crowd's breaking up," the captain replied.

"You heard of any incidents?"

"No."

"I'm surprised. That ad in the paper this morning didn't look too good. I thought sure we'd see some pickets or agitators."

"Well, it looks peaceful down there to me. I guess the motorcade's out of downtown by now. Come on, Jerry. Let's get back to work."

12:29 p.m.

Sergeant Gerald Henslee shifted his six-foot four-inch frame against the hard back of the metal chair, drained the last swallow of coffee from a paper cup, and adjusted the wire headset which held the earpiece and microphone through which he was receiving and dispatching all calls over channel 2 of the Dallas police radio. Chief Curry had just reported from his lead car that the motorcade was nearing the triple underpass, and Henslee saw by the automatic clock on the dispatcher's desk that it was one minute until time for his 12:30 p.m. station break.

With a blue ball-point pen he marked a line indicating the turn on a city map he was using to keep a record of the motorcade route and the times it reached key points. He figured it would take the cars only another minute or two to hit Stemmons Freeway. That meant they would arrive at the Trade Mart about 12:40 – almost exactly an hour from the moment Air Force One had touched down at Love Field, which Henslee had written on his map as 11:37 a.m.

"I'll bet Batchelor's as nervous as a whore in church. They're supposed to be at the Trade Mart already." Henslee directed his comment to Patrolman Murray Jackson, one of the crew working under him in the dispatching office that day. Jackson grunted. "Well, he won't have to wait much longer." Both officers knew the assistant chief's reputation for being nervous and impatient, especially on an important assignment.

Henslee felt a slight edge of concern, for he shared the fear of

most Dallas policemen that some kind of trouble might occur during the President's visit. He remembered thinking about the possibility over a beer the night before. There had been a lot of hate talk, some Nazi pickets on several occasions, and then that Stevenson business. An incident could happen. But Henslee's concern had not made him nervous, and he felt completely at ease as he went about the dispatching duties by now as automatic to him as breathing itself.

He had been a Dallas policeman for seventeen of his forty years, most of them as a dispatcher, and his calm, easy-going nature suited him well for the job. Friends and fellow officers called him happy-go-lucky and were inclined to think he never took life seriously, but that really wasn't the case at all. Henslee was dedicated to his work and fiercely determined to do the best job he knew how, not so much for personal satisfaction or promotion, but because he believed policemen should be regarded as professionals and resented the "dumb cop" image he felt many people still harbored. His manner, though, was casual, friendly, open and relaxed and he maintained it because he had found this made him more effective as a policeman – in dealing with arrested suspects, in handling any kind of police business – and particularly in working as a dispatcher.

Henslee had grown up in Dallas and finished high school at the Knights of Pythias home for dependent children in Weatherford, Texas, where he played football and baseball without too much success. He tried college for a couple of years, served two hitches in the Army as a trainer, worked for a while as a ballroom dance instructor and then joined the Dallas Police Department.

His clear bass voice, a working knowledge of microphones and radios, and most of all an unflappable disposition quickly earned Henslee a place in the dispatching office. From the day he made his first broadcast he realized – as any good dispatcher must – that too much worry or concern – "choking up," as he put it – could cause mistakes, and Jerry Henslee didn't like to make mistakes. With detached efficiency, he had manned the dispatcher's desk during such critical times as a Love Field plane

crash in 1949, when twenty-five were killed, and a death-dealing Dallas tornado in 1957. Now he was considered one of the most capable dispatchers the Dallas police department had ever employed.

Chief Jesse Curry was well aware of these attributes, and he personally had asked Henslee to supervise the dispatcher's office on November 22 and to handle all messages concerned with the President's visit. Henslee hadn't known of his assignment until the day before, when Curry himself had come into the dispatcher's office on the third floor of the Dallas Police and Courts Building to outline his duties.

The Dallas Police Department operates with two high-frequency radio channels – not enough for a big-city police force, but all the city budget allows. Channel 1 would be reserved for normal police business on November 22, Curry had explained to Henslee, and channel 2 would be assigned exclusively to the Presidential visit, including the Love Field arrival, the motorcade, the Trade Mart stop, and the escort back to the airport. Henslee was to receive, coordinate and dispatch all messages over channel 2 from police radios at the three command posts – Love Field, the Trade Mart, and Curry's rolling command car – and from all other officers covering the Presidential visit. Curry's radio call number, as usual, would be "1." Newton Fisher at the Love Field command post would be "4," Charles Batchelor at the Trade Mart "2" and George Lumpkin, driving the advance patrol, "5." Henslee knew these call numbers by memory, as he knew all of the department's assigned squad numbers ranging into the 600's, for numbers are the only way an officer identifies himself over the radio, and a dispatcher must carry each number in his mind and remember each reported location the entire time he is on duty.

A light rain had been falling when Henslee reported for duty at 6:30 Friday morning. He had walked to the locker room, changed into his police uniform with the silver nameplate, silver badge and gold sergeant stripes he so proudly cherished, and hurried to the small, windowless dispatching headquarters with its five radio receiving stations and four ten-line telephone switchboards where citizen calls and complaints are received. He greeted his office

crew – dispatchers Jackson, Clifford Hulse, Bob Huffstutler and Virgil McDaniel and telephone operators Bea Kimmey, Dorothy Trimton, Doris Schwartz and Cynthia Carpenter. Then he got straight to business.

"The President is coming in today," he said in his slow Texas drawl, accenting the last syllable of the word "President" in a manner typical of many Texans. "You all know anything can happen, so get your breakfast and coffee and sandwiches and whatever else you might need before 9 o'clock. We're going to be pretty crowded from then on."

Henslee checked out his radio equipment twice between 7 and 9 o'clock. Satisfied that everything was working well, he clipped a section of a city map containing the route the motorcade would travel and taped it to the top of his grey metal desk so he could refer to it easily.

About 10 o'clock George Carter, police reporter for the *Times Herald*, Dallas' afternoon newspaper, had come into the dispatcher's office to ask Henslee if he could monitor the motorcade proceedings from there.

"Sure, George," Henslee replied. "Like I told everybody here earlier, anything can happen today."

"Well, let's hope it doesn't," Carter said. "But just in case, I figure I can get a better story here than anywhere else."

Just after the 11:30 a.m. station break an officer had radioed from Love Field to report that Air Force One had turned into its final landing approach. Henslee quickly alerted two squad cars – one on Northwest Highway, the other on Mockingbird Lane, the two major thoroughfares surrounding the airport – to make certain both streets were blocked.

"What's the weather and crowd estimate?" Henslee asked a Love Field squad.

"The weather will remain clear the rest of the day. The temperature will probably stay about the same. There's quite a crowd out here, all along Mockingbird and Lemmon Avenue."

Henslee placed his palm over the microphone and turned to Jackson. "Since the sun's out and it's clear, I guess they'll have open cars for the parade after all. And we're going to see a lot

more people on the streets than we expected. Good thing we've got so many men on duty."

After the 11:37 a.m. landing, there had been no more messages about the President for several minutes, but it seemed an eternity to Henslee before he heard Chief Curry's familiar soft voice:

"We're moving out — very slow." It was 11:49 a.m. A minute later, Curry signalled again: "Just made the turn out of the field onto Cedar Springs."

Things had gone smoothly after that, and more or less on schedule. About every five minutes Curry reported the motorcade's location and speed, which stayed between fifteen and twenty miles an hour. Henslee jotted down the time on his map as Curry made each call: 12:01 at Lemmon and Inwood, a mile from Love Field, 12:15 at the railroad underpass on Lemmon where Curry radioed that President Kennedy had halted the motorcade to greet a group of schoolchildren, 12:10 at Lemmon and Oak Lawn, 12:14 on Turtle Creek Boulevard, 12:20 at Harwood and Ross leading into downtown, 12:24 turning west onto Main Street at the Police and Courts Building.

Henslee could hear the crowd cheering and shouting over Curry's radio when the car reached Main.

"Is there a pretty good crowd there?" he asked the chief.

"A big crowd — yes," Curry replied.

A uniformed patrolman stuck his head into the dispatcher's office and shouted:

"I just came in from outside. I've never seen so many people downtown at one time. It looks like the Oklahoma-Texas weekend." The officer referred to a football holiday which is traditionally the most crowded, spirited weekend of the year in Dallas.

Now it was 12:29 p.m. Jerry Henslee glanced at his empty cup and wished someone had time to bring him more coffee. He ran his fingers through his thick, curly black hair, took a deep puff from his cigarette, and stretched his long legs beneath the desk.

"Not much more to go," he thought. "Maybe I'll even be able to stop for a sandwich in a little while."

A second later the switchboard received a call for an ambulance

at Main and Houston to assist an apparent heart attack victim in the crowd.

"Let's hope that's the last excitement we have today," Henslee remarked to his men.

It was exactly 12:30. Jerry Henslee twisted the microphone to his mouth and signalled the quarter-hour station break: "12:30 p.m. KKB-364, Dallas, channel 2." Then he leaned back and relaxed.

12:30 p.m.

Chief Curry's car was just starting down the slope leading to the triple underpass when a sudden, sharp exploding noise sounded through the air and echoed over the cheering crowd.

Curry swung his head to look over his right shoulder, the direction where the noise had seemed to come.

Another explosion sounded, then a third.

A car must have backfired. Curry tried to reassure himself. But he knew better. Those were shots. Rifle shots. Somebody was shooting!

Curry hit the accelerator. Decker said "My God," nothing more. To Curry, the sheriff's voice seemed to hang in space. In the back seat, Sorrells had scrambled up on his knees and was peering out of the rear window, trying to see what had happened.

The voice of Kellerman, driving the Presidential car, came over the radio.

"We are hit! Get us to a hospital!"

At the same moment motorcycle patrolman James Chaney, who had been riding right rear escort to the Presidential car, pulled even with Curry's car and shouted:

"The President's been shot! I think his head's blown off!"

Curry saw with horror that Chaney's face, white helmet and uniform were spattered with blood. Then he realized that the worst thing they had feared would happen had happened. Someone had shot the President.

In that brief moment, Jesse Edward Curry knew he had to take

full command. The President of the United States had been shot in Dallas. It was Curry's duty as police chief to get him to the nearest hospital and to see that his department found the person or persons responsible. If the President was dead, as Curry feared, he knew the Dallas Police Department would still be in command, for any murder in Dallas falls under its jurisdiction. Even the murder of a President, if it happened in Dallas, became the duty of the Dallas Police Department to investigate — not that of the FBI or the Secret Service — since there was no law making an assassination a federal crime.

Curry shoved the telephone speaker close to his mouth.

"Go to Parkland. Go to the hospital. Parkland Hospital. Have them stand by."

He whipped his car right onto Stemmons Freeway toward the hospital and continued to give radio commands for the dispatcher to relay.

"Get some men on top of that underpass and see what happened. Go up to the overpass. Have Parkland stand by."

Sheriff Decker reached over from the back seat and grabbed the telephone.

"Tell my men to empty the jail and go up on the railroad right of way there. I'm sure it's going to take some time to get your men in so throw everyone of my men in there."

Decker was acting on a long-standing agreement with the Dallas Police Department to provide assistance in any emergency when necessary. The Dallas police, in turn, lend their help to the sheriff when it is required on a crime occurring outside the city of Dallas. Both Curry and Decker, uncertain where the shots had originated, were making certain that officers quickly covered and searched every area around the triple underpass and the Elm and Houston intersection. Both designated the triple underpass because its bridge seemed a logical firing point — and a logical escape route.

The dispatcher signalled Curry, asking for information.

"It looks like the President's been hit," Curry answered, feeling sick as he said the words for the first time. "Have Parkland stand by."

Parkland Memorial Hospital is Dallas County's principal emergency and teaching hospital, located on Harry Hines Boulevard just off Stemmons. Because of its affiliation with the nearby University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, whose professors staff its medical posts, the hospital enjoys a national reputation for excellence.

"Thank God Parkland's so close," the chief thought. "They'll have the best doctors to help him."

Curry read the speedometer. Eighty. His foot jammed down harder. Ninety. He checked the rear view mirror. The Lincoln was right behind him, almost touching his rear bumper. Curry couldn't tell what was happening inside the car. It looked as if everybody but the driver was down.

"Oh, Christ!" he said. "They can't all be dead!"

The chief turned his head toward Decker and shouted over the thunder of the car's motor:

"Those were rifle shots – I'm sure of it."

"No question about it," the sheriff yelled back.

"Where do you think they came from?"

"Don't know for sure. That area is a natural echo chamber. They could have come from the overpass. But they sounded high and right, so they might have come from one of the buildings.

"We've got the overpass covered and our men will seal all the buildings as soon as they can. Did you hear three shots?"

"Yeah."

"I wonder if anybody saw who did it?"

"Somebody must have!"

"Damn! If we'd had our men in the follow-up car like Fritz wanted, maybe this wouldn't have happened!"

12:30 p.m.

Jerry Henslee thought his chief's voice sounded amazed.

"Go to Parkland. Have Parkland stand by," he had ordered.

With his years of dispatching experience, Henslee knew exactly what the command meant. The first part – "Go to Parkland," – was directed to the motorcade and its escort. The second part – "Have Parkland stand by" – were instructions to the dispatcher.

Quickly Henslee turned to Huffstutler.

"Get Parkland emergency on the hot line. Have them stand by. Something's happened in the motorcade!" The hot line, one of several connected from the dispatcher's office to various key locations in the city, rings automatically at the other end without the caller having to dial.

"Call some squads to clear traffic on Hines and around the Parkland entrance," Henslee directed Jackson.

Curry ordered men to cover the area around and on the triple underpass. Henslee replayed the message to the other dispatchers, then signalled back to the chief:

"One, can you give us any information whatsoever?"

"It looks like the President's been hit," Curry answered. "Have Parkland stand by."

"Parkland has been notified."

Trying to piece together what had happened in the motorcade, Henslee studied his map and thought about the messages from Curry and Decker – the only information he had to go on.

"They would have been near the underpass about then," he said. "Somebody must have thrown a rock or dropped a bottle

into the President's car.

"Whatever it was must have hit Kennedy," Jackson said. "Maybe they're just taking him to Parkland for precaution. You don't think it's anything serious, do you, Jerry?"

"Surely if it is the chief would have told us," Henslee replied. "All the same, we'd better be prepared for the worst."

12:30 p.m.

Dallas motorcycle patrolman Marrion L. Baker had returned from a South Texas deer hunting trip just in time to report for duty on November 22, with an assignment to be an escort for President Kennedy's motorcade. He drove his two-wheeler on the right of the convoy, about five lengths behind Police Chief Jesse Curry's lead car. The slow pace, never more than twenty miles an hour, annoyed him. He hated to hold his speed down, and he wanted to get on the freeway away from downtown, where the crowds were too thick and trouble too likely.

Marrion Baker loved to hunt, and for a second or two he let his mind drift, and he was in the fields, gun in hand, waiting to see a deer cross over the hill. Then he flashed back to reality as the turn from Main onto Houston came in view. He made it easily, but just as he finished turning a heavy breeze swept in from the northwest and almost blew him off his seat. He settled down harder, pulled the chin strap of his helmet a little tighter, gripped the sides of his bike with his knees, and prepared to make the next turn onto Elm leading toward the triple underpass.

He was about halfway to the intersection when he heard three loud exploding sounds in rapid succession. He recognized them instantly. Rifle shots. They couldn't be anything else. Marrion Baker knew gunfire too well, especially rifle fire.

He jerked his cycle to the curb and jumped off, running toward the Elm and Houston intersection where he thought the shots had originated. Looking up, he saw pigeons scattering from the roof of the Texas School Book Depository Building on the northwest corner. That convinced him the shots had come from the building,



maybe even from the roof. The shots had produced echoes, but Baker decided they had been caused by the presence of other tall buildings in the area and by the heavy concrete triple underpass to the west.

Baker reached the front of the School Book Depository and pushed his way through the crowd of frightened, confused people gathered at the entrance.

"Who's in charge here?" he called out as he got inside.

A middle-age, balding man stepped forward.

"I'm Roy Truly, building manager," he told Baker.

"Come with me," the officer ordered. "I want to look on the roof. That's where I think the shots were fired."

Then Baker turned to the other men.

"Don't let anyone out of the building. Some more officers will be here in a minute to help."

The policeman followed Truly through a dingy hallway that led to the rear of the building, where the superintendent stopped and thumped his hands against the closed doors.

"I guess both elevators are upstairs," he said. "Come on, it'll be quicker if we walk."

They dashed up the narrow wooden stairs, the sound of the heavy heels on Baker's black boots echoing into the empty silence. At the second floor landing Baker stopped to catch his breath and through the glass window of a door leading to the second floor lunchroom he spotted a man walking toward the other end of the room. The officer opened the door and drew a pistol from the holster on his hip.

"Come here," he ordered, and the man turned and approached him. He was thin, young and empty-handed.

"Do you know him?" Baker shouted to Truly.

"Yeah - he's one of my men," the superintendent answered.

"Name's Oswald. He's an order filler."

Baker thrust his gun back into its holster and with Truly started up another flight of stairs.

12:34 p.m.

Standard procedure in every police department instructs the chief dispatcher to assume command after a crime or emergency until a command post can be established by a ranking officer at the scene. Thus Sergeant Gerald Henslee took charge in Dallas on Friday, November 22. Like Chief Curry, Henslee knew that the trouble in the motorcade - whatever it had been - was now the responsibility of the Dallas Police Department to investigate, and that for the next several minutes he would be giving the orders, making the decisions. It would be his duty to direct officers at the scene in an effort to find out what the trouble was and where it had originated, to protect the area as officers searched for the suspect and evidence, to move in assisting squads, to receive and broadcast descriptions of the suspect, to relay orders from his chief and from officers at the scene. Jerry Henslee was like a man at a master chess board, except that he was dealing with hundreds of men and he had to keep every move precisely in his head. But he knew that every move was vital, that every decision counted, and that time was precious.

Now, at 12:34 p.m., Henslee felt as if he were suspended in time. He had received no more messages from Curry since the chief's repeated orders to "have Parkland stand by." Compounding his problem was the fact that a motorcycle patrolman had left the button on his radio microphone stuck in the open position, blocking all transmissions on channel 1. Henslee ordered an officer to fix the microphone, then he sat, perspiring, biting his lip, waiting for some news of what had happened somewhere near the triple underpass. Over both radio channels, he could hear the

high-pitched wail of sirens, and the sound filled him with apprehension.

Suddenly a patrolman's voice came over channel 2, stammering and anxious:

"A passerby says the Texas School Book Depository. The shots came from that building!"

It was Henslee's first inkling that shots had been fired. His reaction was swift but calm.

"Order more squads to Elm and Houston code 3," he directed Jackson.

Code 3 is the police department's signal for top emergency, instructing squad cars and motorcycles to move at the highest safe speed with their sirens turned on continuously.

At 12:35 another patrolman radioed from the scene:

"I'm here where the shots were fired. A witness says he was sitting pretty close to it and the best he could tell was that they came from the Texas Book Depository building here with that Hertz rent-a-car sign on top."

"Get all the information you can," Henslee ordered.

A minute later Sergeant Dave Harkness reported that he had found a witness who said the shots came from the fifth floor of the School Book Depository. Actually, the witness had designated the floor just below the ledge of the building, which is the sixth, but in his haste Harkness had counted it as the fifth.

At 12:37 an officer asked the dispatcher to "get some men up here to cover this building, this Texas School Book Depository," and identified the window where the shots were fired as the upper right hand corner, second window from the end facing from Elm Street, which could have meant the sixth or the seventh story.

"How many men do you have there?" Henslee asked, trying to determine if still more squads were needed, but the reply was blotted out by a call from an officer who reported that "one guy was possibly hit by a ricochet off the concrete and another saw the President slump." This news was interrupted by still another officer who said a witness saw someone pull a weapon back through the window of the "second or seventh" floor — Henslee

couldn't understand which — on the southeast corner of the depository building.

"Do you have the building covered off?" Henslee asked.

"I'm about three quarters of a block away from it," the officer replied.

"Get on down there!" the dispatcher shouted. Then he turned to Jackson and ordered, "Move 'em in!"

The Dallas Police Department stations its mobile squad cars in concentric circles around the city, with the circles starting in the downtown area and spreading out. When an emergency arises, the circle of cars nearest the scene is ordered to it by the dispatcher, to be replaced by the next circle of units. Henslee's "Move 'em in" signal to Jackson was an order to pull squad cars from the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, which lies across the Trinity River just southwest of downtown, and from Oak Lawn to the immediate northeast, and to direct units farther out in Oak Cliff and North Dallas to move in to take their place.

"We just have two squads left to put in central Oak Cliff," Jackson said.

"Who are they?" Henslee asked.

"78 and 87. Tippit and Nelson."

"There won't be much going on over there," Henslee said. "They can handle it."

A signal from car 2 sounded over the radio. It was Assistant Chief Batchelor at his Trade Mart command post, wanting to know if the dispatcher could give him "any information for these people out here."

Henslee suppressed his irritation at Batchelor for what he considered to be a trivial question at a critical time. Instead, he just sighed and answered:

"Evidently there has been a shooting, with the President involved. I do not know the seriousness of it. The shots came from a lower floor of the School Book Depository Store on the corner of Elm and Houston. Officers are now surrounding and searching the building. And there is a possibility that six or seven more people may have been shot."

Henslee's transmission was interrupted by a call from patrolman Willie Price, his voice high-pitched and hurried.

"Believe the President's head was practically blown off."

Henslee pressed him for more information but Price, his voice now more subdued, would only answer.

"I can't say. It's not for me to say. I should have been listening instead of talking. I'm at Parkland now."

Everybody in the dispatching office knew they had heard the truth from Price, that he had probably been quieted by Secret Service officials after his first message because the news had not yet been released.

Jerry Henslee turned to his silent crew.

"Well, now we know what we're dealing with. Let's take it as it comes and hope they find out who did it." That was all he needed to say. Dispatchers don't have time for emotion.

12:40 p.m.

Within ten minutes after the first flash of trouble in the motorcade, the police dispatcher's office was busier than Jerry Henslee had ever known. Queries and reports from officers at the Elm and Houston scene and from other locations throughout the city were coming in more and more rapidly on both channels, and Henslee's long arms moved in every direction trying to keep pace. The telephone switchboard was lit up like a Christmas tree, its forty incoming lines ringing constantly with calls from people wanting information or claiming they had seen possible suspects.

"Get some jail clerks and jail personnel up here on the double to help us with these phones," Henslee directed Jackson when it became obvious the four operators couldn't handle the load.

At 12:41 there was a request for still more squads at Elm and Houston, and a minute later Police Inspector J. Herbert Sawyer signalled that a command post was being set up at the scene to direct the search for a suspect, assemble evidence and interview witnesses. Sawyer had rushed to the School Book Depository from Main Street a block south, where he had been in charge of the downtown street patrol for the motorcade.

"We're trying to seal and search the building but we need more manpower," Sawyer appealed. "Should be a bunch of men on Main Street if somebody can pick 'em up and bring 'em down here. Send us some help!"

Henslee quickly dispatched more squads to the scene and relayed the instructions to Jackson for broadcast on channel 1.

"There oughta be at least a hundred squads by the time everyone arrives," Henslee said. "That should hold it."

Captain Cecil Talbert, head of the radio patrol division, called Henslee to ask if the entire area around the School Book Depository was being contained.

"Yes, we're trying to seal off that building until it can be searched," Henslee replied.

"More than the building!" Talbert fired back. "Extend it out further!"

At 12:44 Inspector Sawyer called in the first description of the suspect in the shooting, gleaned from eye witnesses.

"This suspect is a white male, about 30, five feet ten inches, 165 pounds, carrying what looks like a 30-30 or some type of a Winchester," he radioed.

"It was a rifle?" Henslee asked.

"A rifle, yes."

"Any clothing description?"

"Current witness can't remember that."

Henslee hurriedly flipped the microphone switches to make a simultaneous broadcast of the description on both radio channels. He gave it in a slow, deliberate voice, repeated it, and added at the end, "No other description or information at this time."

Henslee made his 12:45 p.m. station break, then re-checked his actions. He had done what a dispatcher must do: protected the scene, moved in additional units, summoned homicide and other auxiliary squads, and broadcast a description of the suspect to officers in the field. He still didn't know exactly what had happened at Elm and Houston a quarter of an hour earlier. It was a shooting, it involved the President, and all the information he had told him it was disastrous. But Henslee remained cool. He had to.

12:41 p.m.

Jerry Hill was sitting at his desk making out more personnel reports when Bea Kimmey, one of the telephone operators in the dispatcher's office, burst into the room.

"The President's been shot at Elm an Houston!" she screamed.

"Bullshit, Bea," Hill said. "Stop kidding us."

"She wasn't smiling, Jerry," Captain Westbrook said anxiously. "You know Bea can't keep a straight face when she's joking. Go see what you can find out."

Hill hurried down the third floor hallway into the police press room, which lies at the north end of the narrow corridor, because he figured that would be the nearest place he could get some information. As he entered the door he recognized the voice on the police radio monitor. It was Inspector Herbert Sawyer.

Catching the words "School Book Depository" and "send us some help," Hill reacted without hesitation, dashed back to the personnel office, grabbed his coat and narrow-brimmed felt hat and called to Westbrook:

"Something's happened down there. I'm not sure what. I'm on my way."

As he rode the elevator to the basement, Hill felt his right side to make certain the pistol he always carried, even when he wore plain clothes, was still in its holster. It was.

"I may need it before the day's over," he muttered.

When he reached the basement parking area which stretches under City Hall adjoining the Police and Courts Building, Hill scouted for an unoccupied police car. He spotted Patrolman Jim Valentine leaning against a car and yelled, "Come on, we're going

to Elm and Houston. I think the President's been shot!"

Dallas Morning News police reporter Jim Ewell, standing nearby, sprinted to the car to join them.

Outside, traffic was jammed bumper to bumper, but Valentine turned on the squad car's siren and was able to thread his way from Commerce to a less crowded street leading to Houston. The radio was turned to channel 1 and the first thing the three men heard was the dispatcher's flash, "Signal 19 involving the President," followed by a the description of the suspect.

Instantly the men recognized the code number for a shooting, but Hill was the only one to comment.

"So it's true. And they haven't caught the man who did it yet. I wonder who he could be?"

Hill picked up the radio microphone and reported their destination, giving his call number as "550 car 2," which was the number assigned to his captain, with "car 2" indicating it was not the captain himself.

It took Valentine almost fifteen minutes to reach the Elm and Houston intersection. The car was still moving when Hill leaped out, saw a crowd gathered in front of the Texas School Book Depository and rushed to the front of the building to find Inspector Sawyer. From Sawyer he learned that the building had been sealed but no evidence yet found and no suspect apprehended.

"Have you searched every floor?" he asked the inspector.

"Didn't have enough men to do that and guard, too," Sawyer replied. "Baker checked the roof, that's all so far."

"Then we'd better search the other floors now."

Hill wheeled around and spotted Captain Will Fritz, head of the police department's homicide and robbery bureau, who had hurried to the scene from the Trade Mart command post, accompanied by several of his detectives. Fritz, as usual, wore an off-white western-style hat and a rumpled grey suit, looking more like a Texas rancher than one of the nation's most respected criminal detectives.

"I'll take some men and go to the top and work down, Cap'n, if you want to start at the bottom and work up," Hill suggested to

Fritz. The homicide chief, never a man to talk when he didn't have to, gave one of his customary nods, and as if it were a signal, Hill and a cordon of officers raced together toward the door.

"Hey, there should be an elevator around here," Hill shouted. He looked toward the back of the hallway and saw that the freight elevator was there.

Officer Roy Westfall, two plainclothes deputy sheriffs and a uniformed police officer dashed into the elevator with Hill. They started up. It was hot and sticky inside the small enclosure, and Hill thought it would never reach the top. He lit a cigarette. That reminded him to look at his watch. It was 1:05.

The elevator stopped at the sixth floor and Hill realized impatiently that was as far as it went and they would have to go the last story on foot.

"God damned machine," he hissed. "We could have gotten here faster by the stairs."

They scrambled up the steps to the seventh floor, a huge warehouse room with dirty grey-white brick walls. The room was empty except for a few large boxes of books stacked haphazardly near the windows and in the center of the hardwood floor — part of the massive supply of public school textbooks which are stored, sorted and distributed from the Texas School Book Depository. The only light came from the windows and a few naked bulbs which hung at the end of long ceiling cords.

Hill's experienced eyes darted back and forth across the room, searching for anything amiss. He saw nothing.

"Come on, this is clean. Let's get down to six." He instructed the uniformed officer to remain as a guard, just in case.

On six Hill's group found Deputy Sheriff Luke Mooney, who had come up from the back of the depository building after posting a citizen guard at the rear gates with instructions to stay there until a uniformed officer could arrive. Mooney told Hill he had already checked the fire escape and found it empty.

"There's a lot more boxes down here than there were on seven," Hill said. "Let's start looking around them. I'll take the southwest corner. Luke, you take the southeast. You others go to the back."

The men scattered across the big room, searching in circles as they went and kicking their heavy shoes against the boxes stacked around the floor.

A moment later Mooney shouted to Hill.

"Get over here. I've found something!"

Hill hurried to Mooney's side. The deputy did not speak as Hill's eyes quickly took in the scene. Five stacks of brown corrugated book cartons, each stack almost as tall as a man, had been carefully placed in a semi-circle around the last window in the southeast corner of the room, overlooking Elm. A space between the cartons and the window ledge was just large enough to provide a perfect hiding place blocking the view from anyone else in the room and from the windows facing east. In front of the window, two smaller boxes had been arranged to make what looked to Hill like an arm rest for a rifle. Hill noticed that each box bore the label "Ten Rolling Readers." On top of one of the five stacks of cartons, were two half-eaten pieces of chicken and an empty soft drink bottle.

Hill's eyes traveled toward the floor. There, on the right of the smaller boxes, resting against the spot where the floor meets the baseboard, lay three spent cartridge cases, two close together, one farther away.

"I don't think they've been moved," Hill said to himself. "That's just about the way they would have landed and rolled after they kicked out of the gun." Then louder, to Mooney: "Don't touch anything, Luke. I'll go get the crime lab and Fritz." He took three long strides to the center of the building, hoisted a window, and yelled to Inspector Sawyer standing below.

"We've found the site and the shell hulls! Send the crime lab up here to six."

Hill turned back to the deputy. "Sawyer may not have heard me, with all that racket below. I'm going back downstairs. You start looking for the gun. It should be somewhere near. I don't think he would have carried it with him."

Hill galloped down the narrow stairs, meeting Captain Fritz and his men on the third floor landing and giving them the message about the shell hulls without breaking stride. As he reached the

bottom he glanced at his watch, let out a long sigh and addressed himself:

"So far, so good, Hill. Those shots must have been fired about 12:30, now it's only 1:15 and we've got our first piece of evidence. If Mooney finds the weapon, so much the better. Now if we can just nail the bastard who did it. Let's hope they were able to seal the building before he got away."

Jerry Hill had no idea where the shots had found their mark, or if President Kennedy had indeed been hit, and if so, how badly. He couldn't think about that yet. His only interest was that he was working on a shooting that could be a murder, and he had a damn fine lead.

11:55 a.m.

"Bye, honey,"

"Be careful. Let me know what time you'll be home."

Marie Tippit stood in the doorway, watched her husband drive his squad car to the corner, then went back inside the house to wash the lunch dishes and see the rest of the President's motorcade on television. She was relieved that J. D. had drawn an Oak Cliff assignment today instead of having to cover the Presidential visit. That meant he was able to come home for lunch and gave them a chance to talk about their plans for the weekend, when he would be off for the first time in almost a month.

"Did you say goodbye to Daddy?" Marie Tippit tousled the hair of their youngest son, Curtis Glen, aged 4, as he sat at the kitchen table finishing a glass of milk. The other two children - Charles Allen, 13, and Brenda Kay, 10 - were both in school.

"Where is he going?"

"Back to work, sweetheart. He'll be home this afternoon."

As he turned the corner and headed toward Highway 77 leading from his South Oak Cliff home into central Oak Cliff, J. D. Tippit clicked on his police radio and reported back in service. Tippit worked alone, as did all squad car patrolmen in the Dallas Police Department, a relatively new situation which most officers disliked because they felt partners in a car insured safer and more effective law enforcement, but one that had been dictated by budget and most of all a growing personnel shortage. The dispatcher - Tippit recognized the voice as that of Clifford

Hulse - greeted him and ordered Tippit to investigate a disturbance at 4100 Bonnie View, about a mile north of his present location.

"10-4," Tippit said, giving the customary police response to indicate he had received the message and would follow instructions.

"12 noon, KKB-364," Tippit heard Hulse say as he drove toward Bonnie View. Like most Dallas police officers that day, Tippit's thoughts were on the Presidential visit, and he assumed from the time that the motorcade was in the downtown area.

Tippit would have liked to see the President during his Dallas visit. He had voted for Kennedy and admired him. But he was also relieved not to be under the pressure of helping guard his safety. Tippit shared the fear that an incident involving the President might occur during his Dallas visit, and he had spoken of the possibility with his wife as they ate lunch a few minutes before.

"But, honey, don't you imagine anybody would be afraid to try anything, after all the appeals the mayor and Chief Curry have made, and so many officers guarding him?" she had asked.

"Well, that's true," he had answered. "But when you get a lot of people together, you never can tell what's going to happen. The crowd could get out of hand, or one nut might try something. I'm just happy to be out here where it's quiet."

Now, as he drove toward the Bonnie View call, Tippit decided that it was even quieter than he had expected. There was less traffic than usual for a Friday noontime, and Tippit figured that a lot of people must be downtown watching the motorcade. He glanced toward the empty seat besides him - an habitual action to make sure his shotgun was still in its rack in front of the seat, saw that it was, and settled back to think about the coming weekend. He and Marie wanted to do some work on their home, which they had purchased almost exactly two years before, and Saturday night Tippit hoped to play dominoes, his favorite indoor pastime. The coming weekend should be warm and he wished he would have time to go fishing with his sons, but the house came first.

It had cost them a lot of money, the neat white brick and frame cottage at 238 Glencairn, almost more than J. D. Tippit's \$442 a month policeman's salary could stand, but they had wanted a larger place for the growing children. Although they needed some more furniture and a new washing machine, the Tippit's joint bank account held less than \$300, and they had no savings, so that would have to wait. The extra money Tippit earned as a guard at Austin's Barbecue in Oak Cliff, at the Stevens Park Theater and at occasional Cotton Bowl football games was barely enough to cover expenses the new house had brought. But it had been worth it. He and Marie liked the neighborhood. Several other policemen — the only real friends the Tippits had — also lived there. It was near the schools which their two older children attended and only a short drive to the Beckley Hills Baptist Church, where the Tippit family worshipped every Sunday when J. D. wasn't on duty.

J. D. Tippit was not a big man, but he was ruggedly built, with a tanned face, dark eyes, heavy lips and a shock of coarse black hair which almost gave him the appearance of an Indian. He had been born 39 years before in a little pocket of Northeast Texas near the Red River which separates the state from Oklahoma and gives the county of his birth its name. He was christened simply with the initials "J.D.," which stood for nothing, a common method of naming children in Texas then. Life had been lonely and hard as he grew up. He worked every morning and afternoon on his father's farm and attended a small country school which he had been happy to quit midway through the tenth grade because that enabled him to work fulltime and earn more money. When the war came he enlisted, as all of his friends were doing, wound up in paratrooper's school, was shipped overseas and made several jumps in France and Germany in the closing days of the fighting. He came home and married Marie Gasway, a hometown girl he had known for several years, on the day after Christmas of 1946.

In the years following World War II it became increasingly difficult for a man without a high school degree to find work. J. D. and Marie Tippit stayed in Red River County for a time, then tried their hand raising cattle at Lone Star, Texas, but in spite of

all their efforts they were never able to turn a profit. They came to Dallas where J. D. worked at various construction jobs until he joined the police force on July 28, 1952, and found the niche he had been searching for. He liked his work, and although he may not have been conscious of it, his policeman's uniform gave him a status he could never have enjoyed otherwise, and the salary, while not high as measured by current living costs, was more than he could make anywhere else. When he thought about it, which wasn't very often, he admitted to himself that he would never rise very far in the police department because of his limited education, but he knew that in spite of this he would probably remain there the rest of his working life.

He was a good policeman. Although he was inordinately shy — "countryfied" he was often called by other police officers — he lived by a rigid personal moral code, rooted in his bleak Baptist upbringing, and took the business of law enforcement as seriously as any officer in the department. Compared to many patrolmen, he seldom wrote tickets for traffic offenders but always gave a stern lecture on the importance of safe driving when he caught a speeder. Some of his friends in the department, dispatcher Jerry Henslee among them, often kidded Tippit about the way he ducked his head when he approached a suspect — a habit that went with his shy personality. "Look 'em in the eye or you'll be in trouble someday," Henslee once said, but Tippit had never found it possible to change the mannerism, it was so much a part of him. He was slow-talking, slow-moving, and sometimes slow-thinking, but he was physically tough and not afraid to handle a case alone, although he had never been forced to use his pistol or shotgun, and as one officer had said of him, "You knew if J. D. called on you to help, it was a son of a bitch."

The Bonnie View call turned out to be a dry run, an elderly woman who had thought she had seen a man trying to burglarize a house next door. Tippit politely took down her story, made a fruitless search of the neighborhood, returned to his car to write out a report, then radioed in for another assignment. Tippit was the kind of police officer who worked one job at a time and never thought about the next one until it happened. He didn't surprise easily.



"78 clear," he signalled. The dispatcher acknowledged his call and reported the time: 12:20 p.m.

Tippit cruised around South Oak Cliff, waiting for his next assignment, monitoring the dispatcher's messages. About twenty minutes later he noticed that something was jamming the channel 1 transmissions. Then he began to hear the moan of sirens picked up by the radio and, over the noise and interference, bits of messages about "ambulances going to Parkland." Tippit wondered if something might have happened in the motorcade, but he could learn nothing until, at 12:40, he heard the dispatcher announce, "There's been a shooting in the downtown area involving the President."

Tippit pulled his squad car to the curb and turned up the radio's volume. The dispatcher continued to order squads to Elm and Houston streets. Then at 12:45 came a description of the suspect in the shooting. Tippit made a careful mental note of it.

Seconds later dispatcher Jackson signalled Tippit and squad 87 to move into the central Oak Cliff area. Tippit responded with the customary "10-4" and headed his car northward. At 12:54 Jackson called him again.

"You are in the central Oak Cliff area, are you not?"

"Lancaster and Eighth," Tippit replied.

"You will be at large for any emergency that comes in."

Tippit drove north on Lancaster to Colorado Boulevard, then turned west and followed Colorado along the northern edge of Lake Cliff Park. Usually there were people in the park, sitting on benches or feeding ducks along the banks of the small, quiet lake, but Tippit saw no one, and the streets were practically deserted.

He continued driving west to Tyler Street, then turned south to Tenth.

As he drove, J. D. Tippit must have thought about the description of the suspect in the President's shooting, and about the dispatcher's warning to "be at large for any emergency that comes in." It must have seemed unlikely to him, three miles distant from the scene of the shooting in downtown Dallas, that an emergency would ever arise where he was, or that whoever might have shot the President would ever get as far as Oak Cliff.

12:33 p.m.

William Franklin (Bill) Alexander drove his grey 1960 Plymouth slowly across the Houston Street viaduct leading from Oak Cliff to the southwestern edge of downtown Dallas, his grey Stetson pulled low over his forehead, a toothpick stuck between his lips. He had eaten meat loaf and mashed potatoes for lunch in a cafeteria on Jefferson Boulevard and was headed back to duty in the district attorney's office in the Records Building, thankful he had drawn an office assignment that day instead of having to go to the Trade Mart with District Attorney Henry Wade and first assistant Jim Bowie. Bill Alexander disliked crowds and official functions, even something as important as today's luncheon honoring President Kennedy. He'd rather be gathering evidence for a trial, working in the courtroom where he was acknowledged as a brilliant prosecutor, or most especially investigating in the field with police officers.

Although he was District Attorney Wade's chief prosecutor, a man who had won scores of difficult convictions, Alexander was as much a part of the Dallas Police Department and the sheriff's office as he was of Wade's staff, and the police rank and file admired and respected him more than almost any other Dallas official, except for their own chief. Alexander spoke the police language. He understood police problems, worked with the police, endured dangers and hardships with them and sweated out investigations and arrests with them. He was, in fact, one of them.

Even off duty, he was never without his 380 Colt automatic,

which he wore in a holster strapped across his chest. A story had it that he often carried a pocketful of pennies to make his coat swing back so he could draw all the faster. Alexander had been a hunter most of his life and was now planning a three-day hunting excursion to start the next morning. He knew how to handle any gun, but he preferred a pistol. It was quicker and neater, and if it had to be used, he was ready.

Now forty-three, he had gone through New Mexico Military Institute, the University of Arkansas and Southern Methodist University Law School in Dallas and had won a combat infantry badge for action in Africa and Italy during World War II. He parted his curly, chestnut-colored hair almost in the center, in a manner which made him look oddly out of date. He was tall and angular with a thin, pocked face, scraggly eyebrows, a beak nose, flaring nostrils and steely blue eyes which even his friends sometimes feared and his enemies said were cruel. Defense lawyers in Dallas hated him, probably because of his record of convictions, and often referred to him as "the burner with a brain." Alexander considered the label a compliment. He regarded himself as a political conservative, as most law enforcement officials do, and like most conservative thinkers felt that subversive elements were threatening the way of life he cherished.

Now, coming to the end of the viaduct, he heard a police car running code 3. Alexander was sensitive to any kind of police action. He smelled trouble. At first he thought it might be a major accident or some kind of disaster in the nearby industrial area, but when he looked at his watch and saw it was just after 12:30, he was certain that something had happened in the Presidential motorcade, which he knew was scheduled to be in the downtown area at that time.

Seeing two uniformed police officers running west on Houston toward Elm, Alexander veered his car into its regular parking place near the County Records Building, which stands on the corner of Main and Record just east of the Criminal Courts Building. He jumped out and churned his long legs over the sidewalk, not sure where he was going, but in a hurry to get there.

A young attorney he knew, Stanley Stollenwork, dashed up beside him.

"Somebody's shot at the President!" Stollenwork cried.

"Was anybody hurt?"

"I don't know. I think so."

Alexander rushed into Sheriff Decker's office on the first floor of the Records Building and saw that deputies were already interviewing witnesses. He questioned several bystanders, but all he could learn was that shots had been fired at the President's car as it passed the Elm and Houston intersection and that the motorcade had sped away to Parkland Hospital.

Realizing that Wade and Bowie would be stuck at the Trade Mart, Alexander called the switchboard operator in the district attorney's office, instructing her to take the names and numbers of any callers. Then he hurried across the street to the Elm and Houston intersection, eager to join the action. He saw that a crowd of people had gathered around the School Book Depository Building and ran to the front entrance, where the first person he recognized was Sergeant Jerry Hill.

"Damn, I'm glad to see you, Bill," Hill called out to him. "Somebody just shot the President. We need all the help we can get!"

1:12 p.m.

The corner of Tenth and Patton in the oldest part of Oak Cliff is only a block northwest of Jefferson Boulevard – Oak Cliff’s “Main Street” – but it might as well be a thousand miles away. It seems like a corner from the past, from any small town of yesterday, from anywhere else but modern, growing, ambitious Dallas. Patton is a relatively short street, running south from the edge of Lake Cliff Park, turning sharply southeast at Eighth and continuing a block past Jefferson where it dead-ends into Twelfth, filled with chug-holes and lined with broken curbs all along its way. Tenth is somewhat longer, starting at Jefferson on the far western side of Oak Cliff, intersecting Jefferson twice again, then running just north of it until it dead-ends at Clarendon. As it approaches Patton, Tenth becomes a combination street of faded old houses and churches.

The southwest corner where the two streets meet is vacant and choked with Johnson grass. A ramshackle two-story rooming house slumps on the southeast corner, almost hidden by trees, tall bushes and weeds, with a profusion of hand-lettered signs – “Room for Rent,” “For Sale” and “Home Cooked Meals” – tacked crookedly to a tree in front. The other two corners are neater but still obviously occupied by families who have neither the money nor the inclination to do much more than exist.

Behind the rooming house facing onto Patton is a single, unpainted frame garage that looks as if it might not stand for

another year and next to that a tiny cottage with a bright blue roof, the only new thing about it, and a poignant sign: “Ironing Done Here.” A vacant half-brick, half-frame building stands on the southwest side of Patton with dilapidated furniture stacked against its grimy windows and a sign on the side, so worn it can scarcely be read: “21 Inch Picture Tubes as Low as \$10.95.” Just south of that building is a small wooden structure which houses a place known as “The Gentlemen’s Club,” where beer and set-ups were served in the days before Oak Cliff voted dry but which has now degenerated into a forlorn domino and pool parlor. Standing on the club’s rickety steps, one can hear the whine of traffic from Jefferson Boulevard and Thornton Freeway a half-mile to the east, and somehow it sounds unreal and strangely far away.

Officer J. D. Tippit drove his squad car slowly east on Tenth Street past the Patton Street intersection. A cab with the driver sitting inside was parked against the eastern curb of Patton. On another corner a woman dressed in a white uniform stood waiting for Tippit’s car to pass before she crossed the street. A grey pick-up truck was approaching from about two blocks east, but apart from it, there was no traffic, and the street seemed calm and peaceful.

Just after Tippit passed Patton Street, he spotted a man walking swiftly toward him along the sidewalk on the south side of Tenth. The man was young, slender, about five feet ten inches tall, with dark hair, and he seemed to be in a hurry.

Tippit braked his car, not taking time to pull to the curb, and called out through the open right window.

The man stopped, glared at Tippit, not speaking, his hands thrust in the pockets of his windbreaker jacket.

Tippit addressed him again, and the man started walking toward the squad car. He reached the passenger side, leaned over and shouted through the window.

Tippit switched off the engine, opened the door on the driver’s side, leaped out without closing it behind him, and started toward

the front of the car. He had left his shotgun in its rack and his hands were at his side. His head was cocked to the side as he approached the man slowly.

The man moved around the car toward Tippit.

"I don't have to talk to you, you dumb cop!"

Those were the last words J. D. Tippit ever heard. Before he had time to draw his own pistol, the man had jerked a revolver from his jacket pocket and pumped three bullets into the officer's body — one in the stomach, one in the chest, one in the head. He died instantly.

1:16 p.m.

Dispatcher Clifford Hulse had just made his quarter-hour station break when an unfamiliar voice, obviously not a police officer, came over channel 1.

"Hello, police operator? We've had a shooting out here!"

Hulse pushed the microphone closer to his mouth.

"Where's it at?"

"Tenth Street."

"What location on Tenth?"

"Between Marsalis and Beckley. It's a police officer. Somebody shot him. What's this address?" The radio was quiet for a moment, then the voice came back. "504 Tenth Street."

The five dispatchers sat motionless, stunned by the most dreaded news policemen can hear — that a fellow officer has been shot. They were so shaken that none thought to ask the caller if he had seen the shooting, or had a description of who did it. Their only concern now was to help a fallen friend.

"Call an ambulance quick," Henslee ordered.

Then Murray Jackson found his voice.

"My God, I hope it's not Tippit. That's about where he'd be now."

Jackson and Tippit were close friends and had been squad car partners before Jackson joined the dispatcher's staff. His hands trembling, he picked up his microphone and called Tippit's squad number.

"78, 78."

There was no answer. Then the same unknown voice came back over the radio.

"It's in a police car. Number 10."

"78, come in 78."

"Hello, police operator? You got that?"

Murray Jackson didn't answer. He turned away from his desk and Gerald Henslee saw that his face was twisted with emotion and huge tears had welled in his eyes. It was the first time Henslee had ever seen Jackson choke up.

1:17 p.m.

Sergeant C. B. "Bud" Owens, a Dallas Police Department patrol supervisor serving as acting lieutenant for November 22, halted his squad car in front of the Texas School Book Depository after investigating the area around the triple underpass as the dispatcher had ordered. He ran to the front of the building where Jerry Hill, Bill Alexander, Herbert Sawyer and a group of other officers, reporters and witnesses were clustered at the entrance.

Owens left his car door standing open with the police radio, tuned to channel 1, running at full volume. He had no sooner reached the other men when the dispatcher's voice blared over the radio to signal the shooting of a police officer on Tenth Street in Oak Cliff. They all raced to Owens' car and leaned through the doors and windows, listening for more details. When the dispatcher said the shooting involved squad 78, Owens instantly recognized who it was. J. D. Tippit was one of the men in his detail.

Nothing hits a policeman harder, or stirs him to swifter action, than news of violence against a fellow officer. He always thinks, "It could have been me," and responds to an unwritten police code: "If we don't protect each other — who will?"

These thoughts, these emotions of fear and anger, naturally came first to the officers gathered by the Texas School Book Depository. But then they began to ask themselves why the shooting of Tippit had happened, and to sense that somehow it might be linked to the crime they were now investigating.

Jerry Hill was the first to voice the feeling they all held.

"It's awful close to this thing here! There could be a connection."

"I think you're right, Jerry," Bud Owens said.

"Anybody who shoots a policeman is usually running from something," Hill went on, his voice gaining urgency. "Whoever we're looking for could have gotten out of this building before we were able to seal it. He could have escaped to Oak Cliff. Tippit would've seen him and tried to stop him."

"Yeah, Tenth isn't that far from downtown, either," Owens said.

"There won't be many squads left in Oak Cliff by now, so we'd better get over there!" Hill cried. "They'll need help!"

Sawyer turned to Hill and Owens.

"Did you get the description of the suspect in this shooting here?"

"Yes," Hill replied. "We have it."

"Then if it is the same suspect in Oak Cliff, you know what to look for. Go take command of that investigation."

Hill, Owens and Alexander piled into Owens' squad car, Owens at the wheel. He flipped on the siren and sped through the triple underpass, across the Commerce Street viaduct and south on Beckley, which loops off Commerce and intersects Tenth Street two miles straight south, in the heart of central Oak Cliff. Owens reported their destination to the dispatcher, then checked to make certain they had the correct address of the shooting, since there had been some confusion on the radio whether it was Tenth or Jefferson Boulevard. The dispatcher said he believed 404 East Tenth was the correct address.

Seconds later they heard the dispatcher report that the suspect was thought to have fled west on Jefferson.

"Are you going on after him?" Alexander asked.

"We ought to report to the scene first and check it out," Owens answered. "Then we'll start searching."

As the car raced on down Beckley, the men heard the dispatcher broadcast a description of the suspect, which had been called in by one of the first officers to reach the scene of Tippit's shooting.

"White male, about 30, five feet eight inches, black hair, slender, wearing white shirt, white jacket and dark slacks."

"That's real close to the other description!" Hill shouted. "I think it's the same guy! Push that siren up!"

The car reached the intersection of Beckley and Colorado streets, about ten blocks before the Tenth Street intersection, and the men saw an ambulance heading toward Methodist Hospital with code 3 lights and siren.

"That must be Tippit," Hill said. "I hope to God he's not dead!"

But J. D. Tippit was dead. Across the city in Parkland Memorial Hospital, so was John Fitzgerald Kennedy, thirty-fifth President of the United States, while Governor John Connally lay critically wounded. No one in the car knew any of this. All they did know was that two shootings had occurred, suspiciously close together, one involving the President's motorcade, the other a Dallas police officer, and they were acting on the mutually agreed assumption that the same man had committed them both.

It was their job to find him.

## OBSERVATION

Every police investigation is part instinct, part strategy, part timing, part luck and part courage, and so it was for the Dallas Police Department that sunny, shocking November day. The Dallas police had no "battle plan" outlining what to do should an assassination occur on November 22; in fact, they had no knowledge or experience whatsoever in dealing with an assassination. No police department does. But the Dallas police do know how to investigate a homicide, and once the shots were fired and a murder suspected that day, it was clear to each officer what had to be done. Each man recognized that there was no plan, no one with them in the field to instruct them, and therefore each must use his own initiative and make the most of his own instinct, strategy, timing, luck and courage to solve the case.

It was instinct for Chief Curry, dispatcher Henslee, Sergeant Hill, Inspector Sawyer, Patrolman Baker and the others to act instantly when crisis came. They didn't have to wait. They didn't have to question. They knew. A shooting had occurred in Dallas, and they were automatically in command, with the responsibility for finding out who did it, making an arrest, and proving their charge.

It was instinct and strategy for Marrion Baker to decide where the shots had been fired and to head straight for their source. It was strategy for Inspector Sawyer to seal off the School Book Depository Building as soon as he had the manpower to do so, to summon the homicide squad and the crime lab without hesitation, to set up a command post at the scene of the crime. It was strategy for dispatcher Henslee to order in a circle of cars from

Oak Cliff and Oak Lawn — the areas nearest and most accessible by high-speed freeway to the western end of downtown Dallas — and to summon another group of cars from farther out to take their place. It was instinct and timing for Jerry Hill to get to the School Book Depository as fast as he could, without waiting for orders, the moment he realized help was needed there. It was luck for Bill Alexander to happen to be near the scene and thus be able to join the investigating officers and lend his special talents to the search.

It was timing and luck, too, for J. D. Tippit to have been one of the officers ordered by the dispatcher into central Oak Cliff — bad luck for Tippit, for there he would meet his doom, but a major contribution in the search for the suspect because Tippit would spot a man on the street who might otherwise never have been noticed, would stop him and, by dying from his bullets, would make it much more possible for him to be caught.

It was instinct, strategy, timing, luck and courage for Jerry Hill to recognize the proximity — in time and space — of the two shootings, to deduce that they must somehow be related, to realize that the Oak Cliff squads had been called downtown so that experienced men would be needed in Oak Cliff, and to join with Bud Owens to take command of the search. It is easy enough to say in retrospect that any good police officer would have done the same, and probably he would have. Indeed, dispatcher Henslee and other officers manning squad cars hurrying to the site of Tippit's shooting would quickly realize that the two crimes must be connected. But Hill was the first to voice it, the first to take action because of it. By so doing, he insured the capture of Lee Harvey Oswald — his name and who he was still unknown — at the moment and the place where it happened. For while Tippit had stopped Oswald, he had not captured him, but he had exposed him to capture. By acting without hesitation, Hill helped the Dallas police close in on the killer. His rush with Owens and Alexander to Oak Cliff made it possible for Oswald to be found before he could escape, for the blare of their squad car's siren which the officers instinctively kept wide open caused the fleeing man to panic, to take shortcuts, and ultimately to corner himself.

If any police investigation can be said to have a key element, a single decision upon which its entire success hinges, that moment in Dallas on November 22, 1963, came when Sergeant Jerry Hill heard the news of Tippit's shooting and acted instantly, fearlessly, because of it. Without that decision, Lee Harvey Oswald might have slipped away — perhaps forever.

No one knows where Oswald was heading when he was halted by Tippit. He had left the School Book Depository about 12:35 p.m. only a few moments after Patrolman Baker had spotted him on the second floor and minutes before enough officers had arrived at the site to help Inspector Sawyer seal the building. Because he worked there, his leaving was apparently disregarded by anybody who might have happened to see him. He had walked unnoticed a few blocks east on Elm Street, caught an Oak Cliff-bound bus where he obtained a transfer slip and was recognized by a woman who had once been his landlady, gotten off five blocks later, hailed a taxi, and instructed the driver to take him to a point which was five blocks beyond the shabby house at 1026 North Beckley where he rented a room under the assumed name of O. H. Lee. He had given the taxi driver a dollar for the 95-cent ride, walked back to the rooming house where he arrived about 1 o'clock, rushed inside, ignored a greeting from his landlady, hurried to his room, changed clothes, pocketed a pistol, and walked south on Beckley toward Tenth Street, where he veered east for an unexpected but momentous encounter with Officer J. D. Tippit.

By going home, changing clothes and arming himself, Oswald was acting in a defensive, fairly logical manner, and in the pattern most criminals follow. He carried only thirteen dollars in his pocket — he had placed \$170 in cash and his wedding ring on the dresser of his wife's bedroom in Irving when he left for work early that morning — but he might have had a destination in mind, or at least an idea of how to escape. Many police experts — Jerry Hill, Will Fritz and Bill Alexander among them — still believe that Oswald was on his way to Thornton Freeway, the main highway

leading south from Dallas, where he had a pre-determined pick-up or would try to hitch a ride and get to Mexico, South America or Cuba. All this must be speculation, probably never to be answered. Lee Harvey Oswald had not committed his historic crime very cleverly — no assassin of an American president ever has — and his name and trail of evidence would be known soon enough through standard police procedures. But the point is that Tippit, remembering the suspect's description and alert for trouble as his dispatcher had warned him to be, stopped Oswald, and Oswald revealed himself by killing Tippit, and Jerry Hill and other Dallas police officers seized on this mistake to make their capture.

J. D. Tippit never knew he was a hero. He was just doing his job. Jerry Hill never questioned if the two shootings were connected. He just assumed it. Hill, Alexander and Owens never wondered why the squad car's siren should be turned up full blast as they raced toward Oak Cliff. They just felt it was the right thing to do. The men of the Dallas Police Department never wondered if it would be safe or easy to capture a known killer. They knew they must. These are the traits that make ordinary men outstanding police officers. This is how murders are solved.



PART TWO

CODE 3

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22

1:20 p.m.

"Keep the siren up, Bud," Alexander urged. "Let's push him."

"He's got to have heard us all the way from the top of Beckley," Hill said. "He knows we're after him."

"That's what we want him to know. The more he hears us, the better our chances."

Owens turned the car off Beckley east onto Tenth and skidded to a stop at the Patton intersection. Two three-wheel motorcycles were already parked at the scene. Squad car 105, bearing Officers J. M. Poe and Leonard Jez, arrived seconds after Owens' car. A group of people was standing on the southeast corner, talking and gesturing. One woman was screaming hysterically.

Tippit's black squad car, number 10, was standing several feet away from the south curb of Tenth Street about a hundred feet beyond the Patton intersection. The door on the driver's side was open. A small pool of blood had spread in the street by the car's left front fender. Under the car, where it appeared to have rolled when he fell, lay J. D. Tippit's pistol. The officer's body had been removed by an ambulance a few minutes before.

A dark-haired man dressed in a grimy grey mechanic's uniform stepped out from the group on the corner and addressed Hill:

"I seen him do it. I was driving the other way on Tenth. He fired three times. The policeman didn't even get to draw."

"Can you give us a description?" Hill asked.

"Yeah. He was thin, not too tall — I'd say about five feet ten — with dark hair. He was wearing one of those Eisenhower-type windbreaker jackets."

"What color?"

"Light colored. Grey or tan, I think. Or it might have been white."

Another man ran up beside Hill.

"I was eating lunch in my cab across the street. I saw him shoot. He emptied his shells in these bushes and ran off toward Jefferson. When he passed me I heard him say 'Poor dumb cop.' Or maybe it was 'Poor damn cop.' I couldn't tell for sure."

The woman who had been screaming sobbed out to the officers:

"He's dead, isn't he? That policeman is dead. I watched it happen! I thought that man might kill me, too. The officer tried to speak to me but he couldn't. I'm sure he was already dead when the ambulance came."

Two more women, both quite young, walked up to Hill. "We saw the policeman get shot, too. We saw the man who did it," one of them said. "I'll show you where he threw his shells," said the other.

"Round up these witnesses," Hill directed Jez. "We'll probably need them for show-ups at the station later."

Officer Poe hurried with the two young women to a clump of bushes on the corner. Carefully they parted the bottom branches and one of the women said, "See, there they are."

"Quick, Jerry," Poe called to Hill. "Give me something to put these hulls in."

Policemen are trained to place evidence they find at the scene of a crime — bullets, cartridge cases and the like — into any kind of available protective container so it can be delivered unscratched and unharmed to the crime lab. Scratching by keys or other metal objects can interfere with ballistics tests and even prevent proper identification. In the field, a cigarette package is usually the handiest and best container to use. Jerry Hill reached into his shirt pocket, pulled out a package of Winston cigarettes, emptied three remaining cigarettes from it, and handed the empty package to Poe. With a handkerchief, Poe gingerly picked up three spent hulls lying on the ground beneath the bush and dropped them into the open package.

"Keep 'em for the lab," Hill ordered. "They should be on the way out here now."

Then quickly he turned back to the group of witnesses.

"Which way did he go?"

"Up toward Jefferson," one of them pointed.

Hill, Alexander and Owens darted back into Owens' squad car and sped off to begin their search.

1:20 p.m.

As soon as the message flashed about the shooting of Officer Tippit, the major action in the dispatching office shifted to police radio channel 1, since this was the frequency being used by most of the officers involved in the Oak Cliff chase for the suspect. Dispatchers Clifford Hulse and Bob Huffstutler began handling the load of incoming and outgoing calls, with Virgil McDaniel assisting them. Murray Jackson had pulled off his headset when he realized the tragedy that struck his friend and sat with his back to the desk, struggling to control his grief. Gerald Henslee remained in charge of channel 2 for coordination with Chief Curry as the police department helped guard the security of the new President, Lyndon B. Johnson, and escorted President Kennedy's body to Love Field. But the messages over channel 2 were less urgent now, and Henslee was able to provide much of the direction in the search for Tippit's killer. This proved to be another stroke of luck leading to the arrest of the suspect, for Henslee had grown up along Jefferson Boulevard in Oak Cliff, and every building, every vacant lot, every intersection and every address were indelibly etched in his memory.

Henslee's first contribution was to correct a mix-up about the exact location of the shooting, thereby insuring that all squad cars reported to the right place and avoiding a crucial time loss. A telephone call shortly after the citizen's report on Tippit's car radio gave the scene as 510 East Jefferson, but Henslee instantly recognized that the two places were less than a block apart and deduced that the Tenth Street location was correct. He also assumed from the citizens' description of the location that 504

Tenth was probably wrong, that it was more likely in the 400 block, which also proved to be correct. Then, on hearing that the suspect had fled toward Jefferson and realizing he could escape on one of the thoroughfares which intersect it, Henslee quickly alerted the dispatchers to order squad cars to cover that street and guard the intersections.

As more and more calls about the shooting began to flood both channels, Murray Jackson turned back to his microphone and slowly replaced his headset receiver.

"Sorry I broke up, Jerry," he said. "It's just that I knew J. D. so well. And I'm the one who ordered him there!"

"I know how you feel," Henslee replied softly. "It couldn't be helped." Then, his voice growing firmer, he said, "I wonder if this might have some connection with the President's shooting? You know, it could have been the same man. He could have escaped to Oak Cliff. J. D. could have seen somebody that matched the description and tried to stop him."

"We ought to be getting a description soon. Then maybe we'll know."

As if on signal, a squad called this description from the scene: "White male, about 30, five feet eight inches, black hair, slender, wearing a white shirt, white jacket and dark slacks."

"It's close!" Henslee cried. "It could be the same guy!"

Quickly the dispatchers broadcast the description on both channels, with Henslee noting on channel 2 the similarity between this suspect and "the suspect in the signal 19 at Elm and Houston."

Seconds later an Oak Cliff squad flashed that the suspect had been spotted running west on Jefferson Boulevard and another radioed that he had discarded his jacket as he fled.

Henslee pulled his headset tighter and bent close to the radio as he began to receive messages giving details of the Oak Cliff chase. But all the while his mind kept racing ahead, wondering, "Where would he go on Jefferson? There are some empty buildings and warehouses and a lot of churches. He could be hiding in one of them. If he isn't, we should be getting some calls from people who have spotted him on the run."

Hulse motioned to Henslee.

"Methodist just called. Tippit was DOA" (dead on arrival).

Nobody in the dispatcher's office was surprised to hear what they had already accepted as fact. When a squad called saying the news of Tippit's death had been reported on television, dispatcher Jackson answered sadly, "That's correct."

"What officer was it?" another squad asked.

Jackson's voice choked as he answered, "J. D. Tippit."

For the next several minutes the dispatcher's office received a series of reports and false alarms about the suspect's whereabouts. Henslee was beginning to wonder if he would be found when operator Kimmey shouted to him from her switchboard post:

"This is the cashier at the Texas Theater on Jefferson. She says a man just ducked in without buying a ticket. She says he looked suspicious, like he was running from something."

"Talk to her, Virgil," Henslee directed McDaniel. "See if she can give us a description."

McDaniel raced to the switchboard, grabbed a telephone receiver and began to question the caller.

"She says he's about 30, slender, five feet eight or ten, dark hair," he yelled to Henslee after a moment.

"That's our man!" Henslee exclaimed. "He's just had time to get there!. Tell the cashier to guard the door and keep the film rolling. Call all squads code 3."

Henslee placed his hand over the microphone, thought for a moment, then slapped his palm down on the desk.

"Hell, I know that place. It's got a back entrance! Get some squads to cover the door and the fire escape from the alley off Madison or Bishop. He might escape otherwise. We can't afford to lose him now!"

1:22 p.m.

Will Fritz pushed his white hat back from his forehead and wiped his brow with his coat sleeve as he hurried up the stairs to the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository to inspect the spot where Luke Mooney and Jerry Hill had discovered the sniper's nest and empty cartridge cases.

"Those secret service boys should have listened to me," he mumbled to himself. "If we'd had some of my men riding shotgun like I wanted, maybe this wouldn't have happened."

"Over here, Cap'n," Mooney called to Fritz as he reached the sixth floor landing. "Nothing's been touched. Here are the hulls - by the baseboard."

Fritz surveyed the scene silently for several seconds.

"Keep everything just as it is," he said at last. "The crime lab is coming to take pictures. Should be some fingerprints on those boxes. Has anyone found a weapon?"

"Not yet. Boone's still searching."

"Whoever did it could still be in the building," Fritz thought. "Could it be an employee or someone who sneaked in and is still hiding?"

"Over here!" The voice of Deputy Sheriff Eugene Boone rang out across the room. "Here's the gun!"

Fritz rushed to the northwest corner, where Boone and Deputy Constable Seymour Weitzman were standing beside several stacks of book cartons. Boone pointed to a row created by two of the stacks, near a window.

"There it is," he said to Fritz.

A bolt-action rifle, equipped with a telescopic sight, lay on its side between the boxes, its stock pointing out toward the place where the men stood. The autumn sunshine filtering through the window glinted off the gun's barrel.

"Looks like a Mauser, but I can't tell for sure," Boone said. "We didn't touch it."

Fritz heard the voices of Lieutenant J. C. (Carl) Day, chief of the Dallas Police Department's crime scene search section, and Detective R. L. Studebaker, who works under him. The crime scene search section, operating as part of the department's identification bureau, is responsible for providing technical assistance to investigative officers, checking for fingerprints at the scene of a crime, photographing evidence and removing it to the police crime lab for examination and analysis.

"Here's the gun, Carl, over where we are!" Fritz called.

Day and Studebaker hurried to the corner, Studebaker carrying a small reflex camera equipped with a flash attachment. Quickly he focused and took eight pictures of the gun as it lay between the cartons, whose textbook contents were clearly stencilled on their sides: "Fun With Our Friends" and "Building for Tomorrow." Then Day squeezed between the boxes and carefully examined the rifle.

"No prints on the bolt that I can see," he said. "Looks like there might be a partial print on the barrel. I can't tell for sure. We'll dust it here and lift the prints after we get back to the lab. "Lifting" a print involves use of adhesive material to remove fingerprint powder which has been dusted over the print. In this way, an entire impression of the dusted print can be removed from the object for extensive examination and comparison.

Day picked up the rifle by its wooden stock and backed out, carrying it up over his head with one hand. He held the weapon out to Fritz and the homicide captain reached over and slowly opened the bolt. A single bullet dropped out onto the floor.

"He left a live round," Fritz said without raising his voice. He bent down, picked up the bullet with a handkerchief, and handed it to Day.

Fritz, Day and Studebaker continued to examine the rifle closely. It appeared to be about three and a half feet long from butt to barrel tip with a frayed sling made of two leather straps hanging from its underside. Day handed Fritz a small magnifying glass and the captain carefully peered over the stock and barrel.

"Made in Italy," he read. "6.5 caliber. The serial number is C2766. The sight's made in Japan. Looks like a cheap one."

"Apparently it worked well enough," Studebaker commented.

"I'll dust it now if it's all right, Captain," Day said. "Then we'll remove it to the lab."

"Go ahead."

Day sprinkled dark-colored powder from a can in his pocket over the entire rifle, tucked it under his left arm then turned to Fritz.

"Johnson (Detective Marvin Johnson) found a sack over by those boxes next to the window where the shots were fired. I think our suspect may have brought the gun up here in that. Let's go get it."

The three men walked back to the southeast corner where Johnson handed Day a crumpled brown paper bag held together with wide strips of brown wrapping tape. Day dusted it for prints and wrote on the side of the bag with a black grease pencil: "Found next to the sixth floor window gun fired from. May have been used to carry gun - Lt. J. C. Day." Then to protect the prints, he placed the bag over a long stick and gave it to a detective to carry from the building.

Homicide Detective R. M. Sims burst up the stairs and shouted to the men standing by the window.

"An officer's been shot in Oak Cliff!"

Day whirled around.

"My God, who?"

"Owens says it's J. D. Tippit."

"Is he alive?"

"Not certain. The suspect ran toward Jefferson. Hill, Alexander and Owens are on their way over there in Bud's car. The dispatcher has already called in the other squads."

"Did anybody get a description?" Fritz asked.

"I didn't hear one yet."

"It could have a connection with this," Fritz said, "if the man here got away. Let's go down and try to find out."

As the officers started down the stairs they met Roy Truly, trembling and out of breath.

"I don't know if this means anything or not," he said, "but we just took a roll call of employees and one man is missing. Nobody knows where he went."

"Who is it?"

"He's a young fellow — an order filler — lives in Irving."

"What's his name?"

"Lee Harvey Oswald."

1:25 p.m.

Oak Cliff is a part of metropolitan Dallas yet irrevocably separated from it, not only geographically by the Trinity River which forms much of its boundary but morally, spiritually, socially and economically as well. Jefferson Boulevard which slices through Oak Cliff's heart dramatizes this paradox. At its far eastern end, Jefferson curves gently north toward Stemmons Freeway to reveal the most magnificent panorama of the downtown skyline that can be seen from anywhere in Dallas, and to the west it forms a link with U.S. Highway 80, a major thoroughfare leading from Dallas to Fort Worth and points west. But all along its seven-mile length, Jefferson is lined with the symbols of the way of life which makes Oak Cliff so different, so unlike the rest of Dallas.

The predominant structures on Jefferson are the predominant hallmarks of the Oak Cliff character — churches. Almost all of Oak Cliff's population are regular church-goers, mostly Baptist, Church of Christ, Assembly of God and other assorted fundamental Protestant denominations. People who live and raise their families in Oak Cliff do so because of its religious atmosphere more than almost anything else. It was stern church influence which voted sale of all alcoholic beverages out of Oak Cliff and it is church influence which keeps the community relatively peaceful, slow-moving, isolated and reluctant for change.

Jefferson Boulevard has few tall buildings, no parks, no metropolitan characteristics of any kind. Between the churches

which thrust their domes and columns skyward at almost every corner are rows of attached commercial buildings containing a variety of small-town, small-time retail stores that sell such things as new and used furniture, groceries, appliances, junk, discount clothing, Army surplus, shoes, and tawdry jewelry. There are two banks on Jefferson, several cafeterias, cafes and barbecue stands, three funeral homes, a scattering of service stations and even a branch library, but no hotels. Tourists never come to Oak Cliff – at least not to stay.

When Jefferson crosses Beckley just east of Zang Boulevard, a main artery from downtown and southward out of Dallas, it changes abruptly from West Jefferson to East Jefferson, with the street numbers starting from 100 in both directions. By the 400 block of East Jefferson the rows of commercial buildings have given way to larger detached buildings – another funeral home, furniture warehouses, realty companies, auto supply stores and still more churches with signs that welcome visitors and admonish, “There is really little art in sinning,” “Prepare to meet thy God,” and “Smile – God loves you.” As the street begins its northward curve at the end of the 400 block it becomes the site of used car lots with names like “Dootch Motors” and “Freeway Used Cars.”

It was toward the 400 block of East Jefferson, one block south of Tenth and Patton, that Jerry Hill, Bill Alexander and Bud Owens sped in search of the man they wanted for the shooting of John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Officer J. D. Tippit.

Halfway to the corner they encountered a patrolman on a three-wheel motorcycle who called to them:

“Somebody said he threw his jacket over by that funeral home and ran across Jefferson!”

In the driveway of the Dudley M. Hughes Funeral Home, a white colonial-style building that looks newer and more affluent than almost anything else on the street, the officers saw Captain Ralph Westbrook – the same man Jerry Hill had left in the police personnel office less than an hour before – holding up a grey windbreaker in his right hand.

“I’ll get the crime lab to pick this up for identification,” he yelled. “You check that side of Jefferson. He might have gone in

one of those buildings.”

Midway on the north side of the 400 block of East Jefferson stand two vacant wooden houses used as storage facilities for a nearby furniture store. Deciding they might be a likely hiding place for the suspect, the men halted the squad car in front of the buildings and Hill asked Owens to cover both from the rear while he stood in front and Alexander checked inside. The assistant district attorney bolted up to the westernmost building, gun in hand.

“It’s padlocked,” he called.

“Try the other one,” Hill said.

Alexander sprinted into the next building and was back out in a minute.

“It’s clean.”

Another three-wheel cycle pulled up to the curb where the three men were standing.

“Tippit was DOA,” he said.

“Damn!” Hill cried. He walked to the curb and stood for a moment, his thick arms poised on his hips, looking around, trying to spot something, working out their next move.

“There’s a good chance he could have doubled back on us,” Hill said suddenly. “How about that church at Tenth and Crawford? Let’s check it. He might have gone there!”

Hill, Alexander, Owens and Officer Charles Walker, who had just joined them in front of the buildings on Jefferson, jumped into the squad car and raced half a block west to Crawford, then turned back north to the Abundant Life Temple on the southeast corner of Tenth and Crawford one block west of the spot where Officer Tippit had been slain.

At the church they met Accident Investigator Bob Apple, who had driven up in a white squad car. The officers had no sooner started up the wide concrete steps than a young boy ran toward them, panting and screaming.

“He’s in the library! Somebody saw him in the library!”

Owens and Officer Nick McDonald, another patrolman who had arrived at the scene, sprinted to the Dallas Public Library branch



building on the corner of Jefferson and Marsalis, about three blocks away.

They were back a few minutes later. It had been a false alarm.

Clifford Hulse's voice blared over the radio in Apple's car.

"Attention all squads. Suspect is reported inside the Texas Theater at 231 West Jefferson. All squads report there code 3."

Hill and Apple scurried into the accident investigator's car, which was headed north. Apple turned into a driveway on Crawford, backed up, turned around, then gunned the car toward Jefferson, its siren howling.

As they rounded the corner from Crawford onto Jefferson, Hulse's voice flashed over channel 1.

"Have someone cover off the rear of the Texas Theater at the fire escape."

The Texas Theater lies on the north side of West Jefferson, two blocks past the Zang intersection between the side streets Bishop and Madison. It is one of those small suburban movie houses which specialize in double-feature westerns, war films and an occasional second-run major feature. From a distance can be seen its neo-Spanish facade rising to a small tower with a cone-shaped roof covered in faded red tile from which juts a gaudy neon sign with the word "TEXAS" spelled out in stars. But at close range it appears to be just another in the rows of attached buildings along Jefferson, with a tiny box office sitting almost on the sidewalk and little else to distinguish it as a theater.

Jerry Hill checked his watch as the squad car squealed to a stop in front of the theater and saw that it was 1:47 p.m. He looked up at the marquee as he swung out of the car. It read, "CRY OF BATTLE" and "WAR IS HELL."

"Get around to the back alley," Hill shouted to Apple and Walker. He pulled his gun from its body holster and called back over his shoulder as he ran:

"I'm going inside."

1:48 p.m.

"Somebody turn on the house lights!"

A man who identified himself as the theater manager walked over in response to Jerry Hill's request.

"That's as high as they'll go."

"Is he upstairs or down?"

"Somebody said he's in the balcony."

Officer Paul Bentley, wearing plain clothes with an unlit cigar clamped between his teeth, bolted through the front entrance to Hill's side.

"Come on, Paul," Hill said. "Let's try the balcony."

The two officers dashed up the stairs, their eyes slowly focusing from the bright sunshine outside. Reaching the balcony, they counted six young boys sitting together, no one else.

"They're all too young," Hill whispered. "Probably hookie shooters." (Police slang for truants.) "He must be downstairs."

Hill ran to the fire door on the left wall of the balcony, pushed it open, stuck his head out and signalled to the officers standing around the back exit below.

"Clear up here. We're going down. Keep the guard posted. He may try to get out."

On the theater's first floor, Officers McDonald, Walker, Ray Hawkins and Kenneth "Pinkie" Lyons were already searching each of the dozen or so patrons who sat scattered among the rows of dingy seats. As Hill and Bentley started down the left aisle they saw McDonald walk up to a young, slender man sitting in the third

row of the back center section, the fifth seat from the right aisle. McDonald ordered the man to stand up and clamped both hands around his waist to start frisking him. Instantly McDonald found a gun sticking in the man's belt and as he did the man shouted, "Well it's all over now." Then he turned and swung his fist, striking the officer in the jaw.

McDonald shook his head to ward off the shock of the blow, then reached again for the man's gun, crying out:

"I've got him!"

Hill and Bentley charged between the rows of seats as McDonald and the man began to wrestle for the gun. Suddenly a swarm of Dallas police officers was in the little theater, converging toward the scene of the struggle. The movie was still running, but the other patrons on the lower floor were all standing now, peering through the semi-darkness in an effort to see the action at the rear.

The man had managed to get his finger around the trigger of his snub-nosed pistol and bring it into firing position, but McDonald, in an instinctive action that police are trained to do, jammed the web of his right hand around the gun's hammer to block the firing pin. The man pulled the trigger, and Hill and Bentley heard the gun click as they reached the edge of the center section. They froze for a split second, waiting for the shot they knew would come. But it didn't. McDonald's hand had provided enough obstruction to keep the gun from firing. It had been pointing straight at his heart.

Hill reached the suspect and grabbed his left arm. Lyons and Officer Bob Carroll rushed in to join the struggle, and Officer Hawkins, realizing what had happened, came bounding over the rows of seats from the front of the theater. Walker, at the suspect's right side, tried to pull him away from McDonald and Officer Tommy Hutson clamped his arm around the suspect's neck from the row behind.

Carroll wrested the gun from the suspect's hand and at the same time Hill and Hawkins managed to shove him to the floor.

His heart racing, Hill pinned the man's hands behind his back to handcuff him. Suddenly he realized that he was in plain clothes

and had no handcuffs.

"Quick, Ray, give me your handcuffs!" he shouted.

Hawkins handed them over and as Hill snapped the cuffs into place the prisoner cried out:

"You're hurting me! Get your hands off me, you dirty damn cops! Police brutality! Look what they're doing to me! Police brutality!"

The man's words revealed a shrill, high-pitched voice and an attitude that every officer in the theater knew and hated.

"On your feet," Hill snarled as he and Hawkins hauled him up.

The officers formed a wedge around their prisoner as they led him up the right aisle, into the lobby, and out the theater's front door. Hill held his left arm, Bentley his right arm. Walker was at the point of the wedge, Carroll and Lyons on each side. The wedge is an automatic police procedure after a capture, to keep a suspect from trying to escape and, equally important, to keep a crowd from attempting to harm him.

"I protest this police brutality!" the prisoner screamed as his captors pushed him through the door. Carroll pressed his hand over the man's open mouth and Lyons jerked off his hat and tried to cover the prisoner's face with it.

At least five hundred people, aroused by the assassination and alerted by news broadcasts of the Oak Cliff chase, had gathered around the sidewalk and street in front of the theater, and they yelled angrily as the officers walked outside with the prisoner.

"Kill him! Lynch the son of a bitch! Shoot the dirty bastard!"

Four policemen standing guard turned toward the crowd, their shotguns poised, and it fell silent.

"Let's get him out of here," Hill said, his voice trembling. "That crowd could cause trouble."

Carroll's car, an unmarked, four-door, green Ford, was parked in front of the theater, headed west on Jefferson. The officers pushed the prisoner into the back seat. Walker sat on his right side, Bentley on his left. Hill climbed into the middle of the front seat and Lyons sat beside him. Carroll took his place behind the wheel, handed the prisoner's gun to Hill, and the car sped off, turning

right at the first intersection, right again to Zang Boulevard, and left on Zang toward downtown Dallas.

Hill picked up the car's radio microphone as they began to roll.

"550 car 2," he signalled. "Suspect in the shooting is apprehended and we are enroute to the station with suspect and weapon."

"Did you capture him in the Texas Theater?" the dispatcher asked.

"On the lower floor of the theater, after a fight."

Hill hooked the radio microphone back in place. "What time do you show, Bob?" he asked Carroll.

"1:52 p.m.

"That means we caught him in an hour and twenty-two minutes," Hill said, glancing back over his shoulder at the prisoner.

"Not bad, huh, for a bunch of dumb cops."

1:53 p.m.

The prisoner sat pale and tight-lipped as Carroll's car moved down Zang and across the Houston Street viaduct to downtown. Jerry Hill continued to look at him. He was surprised to see that he was so small, considering the strength with which he had fought in the theater. He seemed almost dwarfed by the two tall policemen sitting beside him. He was much younger than Hill had expected, too — not more than twenty-four or twenty-five, he guessed, although the descriptions had placed his age at thirty. He was wearing rumpled dark blue denim trousers, black socks, scuffed loafers and a long-sleeved brown tweed sports shirt, open at the neck, with a large hole in the sleeve through which stuck his right elbow, held at an angle by the handcuffs behind his back. His lips were thin, the lower lip stiffly protruding, and his eyes were set far apart with the brows hovering so close above that he almost seemed to have no eyelids. There was a small cut on the edge of his left brow which appeared so fresh that Hill decided it must have happened during the struggle for the gun. He had shaggy brown hair, beginning to recede slightly in the front but badly in need of trimming, and Hill saw that he also needed a shave. Above his mouth his beard was heavy enough to form an inverted V leading from each side of his nostrils. His ears were large and well-shaped, his forehead on the right side somewhat depressed so that it appeared to be in shadow. His skin was pale and sallow. The word that came to Hill's mind as he gazed at the prisoner was "weak." He looked at him longer and said the word again to himself. "Weak. He's got a weak face."

None of the officers in the car had spoken, as if each was waiting for the other to break the silence. Hill felt too tired to

talk. He leaned his head against the seat, massaged his hairy forearms still aching from the struggle, and realized that he was soaked in sweat.

Finally Paul Bentley turned to the prisoner.

"All right. What's your name?"

No answer.

Bentley reached over and pulled a billfold from the prisoner's left rear pocket. He opened it, took out some cards, and studied them for a moment.

"Are you Lee Harvey Oswald? That's what this card says. Is that your name?"

Still no answer.

Bentley looked at another card, then said, in a somewhat quizzical tone:

"Hey, this one's got a different name. It looks like Hidell. Alek J. Hidell. H-I-D-E-L-L. Same picture, though." He gestured toward the prisoner. "Both of the pictures are him."

"One of the names is an alias, then." Hill said.

"What's your real name, fella? Oswald or Hidell?"

Silence. Then, at last:

"I don't have to answer any questions."

"No, but we're asking you anyway."

"I don't have to say anything. I know my rights."

"Mister, you gave up your rights when you killed a policeman."

No response.

Something seemed wrong to Jerry Hill. He had taken part in scores of arrests, some of men who were proven to be guilty, others who turned out to be innocent. And he remembered that an innocent man would always ask why he had been arrested and what the charges were. This man had never questioned.

"He knows exactly what he's done," Hill thought. "He's scared, but he's cool. I'm sure he shot Tippit. I think he must have shot the President. I wonder who he is and what he is?"

None of the men in the car could know that at this precise moment the body of John Fitzgerald Kennedy was being sadly borne from Parkland Hospital to Love Field, and that within half an hour, aboard Air Force One, Lyndon Baines Johnson would be

sworn in as thirty-sixth President of the United States.

"What about the gun, Jerry?" Carroll asked as he turned the car off Houston onto Commerce.

In the excitement, Hill had almost forgotten he was holding the weapon. He examined it carefully and slowly turned the cartridge chamber.

"It's a Smith and Wesson 38 special," he said. "Fully loaded."

"What kept it from going off in the theater?"

"I don't know. McDonald stopped it, I guess. Or piss-poor ammunition."

"Thank God. Otherwise we'd of had two dead officers today."

Carroll turned left on Harwood from Commerce, then immediately right on Main and took the entrance to the police parking area in the basement below City Hall. As they drove in, Hill addressed the prisoner:

"There'll probably be a lot of press people waiting here, and if you want us to we can help hide you as we bring you in, and you can duck your head if you don't want your picture made." Dallas police officers always give this advice to prisoners when they are brought to the station after arrest. Almost all agree to it, but this prisoner answered arrogantly:

"Why should I hide? I haven't done anything to be ashamed of."

The officers alighted from the car and again formed a wedge around their captive. They hurried him through the circle of newsmen and the hovering rows of television lights onto the elevator which was being held open in the basement of the Police and Courts Building. Several reporters and cameramen squeezed onto the elevator with them, shouting questions. As they stopped at the third floor to take the prisoner to homicide headquarters, still more newsmen crowded against them.

"Step back!" Hill ordered. The officers walked down the hallway and opened the door of the homicide and robbery bureau, where all suspects of these crimes are first taken for case reports and questioning, and shoved the prisoner inside.

Carroll and Lyons escorted him into an interrogation room and

Hill remained in the outer office talking to homicide Detectives Guy Rose and Richard Stovall. Captain Fritz walked up and instructed the two detectives to go to 2515 West Fifth in Irving, a suburban town northeast of Dallas, to pick up a "Lee Oswald."

"Why do you want him, Cap'n?" Hill asked.

"He's an employee of the Texas School Book Depository. He was present at lunch but not for roll call afterward. We want to question him in the assassination of the President."

A surge of emotion swept through Hill's body — anger at his first knowledge that the President was indeed dead, mingled with a kind of thrill that he had helped catch the suspected killer.

"Save yourself a trip," he said, pointing toward the interrogation room. "There the son of a bitch sits now."

## OBSERVATION

At the moment of the capture of the man wanted for the two murders which had been committed in Dallas, the role of the Dallas Police Department changed abruptly from pursuit to investigation — from the task of finding and arresting the prime suspect to that of gathering the evidence against him — from the intense and exciting drama of the chase to the thorough, detailed, painstaking weaving of the web of facts that could make it possible for him to be charged for his crime, indicted by the grand jury, tried under the laws of Texas and, if found guilty, sentenced.

Both of these roles are equally challenging, equally difficult, equally demanding of police knowledge, experience and dedication, but both also call for their own special attributes. Pursuit of a suspect, on the one hand, requires the utmost in courage and individual initiative, a determination to catch the criminal at any cost as policemen are steeled to do, even when it means risking or giving their own lives. Investigation, by comparison, is safer and duller, yet just as essential, for without proper investigation to compile legal evidence admissible in the courts and sufficient to convince a jury, the pursuit with its accompanying dangers and sacrifices might just as well never have happened. An arrested suspect without a satisfactory case is almost worse than no suspect at all.

In the investigation of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, it was all the more necessary for the Dallas police to put together an impenetrable case — not only to insure that justice would swiftly be delivered in this astounding crime against a man

and a nation, but also because observers everywhere in the world would be eager to try to find flaws, anxious to prove blind retaliation instead of real justice — all the more so because the whole thing happened in Dallas, a vulnerable and suspect city. In short, the Dallas police knew that unless they could put together a solid case as fast as reasonably possible, accusations would rise around the world that they had arrested a phony suspect and were fabricating evidence against him because they were unable to do anything else.

But for all of these far-reaching and historic ramifications, the case would be handled with the same methods and the same procedures, by the same men with the same skills, as any other murder case in Dallas. Granted that these methods and procedures were not always the best or the most modern known to criminology, that the men who practiced them were after all only human beings with human limitations and weaknesses, they had nonetheless enabled the Dallas Police Department to accumulate an impressive record of murder investigations which had resulted in successful indictments and irreversible sentences. Because they had been effective in the past, and were all that was available now, they had to be put to the test for the job which had to be done.

The investigation of the arrested man would fall into four main categories: accumulation and identification of evidence found at the scene of the crime; gathering of corroborating evidence concerning the weapon, the cartridge cases, fingerprints and other clues; identification by eye witnesses; and interrogation of the prisoner with the goal of obtaining a confession. The same type of investigation would be carried out to make a case in the murder of Officer J. D. Tippit and the shooting of Governor Connally, although it seemed unlikely that the prisoner would ever be tried for these crimes.

Primary responsibility for the investigation rested with the Dallas Police Department's twenty-man homicide and robbery bureau. The bureau's duties would include questioning the prisoner, dispatching detectives to uncover all possible background information about the suspect, rounding up witnesses and conducting "show-ups" to confirm eye-witness identification. The

police department's crime lab would collect and identify evidence found at the scene — cartridge cases, the suspected weapon, fingerprints and related material. Assistance from the FBI, the Secret Service and other specialized law enforcement agencies would be sought to establish ownership of the suspect's weapons, re-confirm fingerprint identifications, and provide any other help which might be needed. But the bulk of the work would be done, and the major decisions made, by the homicide and robbery bureau, and, more particularly, by its veteran chief, Captain John Will Fritz. The case belonged to homicide now, and homicide was Will Fritz' empire.

The bureau's first order of business with the prisoner would be to question him, and that was a task Will Fritz reserved for himself alone, as he did with most major prisoners. Fritz hoped to obtain both an oral and a written confession from the questioning. An oral confession was not admissible in Texas court at that time unless it produced fruitful evidence such as the unrevealed location of a weapon or a body. But a written confession was admissible and would have done much to help seal the case.

Between interrogation sessions, the prisoner would be "mugged" (photographed) and fingerprinted, and homicide detectives would prepare the Dallas Police Department's standard arrest report and homicide report, based on information from the arresting officers. The prisoner would be assigned a permanent identification number, the arrest given a code number for filing purposes and the case itself given a permanent file number.

As the investigation progressed, a complete minute-by-minute account would be kept as part of the homicide "beef sheet," or case report, to substantiate the charges and provide the detailed explanations which the district attorney's office requires to prepare any case for the courtroom. This report would contain affidavits from all witnesses and from any relatives, friends or other persons who could provide meaningful testimony about the suspect; statements from every police officer involved in the case, all findings made by the police department crime laboratory, results of "show-ups" before eye witnesses, a summary of the

prisoner's interrogation sessions, a list of all property taken from the prisoner or found in searches of his residences, and a file naming every person in any way connected with the case with a notation of what each did, what each saw, what each found, or what each could swear to in court.

And so the Dallas Police Department began the investigation of the murder of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The Dallas police knew they had a strong case. Now all they had to do was prove it.

### PART THREE

CASE NO.  
F-85950

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22 – SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24

2:20 p.m.

Except for a maze of television antennas and radar equipment marring its roof line, the old Municipal Building at the corner of Main and Harwood in downtown Dallas might be described as one of the city's most beautiful buildings. It is a pale grey structure, of Georgian design, completed in the year 1913 when that style of architecture was much in vogue. A row of tall ornate columns faces west onto Harwood and flanks each side of the wide, steep steps leading to entrances off Main on the north and Commerce on the south. Old-fashioned globe light fixtures, typical of those which adorn many city buildings all over the country, stand on both sides of the Harwood entrance. The structure is officially named "Municipal Building," so inscribed in Gothic letters above the two main entrances, with both U's traditionally spelled as V's. But for many years it has been known as the Police and Courts Building, housing the entire Dallas Police Department, the jail and city courts. Connected to its east side is a newer building, not nearly so handsome, where city offices and the City Council chambers are located. This is also inscribed as the Municipal Building but is now referred to as "City Hall." Still more city offices are housed in small adjacent buildings, for Dallas has long since outgrown the space provided by the original Municipal Building and annex.

The area around around the "City Hall" complex, as the cluster of buildings is usually called, has started to deteriorate rapidly, its streets marred by rundown health studios, liquor stores, a few desolate restaurants whose neon sign have long since faded, and shabby bars which, under Texas' liquor laws, can serve only beer and wine. The city's main public library, an attractive modern structure, stands across from the original Municipal Building; the other two corners, like many in downtown Dallas, have been taken over by parking lots.



The hub of activity for the Dallas Police Department is the third floor of the Police and Courts Building. Two elevators open onto the floor midway in a narrow, dimly-lit corridor with institutional green walls and rows of doors on each side separating the department's various bureaus. At the south end of the corridor, overlooking Commerce, are the offices occupied by the police chief and his staff; at the opposite end, equipped with three old wooden desks, a few battered typewriters and a police radio monitor fondly called the "squawk box," is the press room where police reporters for Dallas' two daily newspapers and major radio and TV stations headquarter. Three doors away from the press room, on the corridor's east side, are the homicide and robbery bureau offices headed by Captain Will Fritz. Like most others in the police department, they are overcrowded and outmoded. Often on busy days lines of prisoners and detectives stand three or four deep waiting to complete arrest reports, interrogations, fingerprinting and other official business of law enforcement while reporters and cameramen crowd at the sides vying for pictures and information.

The homicide and robbery bureau has two small interrogation rooms where prisoners are questioned following their arrest and prior to being placed in the city jail to await formal charging, transfer to county jail if they are charged with a state offense, and eventual jury trial. The larger of the two rooms is fourteen feet long and ten feet wide, lined with glass windows which look out onto other parts of the bureau offices, a square wooden table and six straight-backed metal chairs its only furniture. Neither of the rooms has facilities for recording or for other technical innovations of criminology, although Will Fritz has requested them on many occasions.

It was into the larger of the two interrogation rooms that homicide officers brought Lee Harvey Oswald – still pale, handcuffed and with a tight, determined expression – at 2:20 p.m. Friday, November 22, 1963, to face the questioning of Captain Fritz.

Fritz had been chief of the homicide and robbery bureau since 1932, and he had made it his own special domain, keeping it

almost completely separate from the rest of the Dallas Police Department, running it at all times with a firm individual hand. For this reason he was perhaps better known, possibly more respected, and certainly more feared than any other man in the department, including Chief Jesse Curry.

Police work had been Will Fritz' whole life, ever since he joined the Dallas force in 1920. He had been born in Texas a few years before the turn of the century – the exact date something he never discussed – but grew up on his father's ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, where he punched cattle, later traded mules, and longed to be a policeman. He came to Dallas to realize his ambition, walked a beat as a foot patrolman in the city's "Little Mexico" section near downtown, a couple of years later convinced his superiors that he ought to be part of the homicide division, and had been there ever since. He worked long hours, sometimes spending two or three days and nights at the police station in a single stretch if a case needed his attention.

He had no interests that anyone was aware of outside of police business. His personal life, if indeed any existed, was shrouded in secrecy. He lived in a small hotel apartment near the police station – few people knew the exact location – and kept an unlisted telephone number. He had no wife, though it wasn't certain if he was widowed or divorced, but a daughter and some grandchildren lived near Dallas. Will Fritz seldom spoke of them. In fact, he rarely spoke about himself at all – his problems, his passions, his dreams – the things most men will talk about in quiet or idle moments. With him, there was only one subject of conversation: the intricate and fascinating details of whatever case happened to be pending at that moment. He loved the challenge of a tough case, and he loved to prove a case swiftly and efficiently. His hard-driving tactics, his stand for stern law enforcement and his cold, impersonal disposition had won him few friends and made him a controversial figure, but no one could challenge his success in solving crimes.

It had been an exciting life, even if Will Fritz never showed the effects of it, and reporters around the police station often speculated that he must have a lot to think about and reflect over

in his lonely hours. In the thirties he had been part of the hunt for Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, the notorious Dallas-spawned thrill robbers. Once when he was a rookie homicide detective he had gone alone to a rooming house in search of "Dagger Bill" Pruitt, a robber who had shot several people and knifed a college student to death. Fritz searched through the house and finally stood on a chair, pushed up a trap door and looked into the attic. Pruitt, hovering behind a chimney, fired a shot that grazed Fritz on the chin. Fritz fired back. They loaded and re-loaded their pistols as Pruitt shouted, "I'll never give up!" but Fritz, shooting into the dark, wounded Pruitt's hand, whereupon the bandit threw down his revolver and surrendered.

During a 1953 nude prowler scare that had terrified all of Dallas, a 19-year-old housewife was raped and stabbed to death under a bridge. Several months after that, through some astute detective work, two of Fritz' men picked up a young service station attendant named Tommy Lee Walker. They had only the skimpiest evidence linking him to the crime, but as Walker was brought into the interrogation room the captain noted that he did not ask why he had been arrested and appeared suspiciously tense. In a low, calm voice – no one had ever heard him raise it – Fritz asked the prisoner some routine questions, then said suddenly:

"You killed that woman under the bridge. Get it off your chest!"

Walker blurted out a confession, was charged, sentenced and executed several months later.

Now nearing an age when many men are ready to retire, Will Fritz gave no indication that he was slowing down or losing his single-minded devotion to fighting crime. The possibility that he might someday leave the force was never mentioned, not even by Chief Jesse Curry who, like other Dallas police chiefs before him, knew that it was wise to leave Fritz alone and let him run his bureau the way he wanted. His men admired and respected him, answering his commands without question, but few really liked him, for there was little to like about Will Fritz. Occasionally someone would make a warm gesture – a Christmas gift, a personal inquiry – but he shrugged them off. In 1940 he had

suffered a serious heart attack and his detectives had chipped in to make up his pay while he was off duty, those being the days before policemen received compensation for illness. Another time he had been presented a wrist watch for his twenty-fifth anniversary with the force, but if he was touched, he didn't show it.

His once-thin face was now sagging with heavy jowls, his lips creased with the years, his eyes drooping and pale behind thick glasses, his hair grey and thin under the ever-present western style hat. But aside from these signs of aging, Will Fritz had not changed. He could work hours on end without seeming to tire. His memory, always one of his greatest assets in criminal investigation and interrogation, was as remarkable as ever, and he could recall even the most inconsequential details of almost every case he had ever handled. His manner was still gentle, calm, persuasive.

It was these two things – the memory and the gentle manner – that people said helped Will Fritz obtain confessions when nobody else could. He liked to get confessions. He felt this was the simplest, quickest, most direct, most effective way to solve crime. Today, he was going to do his damndest to get one from Lee Harvey Oswald.

2:21 p.m.

Two uniformed officers ushered Oswald into the room. He sat on the edge of one of the chairs, his handcuffed arms behind his back, and the officers stood guard beside him. Two other homicide detectives followed and took their places. Fritz was already seated, so that the prisoner faced him directly across the table.

Fritz looked down at the table for a moment or two, appearing to be casual, then gazed over at Oswald with unblinking eyes, his lips pursed slightly but saying nothing, his mind formulating a line of strategy.

"I know this is our man on both counts," the captain thought to himself. "We've got eye witnesses and good evidence. He hasn't asked any questions. He doesn't seem surprised about being arrested. He looks cool to me. So I'd better be cool, too."

"What is your name, son?"

"You know my name — you've got it on my papers you took from me."

"Well, why don't you tell us yourself now, just for the record?"

"Lee Harvey Oswald."

"Is that your full name?"

"Yes it is."

"Where do you live?"

"At 1026 Beckley."

"North or South?"

"I don't know."

"We found a card in your billfold made out to an Alex J. Hidell.

Is that an alias or something?"

"I don't know anything about that. My name is Lee Harvey Oswald." With that, the prisoner's manner suddenly became more insolent.

"I think I'm being treated very unfairly here today," he said. "I've got a bad cut over my eye where that policeman hit me, and I don't like having my hands pinned behind my back this way."

"Very well," Fritz said. "Handcuff him in front," he directed an officer.

"Call for you, Cap'n," a detective said from the doorway.

Fritz walked out to take the call in his private office. It was Gordon Shanklin, agent in charge of the Dallas FBI office, saying the FBI had a file on Oswald and wanted two of its agents, Jim Bookhout and James Hosty, to participate in the questioning. Traditionally the FBI asks permission to take part in any case which falls under the jurisdiction of a local police department, and Shanklin told Fritz that his agency wanted to cooperate fully in this momentous investigation.

"OK, send 'em over," Fritz answered in the most pleasant voice he could muster. But he was smouldering inwardly, for like most Dallas police officials, he disliked and mistrusted the FBI.

"Cooperation," he muttered as he hung up the telephone. "I know all about the FBI's cooperation. With them, it's take everything and give nothing. Their idea of cooperation is strictly a one-way street."

2:30 p.m.

FBI agent James P. Hosty was cursing aloud as he headed his car up Main Street toward the Dallas police station to take part in the questioning of Lee Harvey Oswald. He was to meet fellow agent Jim Bookhout at the homicide and robbery bureau, where the FBI had just learned that Oswald had been brought, arrested for murdering a police officer and suspected of assassinating the President.

"That god damn punk!" Hosty exploded. "That dirty damn bastard!"

Hosty, a large, beefy man who was a career agent with the FBI, knew Lee Harvey Oswald well, and had been aware that Oswald worked at the Texas School Book Depository. But he did not know — he had not asked and no one had told him — that President Kennedy's motorcade would pass the depository building on its way through downtown Dallas. He had not realized the motorcade route until the news flashed that Kennedy had been shot by a sniper from one of the depository windows.

Hosty had first heard the name of Lee Harvey Oswald the previous March when Oswald's file was transferred to the Dallas FBI office from Fort Worth upon the retirement of Fort Worth agent John W. Fain, who had been assigned the case after Oswald's return from Russia in June of 1962. Although the file was not in active status when transferred, Hosty was ordered to interview Marina Oswald, the former defector's Russian wife. In the process of tracking her down he learned that Lee Harvey Oswald had become a subscriber to the Daily Worker, and because of this recommended that the case be reopened. His recommendation was

accepted, and Hosty later interviewed Marina but did not conduct a formal interview with Oswald.

In June Hosty learned from the FBI field office in New York that Oswald had been in contact with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and had distributed committee handbills on the streets of Dallas. A check revealed that Oswald had moved to New Orleans in the interim, and Hosty so alerted the New Orleans FBI office. Two months later he was informed that Oswald had been arrested and jailed by New Orleans police for disturbing the peace while passing out Fair Play for Cuba Committee handbills. While in jail he had been interviewed by the New Orleans FBI.

Responsibility for Oswald's case was transferred to New Orleans in early September of 1963, but a month later Hosty was advised that the Oswalds had returned to Dallas and that he was to re-open the case. It was not until October 26, however, that Hosty was able to find out where the Oswalds were living — on West Fifth in Irving. A week later he went to the home, learned that it was owned by Michael and Ruth Paine, that Marina was living there with them, and that Lee was living in a rooming house in Oak Cliff and working at the Texas School Book Depository.

Hosty telephoned the depository on November 4 to verify Oswald's employment. About the same time he received a copy of the New Orleans FBI interview with Oswald and realized that Oswald had given several false statements. New Orleans also reported that Oswald had probably visited the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City sometime in September. Hosty had been anxious to check these matters out with Oswald, but with the press of other cases he had not found the time to interview him.

And now it was too late. If only he had talked to Oswald! If only he had realized the motorcade route! Hosty cursed again. He felt angry, defeated and sick.

He turned into the City Hall basement and halted his car in the police parking area. As he got out he saw Police Lieutenant Jack Revill, chief of the department's criminal intelligence section, standing near the elevator with Detective V. J. "Jackie" Brian. Revill and Brian had just returned from the School Book Depository where they had interviewed witnesses and employees.

The lieutenant and the FBI agent, who had worked together in the past, greeted each other and exchanged a few words about the assassination while Brian stepped away to gather some materials in the jail office. Brian re-joined them and the three men rode together in the elevator to the third floor.

After Hosty had gone into the homicide and robbery bureau office, Revill turned to Brian with a look of astonished anger.

"I'll be a son of a bitch!" he cried. "Did you hear what he said? That the FBI knew Oswald might be capable of committing the assassination! Why the hell didn't he tell us?"

2:40 p.m.

Lee Harvey Oswald's head swung sharply around as Hosty and Bookhout entered the interrogation room. He looked at them for a moment in obvious recognition, his eyes flickering, then turned back and stared down at the table.

"Hello, Lee," Hosty greeted the prisoner. "We're here to take part in the questioning. As you know, anything you say to us can also be used against you."

Oswald continued to look down.

"I think the officers here would be interested in hearing about the time you spent in Russia," Hosty said.

Fritz' ragged eyebrows rose at this information, even though he tried not to look surprised, for he was much too proud to let the FBI suspect he hadn't already learned Oswald's background.

"I was there three years," the prisoner said nonchalantly. "I returned to the United States in 1962. You know that."

"Have you written to the Russian Embassy in Washington?"

"Yes."

"Have you been to Mexico City recently?"

"No."

Suddenly Oswald turned to Hosty and snarled:

"I don't want to answer any more of your questions. You're being hostile to me, just like you were to my wife."

"What do you mean?" Fritz asked.

"He came out to our house two or three times and insulted my wife. I don't like him."

Fritz motioned for the agent to hold his questions and turned again to the prisoner.

"Why did you leave the building today?"

"There was so much excitement, I didn't think we'd have any more work to do. They're not particular about hours there. I don't punch a clock or anything like that. I just decided I could take the rest of the day off and go to a show."

"Where did you go?"

"To my room on Beckley. I changed pants, got my gun, and went to the movie when all of a sudden these policemen jumped on me and arrested me for no reason."

"Why did you take a pistol?"

Fritz thought that Oswald seemed to smirk for an instant before he answered.

"Oh, you know how boys do when they have a gun. They just carry it."

"Do you own a rifle?"

"No. I saw one at the depository a few days ago. Mr. Truly and some of the guys were looking at it."

"Your identification papers show you have been in the Marines. Did you win any medals for sharpshooting?"

"Oh, the usual. I wasn't a real good marksman." Then, after a moment of silence he said in a louder, more strident voice:

"This interview is going on too long. I know your tactics. There's a similar agency in Russia. You are using the soft touch and, of course, the procedure in Russia would be quite different."

"Well, we just need to get some facts," Fritz told him. "That will help us and help you, too. Now why don't you just settle down and tell us what we need to know?"

"I don't have to answer any questions at all without a lawyer. Am I allowed to have a lawyer here?"

"Certainly. All prisoners are permitted to have attorney. You may call any lawyer you like — now, if you wish."

"I want to talk to John Abt in New York. But I don't have any money to call him. You took my money."

"You can call collect from the jail telephone."

"OK, I will later. Thanks."

"Let's just get these routine questions out of the way."

"All right, go ahead."

"What is your birth date?"

"October 18, 1939."

"How old are you, then?"

"Twenty-four my last birthday."

"Place of birth?"

"New Orleans."

"Do you know your height and weight?"

"Five feet nine inches, 140 pounds."

"Make a note on the report," Fritz directed to a detective.

"Hair medium brown — needs haircut. Eyes blue-grey. No scars or tattoos." Then, back to the prisoner:

"Do you have any relatives?"

"My mother — Marguerite Oswald. I haven't seen her for about a year. She lives in Fort Worth. I have two brothers — John — I don't know where he lives — and Robert. I think Robert still lives in Fort Worth."

"Is your father living?"

"No. He died before I was born."

"Where did you go to school?"

"In Fort Worth and New York City."

"Do you have any particular political beliefs?"

"No, not really. I belong to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. I support the Castro revolution."

"Are you a communist?"

"Am I a communist? No. I am not. I am a Marxist — but not a Leninist-Marxist."

"What did you think of President Kennedy?"

"I like the President's family very well. I have my own views on the President."

"Do you think Cuba will be better off since President Kennedy has been killed?"

Oswald showed no trace of surprise.

"Well, I think that whoever takes his place would have the same views, so it wouldn't really be any different."

"Do you believe in a deity?"

He was silent.

"Why don't you just tell us the truth. It'll be easier. Did you shoot the President?"

"No."

"Did you shoot the police officer?"

"No, I did not."

3:05 p.m.

In his office, waiting to approve the prisoner's arrest report and case report, Will Fritz ran over the investigation in his mind to make sure he hadn't missed any details. He had dispatched homicide Detectives Guy Rose, Hank Moore, Richard Stovall and Johnny Adamcik to Oswald's Irving address for a search of the premises and an interview with the prisoner's wife. Another squad of detectives would go to the Beckley address in Oak Cliff as soon as a search warrant could be obtained. Carl Day was directing the crime lab's work of matching the recovered weapons and cartridge cases, matching fingerprints, and identifying other evidence. A trace on the rifle and the revolver had begun.

"We might wrap it up soon if everything goes well," Fritz said to himself. "I hope we can. We need to — or they'll all say we're a bunch of fools."

He looked up from his desk to see Detective Sims walking into his office with the two reports. Fritz read them over, oblivious after so many years of seeing homicide "beef sheets" to the cold, impersonal language which translated the significance of today's events into these terse phrases:

"This man shot and killed President John F. Kennedy and Police Officer J. D. Tippit. He also shot and wounded Governor John Connally," the arrest report stated. It gave the time of arrest as 1:40 p.m.\* and the place as "231 West Jefferson — theater." Under the space for "charge" were written the abbreviated words, "Inv. murder." The arrest report was signed by Patrolmen N. M. McDonald, K. E. Lyons and Paul Bentley and Lieutenant E. L. Cunningham.

\*Although the radio dispatcher's transcript shows it to have been closer to 1:50 p.m.

Fritz nodded his approval of the arrest report and turned to the case report, the single most important written document of this or any murder investigation, forming the basis of the entire case which the police department presents to the district attorney for the prisoner's trial. The case report bore this prisoner's permanent identification number as "54018." The arrest number, coded by the year and the number of arrests made by the Dallas Police Department so far that year, was "63-98155." The permanent offense number, assigned in chronological order, was "F-85950." As the investigation progressed, all records, findings, crime laboratory results and other pertinent material would be kept with the case report.

The report listed Lieutenant Cunningham and Officer McDonald as the investigating officers and noted that the arresting officer, Tippit, was deceased. Under date and time of offense it said "Nov. 22, 1963, approximately 12:30 p.m." Under where and how committed, "On Elm West of Houston - shot with rifle." Under complainant's name, "John F. Kennedy, w/m/47, (white male, age 47), deceased." The charge was listed as murder and a summary of the case was written in these words:

"Deceased was riding in motorcade with his wife and Governor Connally and his wife. Witnesses heard gun shot and saw deceased slump forward. More shots were fired and deceased fell forward. Governor Connally was also shot. Officers determined where shots came from and covered the building and went into the building. Captain Fritz had name of defendant but defendant was not in the building. Captain Fritz received information that defendant had killed Officer Tippit in Oak Cliff. Arresting officers brought defendant to City Hall."

3:10 p.m.

The squad car carrying homicide Detectives Rose, Moore, Stovall and Adamcik turned off Storey Road onto West Fifth in Irving, one of several "bedroom" communities which circle Dallas. Irving is a more aggressive town than most of the others, with one of the fastest-growing populations in the Southwest. Its residents are largely white collar workers for Dallas business firms, although since the late 1950's the town has started to attract factories, manufacturing companies and large commercial firms on its own.

West Fifth is a typical lower middle class suburban neighborhood, lined with neat frame and brick homes about ten to fifteen years old with lawns kept trim by homeowners who spend their weekends gardening. The home at 2515 West Fifth, owned by Michael and Ruth Paine, is little different from any other on the street, except for a massive live oak tree which sprawls in the front yard and spreads its branches over almost the entire roof of the grey frame house. The garage, adjoined to the house, juts out at the left front, and a concrete gulley separates the lot from the one to the west.

The officers alighted from the car and closed the doors quietly. "You go around to the back," Rose directed Adamcik and Stovall. "Hank and I will get the front door. I doubt if we'll have any trouble, but we'll be ready just in case."

As Rose walked to the door he heard a television set blaring news about the assassination and saw two women seated before it in the living room. He knocked softly three times.



A woman answered. She was about 35 or 40, with dark, glasses and a large, heavy-jawed face.

"Come in," she said. "We were expecting you. As soon as we heard where it happened we figured someone would be out. I'm Ruth Paine."

"Is this where Lee Harvey Oswald lives?"

"No, he comes here on weekends, but he has his own room in Oak Cliff and stays there at other times — it's nearer his work. His wife lives here."

"Do you know his address in Oak Cliff?"

"Yes — let me see — I believe it's 1026 North Beckley."

Rose jotted down the number on a notepad.

"This is Marina Oswald, Lee's wife," Mrs. Paine said, pointing to the other woman who was now standing beside the sofa. She appeared to be quite young, rather pretty, with light brown hair, wide eyes, and a frightened expression. She had not spoken.

"She's Russian. She can't speak English," Mrs. Paine explained.

"Would it be all right if we looked around, Mrs. Paine?"

"Yes, go ahead. We'll answer any questions you have. Their room — Marina's room — is here in the back."

Rose and Moore entered the room and saw a crib with two children, one quite young, asleep inside. They looked around, opening drawers, trying to be as quiet as they could.

As Moore searched a dresser drawer he spotted several photographs lying atop some clothing. He picked them up, looked, and let out a low whistle. They showed Oswald — Moore was certain it was the same man he had seen at police headquarters — holding a rifle in his left hand and two folded newspapers in the other. A revolver in a holster was strapped to his right hip. Moore examined the pictures closer. He could see names on each paper — "*The Worker*" and "*The Militant*." Silently he handed the photographs to Rose.

Stovall, who had joined them in the room, began searching through a pile of books and papers at the bedside table.

"Hey, look at this," he called, handing Rose a page that appeared to have been torn from a magazine. It was an

advertisement of guns which could be ordered by mail from Klein's Sporting Goods in Chicago. Circled on the ad were a 6.5 Italian carbine rifle and a 38 special Smith and Wesson revolver.

"We'll take these as evidence if it's all right," Rose said to Mrs. Paine. "Can you tell us if he owns a gun?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Paine answered, then translated the question for Marina. Immediately she nodded and said in English, "Yes, yes," then continued to talk hurriedly in Russian.

"Marina says he has a rifle wrapped in a blanket in the garage. She went out there earlier after she heard where the shots came from and it's still there." Then, almost as an afterthought, "She's so terrified. She hasn't been in this country very long, you know. She really doesn't understand what's happening. Is Lee guilty?"

"He's been arrested but not charged yet, ma'm," Rose replied.

The officers went with Mrs. Paine and Marina Oswald through the kitchen into the garage. A green and brown striped blanket was rolled up on the floor. Rose saw a ridge about a foot long on top of the roll. He reached over to touch it but the ridge gave way under his hand. He picked up the blanket and it hung limp in his arms, and when he unrolled it slowly and carefully, it was empty.

"Do you have any idea where the rifle might be?"

"Lee stayed here last night," Mrs. Paine said. "He isn't usually here on weeknights but he came this time because he hadn't come on Saturday. But I didn't see him leave this morning. I was still asleep."

She turned to Marina and spoke in Russian.

"Marina says she was asleep, too, when Lee left. I just don't know. . . Wait a minute! I worked in the garage last night painting some toys for the children and I remember turning the light off when I got through. But when I looked out before I went to bed, the light was on. I remember that now."

Rose rolled the blanket and handed it to Adamcik.

"Make a list of all the property we take," he directed. Moore, who had remained in the bedroom, joined them, giving Stovall some booklets about Cuba and photographs of Fidel Castro he had found in the room.

As they walked back into the kitchen a man entered the house and introduced himself as Michael Paine. Shortly after he arrived a woman hurried in. Mrs. Paine presented her to the officers as Mrs. Linnie Mae Randle, whose brother, Buell Wesley Frazier, lived with her, worked at the School Book Depository, and had taken Lee Harvey Oswald to work that morning.

"I saw the police car in front and thought I'd better come tell you something," Mrs. Randle said, out of breath from her walk. "I saw Lee come to our house and get in the car this morning. He was carrying a long package, wrapped in brown paper. I don't know what it was, but it sure did seem funny to me for him to be taking something that big to work."

4:00 p.m.

Fritz came out of the interrogation room to meet Detective Rose after being informed that the squad had returned from Irving.

"What'd you find, Guy?" the captain asked anxiously.

"Plenty. He owns a rifle, and it wasn't where he always keeps it. His wife said it was wrapped in a blanket in the garage, but when she led us to it, the rifle was missing. A neighbor says she saw him carrying a long package to work this morning. We also found some photographs showing him with a rifle and revolver, and an ad for mail-order guns."

"Did you bring the blanket in for fiber tests?"

"Yes. We also brought in his wife and two children and the woman she lives with and her husband. Did you know his wife is Russian?"

"Yes. He told us he lived there three years."

"Is he a commie?"

"Probably. He denies it. Denies everything."

"Damn, there sure are a lot of press people here," Rose commented.

"I know. Everybody covering the motorcade came here as soon as they knew we had a prisoner. They're causing a lot of confusion. Makes it hard to interrogate. We'll talk to his wife in a little while. Right now, take these things to the crime lab and get Day to see if the wife can identify the weapon."

"Have you had any show-ups yet?"

"No, but I understand they've brought some witnesses in. We'll probably be ready for the first one in a few minutes."

4:05 p.m.

A woman dressed in a white waitress' uniform was huddled in a chair in the outer office of the homicide and robbery bureau. She dabbed her eyes with a wadded handkerchief and nervously patted her hair. A detective sat beside her, talking in a low voice.

"We're ready for you to come down for the lineup," he said.

"I'm still so upset about it all," she answered. "I hope I can do the right thing."

The woman's name was Helen Markham. She was a waitress at the Eat-Well Cafe in downtown Dallas and had been standing by a bus stop at Tenth and Patton on her way home from work when she witnessed the shooting of Officer Tippit. Policemen at the scene had brought her to headquarters to take part in the first "show-up" of Lee Harvey Oswald.

"Show-ups" are routine procedures to enable police to confirm eye witness identification of a suspect as part of the total evidence they gather to bring charges in a case and later to assist the district attorney in gaining an indictment and a sentence. The suspect is placed in a line with three or four other prisoners who have similar descriptions and are dressed in the same kind of clothes. If the witness still maintains an identification, the case against the suspect is stronger.

The detective and a uniformed police officer helped Mrs. Markham from her chair and each held one of her arms as they led her onto the third floor elevator and down to the show-up room located in the basement of the Police and Courts Building.

"I've never seen anything like it before," she said, half to

herself, as the elevator descended. "That poor policeman! I ran over to help him, but there wasn't anything I could do. He tried to say something but he couldn't."

She was silent for a moment, then sniffed and wiped her eyes again.

"I thought he might kill me, too! He knew I saw him do it. He just stood there and looked at me, then ran away. I didn't know what he was going to do. It was awful!"

They entered the show-up room, where Will Fritz and a group of other detectives and police officers were already gathered. The lights dimmed and four handcuffed prisoners, Lee Harvey Oswald the second from the left, were ushered onto a raised, spotlighted platform at one end of the room and placed behind a nylon screen to prevent them from seeing the witnesses. Detective James R. Leavelle took his place to conduct the procedure.

"Now, Mrs. Markham," he said, "these prisoners are numbered from the left, one-two-three-four. Look at them closely and carefully. Take as long as you want. Tell us by number -- whether one, two, three or four, which one you believe to be the man you saw today shoot Officer Tippit. Please try to be sure before you tell us the number."

The room was quiet for several moments.

"It's number two!" Helen Markham said at last. "The second one from the left. Number two. That's him!"

4:10 p.m.

Bill Alexander and Dallas Justice of the Peace David Johnston met homicide Detectives Walter Potts, Billie Senkel and F. M. Turner in the County Records Building on their way to Oak Cliff for a search of Oswald's North Beckley room. The officers had stopped to pick up a search warrant, which Alexander had asked Johnston to secure after receiving a request from Potts.

The five men hurried out of the building, climbed into Potts' squad car, and headed over the Commerce Street viaduct. It was the same route that Alexander had traveled with Bud Owens and Jerry Hill some three hours earlier in the chase that had ended at the Texas Theater.

"Has it only been three hours?" Alexander murmured to himself. "It seems like a hundred years." Then, his mind coming back to present reality, he turned to Potts:

"How did you get the Beckley address, Walter?"

"The suspect told Fritz. He wasn't sure if it's north or south Beckley, but the woman in Irving said north, so that must be right."

None of the men spoke again during the trip. Senkel, who was driving, had been with Turner in Deputy Chief George Lumpkin's advance patrol car in the motorcade and had gone to Parkland Hospital after the shots were fired. Potts had been off duty Friday but was called to work at 1 p.m. following the assassination.

The car passed the Colorado intersection and crossed over Zang, where Beckley narrows into a residential street lined with old,

one-story frame houses.

"That must be 1026 on the left," Potts said to Senkel. "Pull in the driveway."

The house squatted low on the narrow lot, a brownish-red brick deceptively larger than it first appeared. Its bright red roof, white-painted iron grillwork and six white beams poking at right angles from the south side had all been added in an apparent effort to make the place look more attractive, but with little success. Stuck in the ground in front was a crudely-printed sign: ROOM FOR RENT. The officers stepped onto the concrete porch and rapped on the door.

It was opened by a plump woman whose grey-white hair was held tightly in place by a hair net. The men could hear the television set running in the living room behind her.

"We're police officers. May we come in?"

"Yes, of course. I'm Earlene Roberts. I keep house here for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. They're the owners."

As she spoke, another woman, somewhat younger, walked into the living room and introduced herself as Mrs. A. C. Johnson.

"We just want to look around," Potts said. "We have a search warrant."

"What do you want to search?"

"Don't you have a roomer here named Lee Harvey Oswald?"

"Oswald? We don't have anyone by that name, do we Earlene?"

The housekeeper walked over to a small table, took out a black notebook and flipped through the pages.

"No, I don't think we've ever had anyone named Oswald. Who is he?"

"He's a suspect in the assassination. We want to question him. Maybe he's living here under the name of Hidell. Do you have a roomer named Alek Hidell?"

"Hidell? No. I don't recognize that name either. It couldn't be any of our roomers — nobody here would do such a terrible thing. . ." her voice trailed off.

Suddenly, almost as if it had been planned, a news flash drew their attention to the television set which had been running unnoticed in the background.

"We take you to the Dallas police station for the first pictures of Lee Harvey Oswald, the man suspected of assassinating President Kennedy," an announcer said.

A news film showed Oswald as he arrived at police headquarters. The two women peered closely at the screen.

"My God!" Earlene Roberts screamed. "Isn't that Mr. Lee?"

"It sure is! It's him!"

"That man lives here!" Mrs. Roberts said to the officers. "He told us his name was Lee. O. H. Lee. He's been here several weeks. Why, he was home just this noon! Came in, changed clothes, and ran back out again. Mr. Lee! I can't believe it!"

"What time?" Potts asked.

"I recollect it must have been about 1 o'clock. They had just announced the President was dead. When he ran in here, I said something to him about the assassination, but he never answered."

"It figures," Senkel said to Potts. "He had time to get here from town before he shot Tippit."

"Oh, did he shoot the police officer, too?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

"Yes," Potts answered without hesitation. Then he turned to Mrs. Roberts.

"Can we see his room?"

"Yes, of course. It's back here. Follow me."

She led them down a gloomy hall, calling over her shoulder: "Wouldn't you boys like some coffee?"

"That would be real nice, thanks."

She opened the door to a shabbily-furnished room, gestured the men inside, then turned away toward the back of the house.

"Let's swab both of them out real good before we leave, Walter," Alexander warned as they walked inside. "They may know more than they're telling us."

"You don't think they're involved in any of this?"

"Oh, no. But they might be forgetful. They might have heard something or seen something that would help us, if we pump it out of them."

"I wonder if they know about his Russian wife?"

"We'll see."

The room was small and narrow – Alexander thought it

couldn't be more than five feet across – with a sagging single bed and metal headboard, a bedside table and lamp, a single closet and an old blonde oak dresser with most of its drawer handles missing. Two drawers were pulled out, and clothes spilled from them onto the floor.

Alexander swung open the closet door. Hanging on the knob inside was a brown leather holster, which he carefully lifted off and handed to Potts without comment.

"Well, that's no surprise," Potts said, almost sadly, looking at the empty holster. "We know what happened to the gun."

He laid the holster on the unmade bed and instructed Turner to begin making a list of items on the official police property sheet.

Alexander, so tall he almost had to hunch to walk inside the small room, bent over the dresser and picked up a folded map lying on top. He spread it out on the bed as the other men watched.

"It's a map of Dallas," Johnston said. "What's that drawn on it?" A circle had been hurriedly scrawled in pencil around the downtown area on the map, and inside the circle were several small single marks drawn in ink.

"What do you make of it, Bill?" Potts asked.

Alexander leaned over the bed, studying the map for several moments.

"That pencilled circle approximates the route of the motorcade," he said at last. "See, it comes right down Cedar Springs, down Main and over to Stemmons Freeway."

"How about the other marks?"

"This one here's at Elm and Houston, right by the book depository," Alexander said, thumping the map with a long forefinger. "It looks exactly like the trajectory the bullets must have taken. This is damned significant! It shows pre-meditation. We can use it in court to prove he planned the assassination!"

"Here are some other marks by Stemmons."

"Those might show the site of another assassin – in case the first one missed. This could be the master map for a conspiracy!"

"You think that's what we're dealing with?"

"We can't discount the possibility. If this map is what it seems

to be, then it could very well be a conspiracy.”

At the bedside table, Senkel sorted through a pile of books and papers. Suddenly he called to the other men:

“Here’s a bunch of communist stuff!”

Potts grabbed the material from Senkel and looked at each piece carefully before handing it to Alexander. There were photographs of Red Square in Moscow, a notebook containing addresses of the Russian Embassy in Washington and Mexico City, some letters with a Moscow return address written in what the men assumed was Russian, copies of the Daily Worker, pamphlets of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, a letter from the American Socialist Workers Party, a letter from the Daily Worker, and a book entitled *“A Study of the USSR and Communism.”*

“I think we’ve got a genuine god-damned card-carrying communist on our hands!” Alexander exclaimed.

“Then it must be a conspiracy!” Potts said.

“The President might have been the first one on the list,” Johnston cried. “They might be planning to get some more – undermine the whole country!”

“We’ll have to notify the FBI,” Alexander said. “This is their job. Or the CIA.”

“The FBI!” Potts sneered. “What can they do?”

“Who knows?”

“Hey – speaking of the FBI,” said Senkel, who had been thumbing through a notebook found in Oswald’s papers, “isn’t this the Dallas FBI phone number here?” He held out the notebook to Potts and Alexander.

“I’ll be damned,” Alexander said. “That’s their number all right. What’s that name beside it?”

“Hosty.”

“Who in the hell is Hosty?”

“Must be Jim Hosty,” Senkel said. “He’s one of their agents.”

“What’s Oswald doing with his name?”

“Beats me. We’ll have to find out.”

“This is getting stranger all the time.”

The men searched the room for a few minutes more to be certain they had found everything, satisfied themselves that they

had, then gathered up the material and went back to the living room, where Mrs. Roberts was pouring coffee from a large pot into six cups grouped on a small tray.

“You boys must be so tired,” she said. “It’s been an awful day, hasn’t it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Potts said, gulping his coffee, obviously anxious to get the interview over with and head back to the police station with the information they had uncovered.

“Tell us again about Oswald – Lee – coming here today,” Senkel said.

“Well, he ran in through the front door like he was in a big hurry, went right past me straight to his room. I hollered to him about the President getting shot, but he never answered. Just went on to his room.”

“How long was he there?”

“Only a minute or so. He changed clothes, because I noticed he had on different pants and a jacket. He came out zipping his jacket and ran out the door. Never did say a word.”

“What kind of jacket was it?”

“One of those windbreaker jackets with a zipper. Light colored.”

“Do you remember what color his trousers were?”

“Blue, I think. But I’m not sure. I didn’t notice too good. He was in and out so fast.”

“Did you see what he had on when he came in?”

“No, I never paid any attention. I just remember he came out of his room wearing something different.”

“How long has he lived here?”

“About two months. He rented the room about the first of October, didn’t he, Mrs. Johnson?”

“Yes,” the other woman said. “He came by here once and we told him we didn’t have a room, then he came back a while later. We don’t usually rent that room. I save it for my grandchildren when they visit. But he seemed to want it so bad we let him have it. He paid eight dollars a week.”

“Did he ever have any visitors?”

“No. Did you ever see anybody, Mrs. Roberts?”

"No. He stayed right there in his room whenever he was here. Every night he'd make one or two phone calls, talking in some foreign language. I couldn't make out what it was. I don't think he ever got any calls, though. He didn't stay here on weekends. But I recollect he was here this last weekend. That was unusual. He usually went somewhere Friday night and came back sometime Sunday."

"Do you know anything about his background?"

"No, all we knew was his name — the name he gave us. Lee."

"Did you know he worked at the School Book Depository?"

"No, he never told us where he worked. That's where the shots came from, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I just can't believe he would do such a thing. He seemed to be such a meek little man."

"He kept a gun in his room."

"My God. I never knew!"

"Did he ever mention he had lived in Russia and has a Russian wife?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Did you see him when he left the house today?"

"I looked out the window and he was standing by the bus stop outside there. I figured he was waiting to catch a bus."

"Did you actually see him get on a bus?"

"No. I was watching TV and never noticed."

"Will you sign an affidavit testifying to what you have told us today?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to."

"We'll be in touch with you later regarding that."

Alexander put down his empty coffee cup and stood up.

"Come on, let's get back to the station," he said. "We've got a lot to talk about."

4:15 p.m.

"Cap'n, can I see you a minute?"

Will Fritz rose from his seat in the interrogation room as FBI agents continued their questioning of Oswald and followed Detective Elmer Boyd into one of the outer offices of the homicide bureau.

"We found these in his pocket when we searched him before the show-up," Boyd opened his hand to reveal five bullets.

"They're for his revolver?"

"Pretty sure. They appear to match the cartridge cases found in the bushes at Tenth and Patton. Sims (Detective Richard Sims) lifted this from him, too." He showed Fritz a crumpled bus transfer slip.

The homicide captain examined it closely. It was dated "Fri. Nov. 22 '63," punched in two places, and carried the designation, "Dallas Transit Co."

"Can you trace the bus from this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get Brown and Dhority (Detectives "Charlie" Brown and Charles Dhority) to find the bus driver and bring him here for the next show-up. Take the bullets to the lab for identification. Have you got the rest of the witnesses ready for the show-ups?"

"We have the men from the service station on Jefferson who saw him running after Tippit's shooting."

"What about the assassination witnesses?"

"I believe we have two. We've already gotten affidavits from them. One is scheduled for the next show-up. Brennan's his name."

Detective Adamcik, who took part in the Irving search, strode through the door, carrying a sheaf of papers.

"We've got a strong ID on the rifle from his wife," he said. "She says it's the same one he had had in the garage in Irving. She also identifies the jacket we found in Oak Cliff."

"Did you get an affidavit?"

"Yes. She doesn't speak any English at all. I speak a little Russian, so we got along fine. She has that woman with her translating, the one she lives with in Irving."

"Any word from the FBI on the weapon traces?"

"No, sir. We should have something any time, though."

6:00 p.m.

The hands of the grey electric clock on the wall of the homicide and robbery bureau were pointing straight up and down when Will Fritz walked out of the interrogation room into his office. Bill Alexander and former assistant district attorney Jim Allen were waiting there for him. It is customary in Dallas, as in most cities, for the district attorney's office to work closely with local police, giving whatever advice and assistance might be necessary in the filing of formal felony charges against a prisoner, although the district attorney is not in official charge of a case until an indictment has been returned by the grand jury.

"It's good to see you, Jim. Just like old times," Fritz greeted Allen, who had left the DA's office almost a year earlier to go into private law practice but still enjoyed a warm relationship with the Dallas police almost as if he had official status.

Alexander stood up impulsively, still wearing his hat, his face more drawn and haggard than usual.

"That map we found on Beckley is a fine piece of evidence," he said to Fritz. "If we can prove it shows pre-meditation, it will be the biggest thing we've got going for a death sentence. But I'm worried about something else. All that communist stuff we found — even the map — makes it look like a conspiracy. I'm real suspicious."

"Has the FBI been notified?"

"Yes. Potts gave them the map — or I should say lent. He told Hosty to give it back by tomorrow."

"You may never see it again," Allen said cynically.

"We'd better have it before the trial starts or somebody's head



will roll," Alexander snapped. Then, to Fritz, his tone still angry: "Did Walter tell you about Hosty's name in Oswald's notebook?"

"Yes. Did somebody ask Hosty about it?"

"It's real funny. Jack Revill swears Hosty told him the FBI knew about Oswald, knew he was capable of committing the assassination."

"Well, nobody's ever going to get anything out of them," Fritz sighed. "If this is a conspiracy, I pray they know what to do."

"Right now we've got to think about our case and bringing charges," Alexander said. "We need to do it soon. Let's go somewhere quieter than this madhouse, so we can talk."

The three men pushed their way through the mob of newsmen in the third floor corridor, walked out of the Police and Courts Building and north on Harwood to the Majestic Steak House, located across from downtown Dallas' theater row on Elm, just west of Harwood.

As they entered the restaurant they met Forrest Sorrells, head of the Dallas Secret Service office, and two of his assistants, who happened to be there not by design but because the Majestic is one of the favorite eating places of Dallas law enforcement officials.

"Come on, sit with us," Alexander called out to the other men. They all took a large table near the back of the crowded restaurant, ordered steaks and coffee, chatted for a moment or two about the day's events, then turned to the subject foremost in every mind.

"Do you have enough evidence to file on him?" Alexander asked Fritz.

The captain stirred his coffee silently for several moments, then answered:

"Let's review what we've got. We can place him on the sixth floor where we found the hulls, the rifle and the paper bag, and we have prints from the rifle, the bag and the boxes around the window. We have eye witnesses who can testify they saw him in the sixth floor window.. He was absent from roll call at the depository after the shooting. Apparently he took a bus to Oak Cliff – we have the transfer slip. His landlady says he came to his

apartment in Oak Cliff about 1 o'clock – he would have just had time to get there – and changed clothes. He admits he got a gun when he went home. Then he shot Tippit. We have several eye witnesses who'll swear they saw him do it. He resisted arrest at the theater and was carrying the gun used to shoot the officer. We have strong corroborating evidence from the house in Irving. His rifle was missing from the garage where his wife says he kept it, and she identifies the rifle we took from the depository as his weapon. She also says the jacket he dumped in Oak Cliff belongs to him. All in all, that's a lot of good evidence."

"Has the FBI traced the weapons?" Alexander asked.

"We're waiting for the reports now. Day is matching the hulls with the rifle and checking to see if it was fired recently. Incidentally, Vince Drain (a Dallas FBI agent well liked by Dallas police) is flying out of Carswell tonight with the rifle on a U-2. Carrying it to Washington for more tests."

(Carswell is a U.S. air base in Fort Worth about forty miles west of Dallas and a center for the U-2 "spy plane.")

"That's quite a way to travel," Allen said.

"Maybe so, but you can kiss that rifle goodbye if the FBI has it." Alexander said angrily. "We'll never see it again, or the bullets. I guess the FBI has them, too."

"They must. We never even saw 'em," Fritz said.

"Damn that hacks me," Alexander growled. "If we're going to try this case here, we ought to have the rifle and the bullets for our own tests." He sighed, took a swig of coffee, then addressed Fritz again.

"How many show-ups?"

"Two so far. A woman who saw the Tippit shooting, two service station attendants who saw him running on Jefferson, and the bus driver who took him from Elm to Oak Cliff. Two more witnesses to the Tippit shooting are scheduled for the next show – also two assassination witnesses."

"Anything from the questioning?"

"Nothing, As long as we talk quietly he's all right, but any time I ask him an important question he clams up. He seems to anticipate what I'm going to ask. I don't think I'll get a confession

any time soon, if ever. Of course the conditions are so difficult – all those people, the FBI, reporters. It isn't easy to interrogate under those circumstances."

"I think he's a communist," Alexander said, "so I doubt if he'll talk."

"No, they never do."

"I don't think we need a confession anyway," Alexander went on, poking at his steak. "It looks to me like we might have a real conspiracy on our hands and I think we need to charge him as soon as we can. We also want to avoid a writ." The assistant district attorney referred to the possibility of a writ of habeas corpus, a legal maneuver that could have questioned Oswald's custody and prevented an early trial. A writ cannot be obtained once formal felony charges have been filed.

"You have to remember, too, that this is an historic case and you ought to try to file on him before midnight to show you got your man and charged him on the same day," Allen interjected.

"Yes, I agree," Fritz answered. "That's important for everybody concerned – and for Dallas. The grand jury's meeting Monday, isn't it?"

"Yes," Alexander said. "If we file on him now, we can get an indictment first thing Monday. (Indictment by a grand jury is necessary before a prisoner can face trial by petit jury.)

Fritz leaned his heavy frame back in the chair, closed his eyes for a moment as he formed his thoughts, then spoke quickly:

"I think with the evidence in the Tippit shooting – the eye witnesses, the pistol found at arrest and everything else – we can bring charges on him now on that count. I'd like to wait for the FBI weapons report and the fingerprint results before we file on him in the assassination. Do we have a JP handy?"

A "JP" (justice of the peace) is a county official who by state law must conduct the arraignment of the prisoner, accept the charges against him, and determine if he is to be allowed free on bond.

"We'll put a call in for Johnston right now," Alexander said, pushing back his chair. "We've got the papers. Let's roll!"

7:05 p.m.

Captain Fritz took a fountain pen from his suitcoat pocket and swiftly signed the official complaint charging Lee Harvey Oswald in the murder of Patrolman J. D. Tippit. Then Fritz and two detectives escorted the prisoner to the police department's fourth floor identification bureau where he was arraigned, informed of the charges against him and ordered held without bond by Dallas County Peace Justice David Johnston in a brief ceremony held in the police department's fourth floor identification bureau. Looking on with Fritz as the prisoner stood sullenly before Johnston, his hands still cuffed in front of him, were Bill Alexander, Detectives Richard Sims, Elmer Boyd and Marlin Hall. A swarm of newsmen pressed around Fritz and the officers as they led the prisoner down the crowded corridor and toward the elevator for a third show-up, scheduled for 7:45 p.m.

"When are you going to file on him for the assassination?" one reporter shouted.

"Has he confessed anything?" queried another.

"Has he seen a lawyer?"

"Have you let him eat or visit his family?"

"Did you trace the guns?"

"Gentlemen," Fritz turned to the reporters, his voice steady and calm, "you will be kept informed of each detail as soon as we are able to tell you. We are still completing our investigation of the assassination and I feel confident we will have the additional information we require to make our second charge in a very short

time. The prisoner is being treated well. He is now being taken down for some additional identification by witnesses. He has not seen an attorney but has been offered the opportunity to do so and has tried to contact an attorney in New York City. Chief Curry will answer your questions in full detail sometime later this evening. Now, please, let us pass through."

As the men proceeded down the Hall, Alexander stepped away to talk to George Carter, the Times Herald police reporter and an old friend.

"When do you think you'll file on him on the other count?" Carter asked.

"Pretty soon. When we do, we're going to say he did it in furtherance of a communist conspiracy. I think the world should know that."

Carter rushed to a telephone to give this information to his paper, and it hit the news wires minutes after, but less than half an hour later District Attorney Wade received a call from a White House aide asking that any reference to a communist conspiracy be eliminated from the charge, since there was no proof of such a claim. Wade passed the word to Alexander, to which the assistant DA snorted:

"OK, I'll take it out. But I've achieved what I wanted. Now everybody in the world knows he's a rotten commie."

At the third show-up, Howard Brennan picked Oswald from the line as the man he had seen lurking in the sixth floor window of the School Book Depository when the shots were fired. Jeanette and Virginia Davis, sisters-in-law who lived in the rooming house at Tenth and Patton, identified him as the man they had seen fleeing from the scene of Officer Tippit's shooting. Then the prisoner was taken to his cell for a brief rest while crime lab officers made preparations to give him a paraffin test in an effort to provide added proof that he had fired a gun that day. The lab had already lifted palmprints from the trigger housing and the underside of the barrel of the rifle found in the School Book Depository, and both would be compared against Oswald's own prints. Results of the print analyses, however, probably would not be known until the next day.

"But we don't really need them to charge him," Fritz thought as he waited for the prisoner to be brought in for the paraffin test. "We know what they'll show. We've got enough to go ahead and file on him in the assassination as soon as we get the weapon reports and ask him a few more questions. I wish the FBI would hurry up and get those reports to us!"

The captain's hope was soon answered, for within fifteen minutes Detective Sims strode into the homicide office, a stack of papers clutched in his hand.

"Is that what we've been waiting for?" Fritz asked eagerly.

"Yes, sir. It's all here – the traces of both weapons."

Fritz took the papers and began to read.

The FBI had learned from a check of retail outlets in Dallas that Crescent Firearms Inc. of New York City was the distributor of a surplus Italian 6.5 millimeter Mannlicher-Carcano military rifle. Reviewing its records throughout the afternoon, the New York company showed that it had shipped an Italian carbine with the serial number C2766 to Klein's Sporting Goods of Chicago, the same company whose mail-order rifle advertisement had been found by Dallas police among Oswald's possessions in Irving. Klein's reported to the FBI that the rifle bearing serial number C2766 had been mailed in March, 1963, to one A. Hidell, Post Office Box 2915, Dallas. The mail order had been received by the sporting goods firm on March 13, 1963, on a coupon clipped from the February, 1963, issue of American Rifleman Magazine. The coupon had been signed by A. Hidell and sent in an envelope with the same name and return address handwritten on it. Included with the coupon had been a postal money order for \$21.45 – \$19.95 for the rifle and telescopic sight and \$1.50 for postage and handling charges. The rifle had been shipped fully assembled.

Postal authorities in Dallas had confirmed, the FBI reported, that Box 2915 was rented from October 9, 1962, until May 14, 1963, by Lee Harvey Oswald, who had signed his own name to the rental application.

"Are they comparing the handwriting between the mail order, the money order and the box application?" Fritz asked Sims.

"Yes, but that will take several more days."

Fritz turned back to the FBI report, this time to read about the investigation of the prisoner's pistol used to shoot Officer Tippit. The Smith and Wesson special 38 caliber revolver with serial number V510210 had been traced to Seaport Traders, Inc., a mail order division of the George Rose Company in Los Angeles. On March 20, 1963, Seaport had shipped a revolver with this serial number to A. J. Hidell in Dallas after receiving a mail order signed by Hidell. One of the requirements on the order blank was for a witness to attest that the person ordering the gun was a U. S. citizen and had never been convicted of a felony. The name D. F. Drittal had been signed in this space. Both signatures appeared to have been written by the same person, the FBI noted, and both appeared to be fictitious. Ten dollars cash had been enclosed with the pistol order. The revolver had been shipped via Railway Express and had been accepted and signed for with the name A. Hidell, and the consignee had paid a balance due of \$19.95 plus \$1.27 shipping charges.

Will Fritz carefully stacked the papers together, placed them neatly on his desk, and leaned back in his swivel chair, staring up at the ceiling. Finally he shifted forward again and spoke in a hushed, hoarse voice:

"Fifty bucks. He did the whole damn business for fifty lousy bucks."

7:30 p.m.

The police station was so crowded and hot that Jim Ewell's wispy blond hair was plastered to his forehead with perspiration, and he had opened the collar of his shirt, now grimy and wrinkled, and pulled his tie to the right. Ewell had just telephoned his city editor at the Dallas Morning News to report that Lee Harvey Oswald had been formally charged in the murder of Officer Tippit and that it appeared the Dallas police were building a solid case against him in the assassination of President Kennedy.

It had been quite a day for Jim Ewell, certainly the most climactic of his reportorial career, and one few newsmen could ever equal. He had been lucky enough to be standing in the City Hall garage about 12:45 when Sergeant Jerry Hill rushed in and commandeered a squad car to go to the School Book Depository. He had joined Hill and thus been on hand for the discovery of the assassin's hiding place, the cartridge cases and other early evidence. Then he had jumped in a squad car when it took off for Oak Cliff and became an eye witness to the chase and capture of Oswald in the Texas Theater. He had returned to the "cop shop," as Dallas newsmen often call the police station, after Oswald's arrest. He would remain there, or in the city room of the Dallas News, as long as any news about the case was breaking, and Ewell's reporting sense told him that might still be many more hours.

The Dallas News called him James Ewell in his bylines, but fellow reporters and most policemen knew him as "Jim" or more often "Ewell," which usually came out sounding like "Yule." He was one of a half-dozen or so Dallas newsmen who regularly cover the "police beat" and who work on a cooperative, friendly, often first-name basis with most members of the Dallas Police Department. Ewell and the others — including some more reporters from the

Dallas News and the Times Herald and newsmen from Dallas radio and television stations — are experienced journalists who handle their assignments capably, keep out of the way when they have to, but stay in the thick of police action when they are allowed. They have seldom been known to violate confidences, make notes or pictures or recordings when not so authorized by the department or by a prisoner, or in any other way jeopardize a cherished working relationship with the police which, in the final analysis, enables them to get better, fuller stories. In turn, the department has always rewarded these newsmen and the media they represent with an open news policy and almost complete freedom to cover their beats the way they want. The Dallas Police Department has long prided itself on good relationships with the press, feeling that this kind of cooperation pays off in a better community understanding of the department and of the problems involved in fighting crime. In fact, the department has a standing general order requiring that policemen "render every assistance, except such as obviously may seriously hinder or delay the proper functioning of the department, to the accredited members of the official news-gathering agencies."

Chief Jesse Curry had reinforced this order with a memo written in February, 1963, which stated in part:

"The General Order is not merely permissive. It does not state that the officer may if he so chooses assist the press. It rather places on him a responsibility to lend active assistance. . . as a department we deal with public affairs. It is the right of the public to know these affairs, and one of the most accurate and useful avenues we have of supplying this information is through the newspapers, radio and television stations."

Almost all of the Dallas Police Departments's dealings with the press, however, had been on a local level. Not in many years had a police or crime story broken in Dallas of sufficient national interest to attract newsmen from out-of-state and national media. The eight or ten Dallas newsmen assigned to the police beat had rarely created any problems because they knew and were known by the department, they understood its strengths and weaknesses, they operated more or less within ethical limits, and they were

aware of the need for give-and-take cooperation.

It was logical, having this attitude toward the press and this background of pleasant experience, that the department would offer to provide its fullest cooperation to the scores of newsmen from virtually every newspaper, magazine and television network in the country and many foreign news agencies who were already in Dallas for the presidential visit, or quickly flew to the city when they learned of the assassination, and converged on police headquarters as soon as they realized the Dallas Police Department had full jurisdiction in the case. But the department was not equipped to handle such a large number of newsmen, and it was even less prepared for their lack of understanding about Dallas and its police operation, or for the lengths — sometimes extending to blatant rudeness — to which many would go to get their stories.

When Jim Ewell had arrived at police headquarters about 2:15 p.m., scores of reporters and photographers were already packed in the third floor corridor even though it had been less than half an hour since Oswald's arrest. He estimated there were at least a hundred newsmen crammed into an area so small it seemed overcrowded on an average day. Ewell saw many of the out-of-town and foreign correspondents jostle and push each other out of the way as they competed for a spot to take pictures or conduct stand-up interviews with almost any official who happened to pass by. Microphone cords, television cables, camera equipment and floodlights were strewn around the narrow hallway, and so many reporters crowded against the entrance to the homicide and robbery bureau, where the prisoner was being questioned, that policemen could hardly get the doors open. An early afternoon call to his city desk at the News had revealed to Ewell that the out-of-town newsmen had also descended on both Dallas newspaper offices — borrowing or stealing notes, raiding morgue files, monopolizing telephones and taking over photography laboratories.

Chief Curry returned to police headquarters about 7:35 p.m. after escorting President Kennedy's body to Air Force One at Love Field, helping guard the security of President Lyndon Baines Johnson, witnessing the on-plane swearing in of Johnson, and

attending to necessary police duties at Parkland Hospital. Curry's face was pale and haggard from the ordeal, the blood vessels protruded from his high temples, and his mouth twitched nervously. In his arms he carried a pearl grey coat and grey Stetson hat which he told Ewell belonged to Governor Connally who at that moment lay in critical condition at Parkland with wounds from the same fusillade of bullets that had killed the President.

"Looks like you're going to have some problems with all these newsmen, Chief," Ewell said to him. "Do you have any plans to limit coverage or set up a pool system?" He referred to an arrangement sometimes used in major events when a representative group of newsmen are allowed to cover the story first-hand with the understanding they will share their notes and film with all other news media.

"I don't see how we can limit it, Jim," Curry answered. "I don't think a pool system would be accepted or really fair. You know we've always cooperated with the press to the fullest extent that we could, and now more than ever I believe we have an obligation to let the press know everything possible so the world will see that we aren't fabricating a suspect or failing to exercise due process of law. This is a gigantic case. I don't think anything would be served by trying to cover up."

"How will you handle credentials?"

"Every reporter has to show an officer his press card and supporting identification before we will permit him in the building."

"What about statements?"

"I'll release all of them."

"Are you afraid you might be criticized unless you permit full press coverage?"

"Not really. I understand we are already being criticized. Batchelor tells me that one TV network showed a picture of the prisoner and said that's what he looked like before he had been in custody of the Dallas Police Department — that they didn't know what he might look like later. We'll be criticized no matter what we do, but I think the public will judge us fairly if we allow all of our actions to be known."

"Do you think full press coverage will help eliminate any misconceptions about Dallas and how the prisoner is being treated?"

"I hope so. But the most important thing is to tell the world that we are handling this case quickly and legally."

Throughout the long afternoon and evening of questioning and continually breaking developments in the case, the number of newsmen on the third floor — and the problems they created — had steadily increased. Now, with the time approaching 8 o'clock, Jim Ewell judged there were as many as three hundred on the scene, and their noisy, shouting confusion had reached frantic proportions. Ewell wanted to get away from this mess. He had many facts to piece together, many stories to write, before midnight deadline, so he decided he would go to the Dallas News and leave the paper's police station coverage in the hands of John Rutledge, the night police reporter. Ewell stumped out a cigarette and hurried to find him.

7:40 p.m.

Lee Harvey Oswald appeared as tight-lipped and cool as ever when detectives led him into the interrogation room for the third questioning session of a long, long day.

Fritz decided to start pushing the prisoner harder. Being gentle didn't seem to be accomplishing anything. Besides, he had a lot more to go on now.

He pulled out an enlarged photograph made by the crime lab of one of the pictures his men had found at the Paine home in Irving and shoved it across the table to Oswald.

"You told us you didn't own a rifle. Here's a picture of you holding one. Explain it."

Oswald studied the picture, biting his lip.

"We recovered this picture from your possessions in Irving," Fritz said flatly. "This is an enlargement made by our crime lab of the photograph just as we found it. It hasn't been retouched or changed in any way except to enlarge it."

"That's not my picture. I've never had a photograph like this. I don't own a rifle. I just have a pistol – the one you took from me."

"Well, here's the actual picture we found." Fritz showed him the smaller photograph.

"That's not me either. That's just a reduction made from the other picture. I know a lot about photography. You can't fool me."

"We have learned that the rifle found in the School Book

Depository today and the revolver used to kill Officer Tippit were both ordered by mail by Alek J. Hidell. You were carrying an identification card as Alek Hidell."

"That was a plant. My name is Lee Harvey Oswald, not Hidell."

"Your wife identified the rifle as yours."

"She doesn't know anything."

"Why did you tell your landlady on Beckley that your name was O. H. Lee?"

"I didn't tell her that. She just got mixed up. I told her my name was Lee H. Oswald. She must have written it down wrong."

"We've had several witnesses identify you in the show-ups. They saw you in the window at the depository with a rifle when the shots were fired at the motorcade. They saw you kill the policeman."

"That doesn't mean a thing. You told them what to say. Anyway, the line wasn't fair. You let the other men wear jackets and wouldn't let me wear one."

"What about the map we found in your room? It has markings on it where the President was shot. What were you doing with that?"

"I made those marks when I was looking for a job. Those were places where I went to apply for work."

"But you had something to do with the President's shooting, didn't you?"

"No, I did not."

"Why did you shoot the policeman?"

"I haven't shot anybody!"

8:40 p.m.

Carrying a tray loaded with bottles of chemicals, materials for recording fingerprints, and other crime lab supplies, Sergeant Pete Barnes and Detective Johnny Hicks came into the interrogation room to take Lee Harvey Oswald's finger and palm prints and to conduct a paraffin test. The finger and palm prints were being made to compare with those lifted from the rifle barrel, the brown paper bag and the cartons found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository. The paraffin test, which helps prove if suspect has recently fired a weapon, is made by brushing layers of warm liquid paraffin, interleaved with layers of gauze for reinforcement, onto a prisoner's hands and cheeks. The sticky paraffin opens the skin's pores and picks up any dirt or foreign material present at the surface. When it cools and hardens, it forms a cast which is then taken off and processed with chemicals which turn blue in the presence of nitrates contained in gunpowder residue. While not considered absolutely valid, particularly because nitrates are also found in other common materials and can thereby cause a "false positive" reaction, the paraffin test is an effective part of total evidence gathered, is admissible in Texas court, and is therefore routinely taken by the Dallas Police Department during the investigation of homicides involving firearms.

"When will you have the results?" Fritz asked Barnes when the tests were completed.

"In the morning."

"Good. Are Wade and Alexander outside?"

"Yes sir. They're still in the identification bureau."

"Tell them when you go back that I'm still questioning the prisoner, but I'll be ready to file on the other charge about 11 o'clock."

11:26 p.m.

Fritz had missed his prediction by less than thirty minutes. It was four minutes before 11:30 p.m. when the homicide chief stood with District Attorney Wade and Assistant District Attorney Alexander to sign the formal charge stating that Lee Harvey Oswald "did voluntarily and with malice aforethought kill John F. Kennedy by shooting him with a gun." Thus the man was captured, the evidence gathered and the case solved within the little period of eternity that it takes the hands of a clock to move around its face a single time. Ten hours and fifty-six minutes from a shocking November noontime, when all that was known was that the President had been murdered, to a weary midnight, when the whole story of the crime of the century had been spelled out for everyone to see. Much, much more would be written and spoken about the assassination in the months and years to come, but right now — at 11:26 p.m. Friday, November 22, 1963, everything was known that needed to be known: A man had shot and killed the President with a highpowered rifle, he had slipped away unnoticed, he had then shot and killed a policeman, he had been tracked down and captured, and now, with the evidence compiled against him, he had been charged.

Will Fritz felt a little sad, still more fatigued, but enormously proud. He seldom allowed himself the privilege of pride, no more than he permitted himself to indulge in any personal feelings. But now he was proud and he thought he had a right to be. His men — all the men of the Dallas Police Department — had done a



damn good job. Short-staffed, overworked, underpaid, sometimes undertrained though they were — and just men, ordinary men who make mistakes like anybody else — still in the last eleven hours they had gone beyond their abilities, reached past their capacities as men can when they must, and they had got their man — swiftly, fairly, courageously. No one could help now what had happened in that fateful motorcade. But at least the Dallas Police Department had avenged the crime to the extent that such a crime can be avenged by capturing an unknown, virtually unseen assassin who might easily have escaped and by weaving around him in record time a strong net of evidence which would make it possible for him to be tried and, Fritz felt sure, proven guilty in a court of law.

For all his impassive nature, Will Fritz was acutely sensitive to the world around him. He knew the way people outside of Dallas felt about Dallas, its conservatism and its colony of right-wing extremists. He knew that Dallas had been severely criticized because Lyndon Johnson and later Adlai Stevenson had been heckled and insulted when they visited, even though a handful of troublemakers had been responsible, not the city itself. He was even more aware how most of the people felt about policemen — mocking their abilities, sneering at their efforts, seizing on their mistakes instead of their accomplishments, angry when they couldn't be nearby at the moment help was needed, yet often resenting the authority they represented. Will Fritz knew that the Dallas Police Department had been put up for world judgment this day and had not failed. The men of the police department had done what they had to do with practically no outside help — none at all until after the capture, and almost no command except each officer's individual initiative. They had done their job quickly when each moment counted — not just because passing time increased the assassin's chances of escape but also because the world was waiting for him to be caught — and Fritz knew, waiting to say that the Dallas police could not catch him. Most of all, Fritz was proud because the Dallas police had apprehended, captured, interrogated, incarcerated and charged their suspect with full justice under the law. It had been fast, but it had been fair.

"We showed 'em," Fritz said to himself as he walked slowly back to his office. "We showed that our men know how to be good police officers. We showed that we will not tolerate crime — I don't care if it's the murder of a man nobody ever heard of, or the President of the United States. We won't let crime go unanswered in Dallas — ever."

He sat down at his desk and brushed his hand across his brow as if to brush away the fatigue which enveloped him.

"The amazing thing is that he turned out to be what no one anywhere expected," Fritz thought. "They figured he would be a right-wing nut. Instead he's a communist. It's lucky our men were able to arrest him as soon as they did. Otherwise, who knows where he might have gone or what else he might have done?"

Will Fritz opened his notebook and set about outlining the work that remained to be done. He had only one regret, aside from his sorrow that the whole thing had happened. He had not gotten a confession out of Lee Harvey Oswald. Fritz knew the man was guilty, and he wanted a confession desperately. But all of his instincts told him he never would. Lee Harvey Oswald just wasn't the type.

12:00  
midnight

John Rutledge, a veteran of almost two decades covering the night police beat for the *Dallas Morning News*, is one of those peculiar breed of individuals who seem to exist only at night, who are rarely seen by ordinary people, who are known only to other citizens of the night and who are unable, by choice or habit, to communicate with anyone else. His appearance, his manner, his way of talking would seem strange by average standards, but he is completely at home among those who come alive to inhabit the police station, the all-night cafes, the late shows and the streets in the shadowy, soft hours after the midnight tavern curfew in Dallas. He is a small man who moves almost soundlessly in spite of the cowboy boots which he always wears, and his pale, mask-like face beneath a wide-brimmed Stetson remains immobile and expressionless when he talks. He doesn't look the part of a newspaper reporter, which is either a deliberate effort or an appearance that simply developed over the years. Rutledge's real life and real interest lie in the events which transpire in the deep of night when even a typical city like Dallas becomes another world. Being too obvious a reporter might keep him from making the contacts and getting the stories he covets, so instead he melts into the world of the night people.

His work for the Dallas News normally begins at 6 o'clock in the evening, although Friday he had come to the police station in mid-afternoon after waking up to hear the news of the assassination on television. Accustomed to the night's quiet, he had felt strangely unfamiliar in the bedlam he encountered, and he

looked out of place and ill at ease as he stood in the hallway, as far away from the crowd as he could get, his eyes staring straight ahead without emotion, his face never signifying what thoughts or feelings might lay beneath it.

After Jim Ewell left the station shortly before 8 o'clock Rutledge had spent the next four hours walking softly around the third floor, talking occasionally with some of his close police buddies, taking notes and drinking coffee from a large thermos. At 11:30 p.m. he had telephoned his newspaper to report that Lee Harvey Oswald had been charged in the murder of President Kennedy and would be arraigned before a justice of the peace sometime after a news conference scheduled for midnight.

Now Rutledge was on his way to the basement assembly room — the same place where Oswald had been brought for three show-ups earlier in the day — to witness the news conference. Chief Curry was to conduct it and give a formal statement, after which the prisoner was to be brought in for questioning by the press. Rutledge was somewhat skeptical about the whole procedure.

"Whoever heard of a news conference for a damn prisoner," he thought to himself as he entered the assembly room. It was filled with newsmen, many of whom were standing on chairs and tables in an effort to take pictures or pushing police officers aside to try to get closer to the front. Chief Curry entered, shouted for order, and read a prepared statement listing the evidence which had been gathered so far against Oswald and giving details of the two charges. As soon as Oswald was led into the room, holding his handcuffed arms above his head in a gesture of angry defiance, newsmen began to shout questions at him and shove microphones into his face, but the noise and confusion were so loud that the prisoner's answers could not be heard.

Disgusted by what was happening, Rutledge turned to leave. As he did, he spotted a familiar face among the crowd of reporters standing against the room's back wall. It belonged to a man who, like Rutledge, was an inhabitant of the night, and Rutledge knew him mainly because some of his past escapades had brought him into the police station. He operated a sleazy downtown strip joint

where girls billed as exotic dancers performed their routines without enthusiasm, then roamed among the clientele coaxing them to buy cheap champagne. He had been involved in many of the smalltime activities of the Dallas underworld, and Rutledge remembered him especially for his past association with a well-known police character who was currently in state prison on a morals charge.

He was a short, dumpy man with a waxy white face and thin black hair which he wore slicked straight back from his forehead. Rutledge saw the man gesturing as he passed, and he noticed that his fat, puffy fingers were covered with gaudy diamond rings. Rutledge had always despised him, and he was puzzled and resentful to see him in the police station now. He made a mental note to find out what he was doing there, who let him in, and why.

The man's name was Jack Ruby.

**SATURDAY,  
NOVEMBER 23**

Lee Harvey Oswald spent his first night as a prisoner of the Dallas Police Department in solitary confinement in the heavily-guarded maximum security cell on the fifth floor jail of the Dallas Police and Courts Building. He had gone to sleep late after being arraigned at 1:30 a.m. Saturday before Justice of the Peace Johnston and ordered held without bond for the murder of President Kennedy.

He arose about 8 o'clock Saturday morning to eat a typical jail breakfast: stewed apricots, oatmeal, plain bread and black coffee. For security reasons, he was not permitted to shave himself, but a jailer did it for him. At 10:15 a.m. Oswald was marched from his cell by jail guards, snapped into his handcuffs and delivered to the homicide and robbery bureau for further questioning by Captain Fritz. The session lasted almost two hours, with a break for lunch. Twice during the interview Fritz asked the prisoner if he would take a polygraph (lie detector) test and twice Oswald refused, but he continued in an angry, arrogant manner to maintain his innocence of the charges against him.

At 1:30 p.m., while Oswald was visiting with his wife and mother, the crime laboratory delivered its long-awaited reports to Will Fritz. The results were precisely what the homicide chief had anticipated – seemingly foolproof evidence that Oswald was the lone assassin of President Kennedy and the murderer of Officer Tippit – but having this detailed scientific proof made him feel even more confident than he had before. The reports showed that

the cartridge cases lying by the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository matched the rifle also found on the sixth floor; that the palmprints recovered from the rifle barrel, the fingerprints on the brown paper bag and on the book cartons matched Oswald's prints; that the paraffin test indicated Oswald had fired a gun on Friday,<sup>(1)</sup> that the bullets which killed Officer Tippit came from the pistol which Oswald carried when he was arrested, and that the spent hulls found in the bushes at Tenth and Patton matched the revolver and the bullets.

"I'm certain the FBI tests are going to show that the bullets which killed the President and wounded the Governor came from the rifle,"<sup>(2)</sup> Fritz thought to himself. "All this other evidence points in that direction."

Police learned from witness interviews later Saturday that Oswald had gotten off the bus a few blocks after he boarded it following the assassination and had taken a taxi to Oak Cliff. The cab driver, William Whaley, was summoned for a witness show-up at 2:15 p.m. and positively identified Oswald as his passenger.

Oswald was charged on still another court Saturday afternoon – assault to murder in the shooting of Governor Connally. The governor had undergone extensive surgery for chest and arm wounds Friday afternoon and by midday Saturday had been removed from the critical list at Parkland Hospital.

About 2:45 p.m. a team from the police department's identification bureau took fingernail scrapings and hair specimens from Oswald to be matched with those found on the blanket in the Paine garage in Irving. The prisoner then visited with his brother Robert and was later called on by the president of the Dallas Bar Association, H. Louis Nichols, who offered to secure legal aid if Oswald desired it. He declined but continued in vain to try to reach attorney Abt in New York. At 8 o'clock Saturday night, Oswald called the Paine home from the jail telephone to talk to his wife, but she was not there, and he was not told that

she had been taken under heavy Dallas police security to an undisclosed hiding place because there was fear for her safety.

The concern for Marina Oswald, however, was nothing compared to that which was mounting for Lee Harvey Oswald himself, and very soon that concern would have to be put to the supreme test, for the time had come for Oswald to be transferred out of the city jail into the county jail.

Normally a prisoner becomes the property of the county as soon as he has been charged and arraigned, and transfer from city jail is handled by Sheriff Bill Decker, whose duties include running the county jail. But this was a very special transfer, and when Curry conferred Saturday night with Decker, the two agreed that the Dallas Police Department should handle the assignment because of its greater manpower and facilities for maximum security.

Jesse Curry would rather not have had to bear the burden of the transfer, which involved taking the prisoner who had committed the most appalling crime of the century from city jail, through the traffic-choked streets of downtown Dallas to county jail in the Criminal Courts Building at Main and Houston – the same building the Presidential motorcade had passed Friday a minute before its appointment with destiny. Transfers are always sticky business, with the difficulty of securing the prisoner and making certain he does not try to escape or harm himself or anyone else. But this transfer would be enormously more hazardous. Already the police had received two anonymous telephone calls threatening the prisoner's life. Curry realized that the calls were probably from cranks, since pre-meditative killers rarely reveal their plans, but the possibility of the prisoner being harmed or killed by a crazed individual, a self-appointed executioner or even a mob could not be discounted. To add to the problems, Curry had been instructed Saturday afternoon by top Dallas city officials, including the mayor and the city manager, that Oswald's transfer must take place in full view of the press and television so that the world would know he was being treated fairly and justly. Curry opposed this order strenuously, saying it would make security

(1) Although the hand test was positive, the cheek test was negative, but this is inconclusive because he could have shielded his cheek while firing.

(2) Fritz' belief proved to be true, as verified in the Warren Report.

extremely more difficult, but the officials insisted. Curry informed them that he would follow their orders because as an employee of the city he had to, but it was against his judgement.

Discussing details of the transfer with Will Fritz, who agreed that it should have been kept a complete secret, Curry suggested that the prisoner could be moved at night if that would provide additional security and lessen traffic hazards. But Fritz said he felt a daytime transfer would be safer and easier to accomplish because of limited night-time visibility and the fact that downtown traffic, thickened by cars visiting the assassination site, was even heavier than during the day. Sunday morning would be the most ideal time for the transfer, Fritz and Curry decided, for hopefully many people would be in church and the streets somewhat less crowded. Fritz told Curry he would be finished with his questioning and ready to release the prisoner sometime after 10 o'clock Sunday. So, with a heavy heart, wishing he did not have to say anything, Jesse Curry walked into the third floor corridor and gave this terse message to newsmen:

"If you gentlemen will be here after 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, I believe that you can observe all that you care to observe."

Then Curry went to his office to confer with Assistant Chief Charles Batchelor and Deputy Chief M. W. Stevenson about the method, the route and the security of the transfer. They decided that an armored bank truck — a "money wagon" in police parlance — would be the most effective vehicle from the standpoint of security. Batchelor, the department's traffic control expert, suggested a route to insure minimum traffic problems: out the Commerce exit of City Hall, east on one-way Commerce to Pearl Expressway, south on one-way Pearl to Jackson, west on one-way Jackson to Austin, north on Austin to Main, and west on Main to the Criminal Courts Building. Curry ordered twelve off-duty policemen to report to work at 9 o'clock Sunday morning to augment regular personnel, and Stevenson instructed all detectives to remain in police headquarters until the transfer was completed. Curry assigned Captain Cecil Talbert head of the radio patrol division to take responsibility for securing the City

Hall basement and parking area where newsmen and cameramen would gather to record the transfer.

"I think that will be our most critical point," Curry told Talbert. "Once he's inside the money wagon, we shouldn't have much trouble, and I don't imagine there will be too many press people down at county jail. They'll all be here."

Lee Harvey Oswald ate red beans, bread, and lettuce salad for supper Saturday night and retired early in the lone, narrow cot that stands against a grey brick wall in the maximum security cell. Will Fritz stayed at police headquarters almost the entire night, making certain he had all the details of the case completed and thinking about problems of the transfer. Chief Batchelor made arrangements for the armored truck to come to the City Hall basement by 9 o'clock Sunday morning. Jesse Curry went over the transfer in his mind, satisfied himself that all details had been covered, then drove to his East Dallas home. He slept fitfully.

SUNDAY,  
NOVEMBER 24

It was another clear, beautiful day in Dallas, cooler than the past two, with the crisp edge of autumn in the air for the first time in more than a week. Around the city, as in the rest of the nation and the world, people had settled down to a kind of stunned acceptance of Friday's unbelievable events. Still the assassination was the principal topic of conversation, and often the only one. "Where were you when it happened?" or "what were you doing Friday?" would precede the customary greetings. At Elm and Houston, where it had taken place, hundreds of floral wreaths had been laid, many of them bearing sorrowful messages: "We grieve for our country" — "We love you, President Kennedy." Throughout the afternoon Friday, all night and into the day and night Saturday, the crowds had thronged to see the once unnoticed intersection, and by Sunday the cars on Elm, Main and Houston were stacked for blocks, carrying people who wanted to look at the assassination site — out of gruesome curiosity, a sense of history, or just a desire to visibly express their sadness. Most of the cars drove by silently; some parked while their occupants got out to look around, to point to the sixth floor window of the School Book Depository which by now everyone knew was the spot from which the assassin had fired, to take pictures, or to stand with bowed heads. Throughout Dallas, churches were holding memorial services to the slain President, and people who were not attending them, or driving to the assassination site, had stayed home to watch the continuing story unfold in dramatic reality on their television screens.

Jesse Curry was at police headquarters by 8 o'clock. Immediately he telephoned Sheriff Decker, who reported that he and a squad of deputies were already standing by at county jail to receive the prisoner.

At 9 o'clock Captain Talbert and his crew cleared the basement of all people except jail personnel and started their detailed guard arrangements and security check. The basement beneath City Hall is a large, low-ceilinged area containing the city jail offices and the police parking garage. The jail office, into which the jail elevator opens, is located on the west side of an auto ramp that cuts across the length of the basement from Main Street on the north to Commerce on the south. From the foot of this ramp on the east side, midway through the basement, a decline runs down to the L-shaped garage. Five doors to the garage provide access to the basement from the Police and Courts Building on the west and the City Hall on the east.

Talbert stationed guards at the top of the Main and Commerce auto ramp entrances, at each of the five doorways, and at the double doors leading to the public hallway next to the jail office. He instructed Sergeant Patrick T. Dean and a squad of fourteen police officers to make a thorough search of the garage. The men examined rafters, tops of air conditioning ducts, every closet and room opening off the garage, and the interiors and trunks of every auto parked in the garage. The two passenger elevators in the central part of the garage were shut off and locked to prevent anyone from using them, and the service elevator was moved to the first floor with its operator instructed not to return it to the basement until further notice.

After the security search was completed and necessary guards posted, police permitted newsmen to enter the basement and gather along the garage entrance on the east side of the ramp and in front of the railing of the ramp leading to Main Street. Each newsman was carefully checked by policemen for proper press credentials and supporting identification.

Curry, Stevenson and Batchelor came to the basement about 9:45 a.m., reminded officers to keep reporters and cameramen out

of the jail office and behind the ramp railing, and reviewed and approved Talbert's security measures. By that time, more than forty-five news representatives and about seventy-five police officers were standing by.

With the transfer eminent, Jesse Curry took a deep breath, walked swiftly to the office of his homicide chief, and prepared to check out the final details.

"I don't like the idea of the money wagon," Fritz snorted when Curry told him about the armored car he and Batchelor had ordered. "It's not as maneuverable in case of trouble. It can't go as fast. I think a regular police car would be much better."

"Well, we've got the money wagon down there — why don't we use it as a decoy?" Curry suggested. "The press thinks that's what we are transferring him in. We'll let it go out first, then put the car with the prisoner behind it."

"That's a good idea, but I think you ought to have a security car between the money wagon and the prisoner's car," Fritz answered. "And a lead car in front."

"Should they all go the same route?"

"I don't think so. What route did you plan?"

"Something round-about, mostly to avoid traffic. Down Pearl, over to Jackson, north to Main."

"Did you tell the press what it would be?"

"No."

"Then let the lead car and the money wagon take the long route, but have the security car and the transfer car turn off after a block or so and go directly to the jail."

"All right. That's what we'll do. I'll tell Batchelor and Stevenson to set it up. When will you be ready?"

"By 11:15 at the latest. We'll call when we're on our way down to the basement."

"That will give us enough time to get everything in order. It's 10:55 now. Stevenson and I will meet you at county jail."

"Good luck."

"Good luck to you."

"Thanks."

Will Fritz returned to the little interrogation room where Lee

Harvey Oswald was sitting, his cuffed hands held stiffly in his lap. He was wearing only a white short-sleeved T-shirt, a pair of black trousers, black socks and loafers.

"We're going to move you to the county jail now," Fritz told him. "It's gotten cooler outside. Would you like to have another shirt or a sweater to wear?"

Oswald shrugged. "I guess so."

Fritz instructed a jail clerk to bring in the prisoner's clothes. Oswald picked through them carefully and selected a black round-necked sweater. An officer unlocked his handcuffs while he slipped the sweater over his head, then cuffed his right hand to the hand of Detective Leavelle, who was wearing a tan western-style suit, cowboy boots and a Stetson hat. Fritz noticed that Oswald's sweater had three jagged holes near the right front shoulder, and he might have felt a slight twinge of pity if it hadn't been for the way he despised the prisoner's arrogant, insolent manner.

"Would you care to put on a hat?" Fritz asked. "There'll be a lot of TV cameras and photographers in the basement. Everybody has seen you bareheaded. Maybe you'd like a hat to disguise you?"

"I don't have anything to hide."

"What time is it?" Fritz asked Detective T. L. Baker.

"11:15."

"Call the jail office. Tell them we'll be down in five minutes."

In the basement, Detectives Brown and Dhority had moved the follow-up security car and the transfer car into place behind the armored truck on the Commerce ramp. Batchelor told Lieutenant Sam R. Pierce to obtain a regular police squad car to lead the transfer procession. Pierce in turn summoned Sergeant James A. Putnam and Sergeant Billy Joe Maxey to accompany him. Since the armored truck, the security car and the transfer car were blocking the Commerce ramp, the officers decided to drive out the Main Street entrance, make an illegal left turn to Harwood for the sake of speed, and circle over to Commerce in order to get into the lead position. By now reporters were jammed on both sides of the Main Street ramp, and Putnam had to jump out of the car to clear a path to the exit. He leaped back in the right front seat just as the car reached the top of the ramp, where Patrolman

Roy E. Vaughn was standing guard. Vaughn stepped from his guard position to halt the busy traffic so that the squad car could pull out onto Main.

As he did, Vaughn turned his back to the ramp — one of those ironic instants of time which become the hinges of history. At that precise moment Jack Ruby walked unnoticed down the ramp. One minute later, as police detectives led their prisoner out of the jail office toward the waiting car, Ruby jerked a Colt Cobra revolver from the pocket of his shiny brown suit jacket, took point blank aim, and fired a single, fatal bullet straight into the stomach of Lee Harvey Oswald.

## EPILOGUE

### THE LINGERING SHAME

The shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald by Jack Ruby was an incredible climax to an incredible weekend in Dallas. It has become the principal reason for the public's widespread criticism of the Dallas Police Department, all but blotting out in the public mind what the Dallas police did to solve the assassination. This should not be so. Oswald's murder was a tragic, sickening event, but the fact that it happened does not negate the courageous and effective performance of the Dallas Police Department in finding, arresting and compiling the evidence against the man who shot the President.

To the police department itself, Oswald's murder was a blow from which it has never fully recovered. This also is an unreasonable attitude, for an exhaustive study made by the department, and by the Warren Commission, proves that while mistakes were made in planning and securing the transfer of Oswald, these mistakes cannot be blamed entirely on the department and they were, to some extent, unavoidable.

Largely because of Oswald's murder, the Dallas Police Department's entire role in the assassination — the advance security planning, the search for and capture of the suspect, the case it built to prove him guilty — has been laid open to criticism. The Dallas police have even been blamed because the assassination



happened, and their investigation which solved it has been scorned and ridiculed. None of this is justified. The Dallas police provided the utmost cooperation and support in the efforts to insure the President's security. In fact, many suggestions made by the department which could have afforded greater security and possibly even prevented the assassination were not accepted. Had the police been told about Lee Harvey Oswald by the FBI, which knew his background and should have known that the building where he worked was on the motorcade route, the police would have apprehended him or at least placed him under surveillance. In the arrest and investigation of Oswald, the Dallas police performed swiftly, efficiently and justly, and it is doubtful if any local police force, anywhere in the nation, could have done a more outstanding job.

The extent of the shame the Dallas Police Department bears about the entire assassination, primarily as a result of Oswald's shooting, is reflected in a depth study of the department completed in 1968 by the International Association of Chiefs of Police, which states in part:

"A recurring disparity was found between the public image of the Dallas police and the practical reality of their performance. The level of performance in Dallas exceeds the public image, particularly the image of the department outside the state of Texas. The problem is additionally complicated in that the police, to some extent, accept their own public image. This stems, in part, from the events arising from the assassination of the President. Members of the department and other people in Dallas make frequent reference to the assassination, and it is obvious that deep emotional feelings are attached to this tragedy. It is equally obvious that the police of Dallas have been subjected to a great deal of pressure as a result of it. The effects on police morale and self-image are pronounced. This image is undeserved and does not reflect the quality of police service rendered (in Dallas). What the Dallas Police Department needs most of all is a massive dose of self-confidence. We believe that this self-confidence can be achieved through its own knowledge of its strengths, public understanding of its proper role and its assets, and the

improvements which can be brought about through this survey report."

As a result of the association's survey and recommendations, the Dallas Police Department undertook a total reorganization in July of 1968 in an effort to insure more systematic operations and more effective law enforcement. Essentially the reorganization establishes four main bureaus in the department: the field operations bureau, the administrative services bureau, the technical services bureau and the inspectional services bureau. Each bureau is headed by an assistant chief who is in charge of the sub-divisions which fall into its appropriate command. With this reorganization have come many drastic changes in operations and personnel of the department, and several officers who were directly involved in the assassination investigation have been shifted to other positions, promoted and in some cases even demoted. There is talk around the police station of still more personnel changes as effects of the reorganization continue to be felt. No one will say that these changes are happening as a result of the assassination and its aftermath. Obviously there is some connection. They are a direct result of the IACP study, which in itself was ordered partly because of the criticism leveled at the department following the assassination.

One resignation which almost certainly resulted from the assassination was that of Chief Jesse Curry in March, 1966. Curry bore the brunt of the criticism about the department's handling of the assassination investigation and the prisoner Oswald, and he permitted himself to be responsible in the public eye for the mistakes which led to Oswald's murder, although in fact he was not. He remarked after the murder that "nobody else on the force is going to burn for this." He offered to resign the next day, but city officials urged him to wait until a less obvious moment, which he did. Today Jesse Curry still suffers agonizing nightmares about the hours after 12:30 p.m. Friday, November 22, 1963. Following his retirement he worked for a while as partner in a private detective agency in Dallas and now serves as chief of security for a downtown Dallas bank.

Curry's replacement, former Assistant Chief Charles Batchelor,

is regarded as a weak caretaker chief whose illness will probably force his retirement in the near future. One of the men most frequently mentioned as his successor, Assistant Chief Glen King, recently resigned from the Dallas department to join the International Association of Chiefs of Police. King served as assistant to Curry during the period of the assassination investigation and helped make many of the decisions regarding press coverage at the police station. Deputy Chief Frank Dyson, head of the special operations division of the field operations bureau, is now considered to have the inside track for the chief's job.

Captain Will Fritz, now well past 70 years of age, still is with the force but no longer commands the homicide and robbery bureau, whose title has now been changed to "crimes against persons" as part of the criminal investigation division. Fritz was recently shifted into a new position as night commander of the CID, a move considered a demotion by most observers and one which left surprise and shock in its wake despite Fritz' advancing age.

In the reorganizational shuffle, Sergeant Jerry Hill was promoted to lieutenant in charge of program development, a kind of public relations job under the department's community services division, which in turn is part of the administrative services bureau. Hill likes his new post, although he sorely misses the action of criminal investigation work in the field, and chances are he may be allowed to return to it soon.

Tommy Hutson, who took part in Oswald's arrest with Hill, was also promoted to lieutenant and is now a member of the traffic division. Among the other policemen who helped track down and capture Oswald, Nick McDonald is now a detective in the crimes against property section, Bob Carroll is a detective in vice control, Paul Bentley has retired, Ray Hawkins, Charles Walker and Bob Apple are accident investigators. Bud Owens is a sergeant in the inspections division, J. M. Poe is a detective in offenses against persons, Leonard Jez is a member of the identification bureau and Kenneth Lyons heads the warrant office.

Jerry Henslee, still a sergeant, has been made a jail supervisor

and is no longer in the dispatcher's office, a transfer which many policemen regret but which Henslee accepts and likes in his good-natured way. Murray Jackson and Virgil McDaniel are still dispatching, but Clifford Hulse is now in the vice squad and Bob Huffstutler has been transferred to the patrol division.

Inspector Herbert Sawyer retired from the force a few months after the assassination and now operates a coffee shop in Dallas. Captain Ralph Westbrook has also retired, Marrion Baker and James Chaney are still motorcycle patrolmen, and Dave Harkness and Clyde Haygood are still driving three-wheel motorcycles in the traffic division. J. W. Foster is still an accident investigator. Most of the detectives who worked on the investigation of Oswald after his arrest remain in their same posts. Jim Ewell, George Carter and John Rutledge are still covering the Dallas police beat for their newspapers.

Bill Alexander was forced to leave the district attorney's office on September 1, 1968, primarily because of a public statement in which he said that Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren should not be impeached but hanged for his decisions regarding police activities in criminal investigations. Alexander is now practicing law in Dallas. Henry Wade remains as district attorney and Bill Decker as Dallas County sheriff.

Relations between the Dallas Police Department and the FBI grew even more strained after the assassination, although they are slowly being strengthened. The Dallas police are still rankling over the fact that the FBI has never returned or even acknowledged it has the city map which police officers recovered November 22 from Oswald's room on Beckley. The map was given to FBI agents at Dallas police headquarters later that day with the strict understanding that it would be returned shortly – but, as Will Fritz has said, "cooperation with the FBI is always a one-way street." Many police officials and former Assistant District Attorney Alexander still believe the map with its circle approximating the motorcade route and its marks by the School Book Depository is far more significant than ever admitted by the Warren Commission.

The dispute between Dallas police and the FBI regarding the

alleged statement by Agent Hosty to Jack Revill has never been resolved. Shortly after his encounter with Hosty on November 22, Lieutenant Revill dictated a memo to Chief Curry stating that Hosty told him in the conversation the Dallas FBI knew of Oswald's employment at the School Book Depository and had information that Oswald was capable of committing the assassination. Curry related this information to the gathered press. A few minutes later, after his statement had hit the news wires, Curry received a call from FBI director J. Edgar Hoover in Washington demanding that he retract it, but he refused. Hosty, in an affidavit and later under oath before the Warren Commission, swore that Revill's claim was untrue. Detective Brian, who was with Revill when they met Hosty in the police station garage on November 22, testified before the Warren Commission that he did not hear all of the controversial conversation, but Revill stuck by his statement, and Chief Curry steadfastly resisted pressure to reprimand him. Hosty was transferred from the Dallas FBI office a few months after the assassination and following Curry's resignation Revill was removed as head of the criminal intelligence division and given an obscure assignment in the police personnel bureau. In the departmental reorganization, however, he was promoted to captain in the traffic division, and three months later he was made chief of the criminal law enforcement division of the Texas Department of Public Safety. But he left that post a short time after and is now in business in Dallas.

The Dallas Police Department still suffers from most of the problems which plagued it in 1963 and which, indeed, still confront most local police forces in our nation: low pay; personnel shortage caused primarily by low pay; the difficulty of attracting and keeping top-caliber men and of discouraging men whose education or psychological limitations make them unsuited for police work; poor training facilities; inadequate budgets, and perhaps most of all a lack of public understanding about law enforcement which ranges from apathy to mistrust to outright hatred. Some efforts are being made to solve these problems; some will probably never be solved because of the very nature of law enforcement and the ambivalent feelings which it must inevitably

kindle — a recognition of the need for its authority and yet a resentment of that authority and the means sometimes necessary to exercise it, especially when those means become unduly strong, as they sometimes do and must.

No police department, certainly not the one in Dallas, is beyond criticism. No organization made up of human beings, capable of human mistakes, ever is. But most police forces deserve praise now and then for jobs well done. Since 1963 the Dallas police have been damned for what they did wrong following the assassination of President Kennedy. It's time somebody said thanks for what they did right.

**SUMMARY OF EVIDENCE  
COMPILED BY DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT  
AGAINST LEE HARVEY OSWALD  
NOVEMBER 22-24, 1963**

**— IN MURDER OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY**

**At Texas School Book Depository, scene of President's shooting:**

Three cartridge cases found lying on floor beneath ledge of sixth floor southeast corner window where witnesses said shots were fired from. Cartridge cases matched rifle later found in School Book Depository and matched bullets which killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally.

6.5 caliber Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found hidden in another part of sixth floor of School Book Depository. Rifle contained prints which matched those of Lee Harvey Oswald. Tests showed bullets which killed President and wounded Governor Connally were fired from that weapon. Tests also indicated rifle had been fired that day. Oswald's wife later identified rifle as belonging to him and trace showed Oswald had ordered the rifle by mail.

Live bullet taken from rifle when found matched bullets which killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally and also matched cartridge cases found on sixth floor of School Book Depository.

Boxes stacked around same sixth floor window to make a hiding area and armrest contained prints which matched those of Lee Harvey Oswald.

Brown paper bag, apparently used to carry rifle, contained prints matching those of Oswald.

Employees of School Book Depository said they saw Oswald working in building prior to noon; one said he saw Oswald on sixth floor about noon; none saw him during noon hour; those interviewed said he was not among group of employees watching President's motorcade from steps in front of building.

Dallas Police Department motorcycle patrolman Marrion Baker saw Oswald, who was identified by building superintendent Roy Truly, in School Book Depository a few moments after shots were fired; an employee also said she saw Oswald in building after shots were fired.

Oswald was missing for employee roll call taken by Truly shortly after 1 p.m.

Several witnesses saw man matching Oswald's description in sixth floor window of School Book Depository before and after shots fired; one man positively identified Oswald in show-up.

Witnesses said they saw rifle barrel sticking from sixth floor southeast corner window just after shots were fired at President's motorcade; most witnesses said they heard three shots fired.

#### **Movements of Lee Harvey Oswald after leaving School Book Depository:**

One witness said he saw a man fitting Oswald's description come out of School Book Depository shortly after shots were fired and run up Elm Street.

Oswald caught Oak Cliff-bound bus at Elm and Murphy about 12:40 p.m. Bus passenger who was his former landlady said she saw him on bus. Driver identified Oswald in show-up as passenger. Bus transfer slip, dated Nov. 22 and identified by driver, taken from Oswald following his arrest.

Oswald got off shortly after boarding bus and took taxi from downtown Dallas to 500 block of North Beckley. Taxi driver identified Oswald in show-up as his passenger.

Oswald went to his room at 1026 North Beckley. His landlady said he arrived about 1 p.m., changed clothes and left again.

#### **Evidence found at home at 2515 West Fifth in Irving:**

Rifle missing from blanket roll in garage where Oswald's wife said he kept it.

Photograph of Oswald holding rifle and wearing pistol in holster.

Clipping of mail order advertisement for 6.5 caliber Mannlicher-Carcano rifle and Smith and Wesson revolver.

Photographs of Moscow, literature of Fair Play for Cuba Committee and Communist Party.

Sister of man with whom Oswald rode to work said she saw Oswald carrying long package as he got into car Friday morning. (Driver himself later confirmed this, said Oswald carried long package with him into School Book Depository.)

#### **Evidence found in room at 1026 North Beckley:**

Dallas city map with markings approximating motorcade route, marks around School Book Depository, and marks approximating trajectory fired at motorcade.

Communist books and literature.

Photographs taken in Moscow and other Russian material.

Empty pistol holster.

### Crime laboratory tests:

Paraffin tests indicated Oswald had fired a weapon on day of his arrest.

Tests indicated rifle found in School Book Depository had been fired that day.

Finger and palm prints taken from Oswald matched those found on boxes around window in School Book Depository, on rifle recovered from School Book Depository, and on paper bag.

### IN MURDER OF OFFICER J. D. TIPPIT

Several eye witnesses saw Lee Harvey Oswald shoot Officer Tippit; three positively identified Oswald in show-ups.

Three pistol cartridge cases recovered from bushes on corner of Tenth and Patton where Tippit was shot; these matched pistol taken from Oswald on arrest and matched bullets taken from Tippit's body.

Several eye witnesses saw man matching Oswald's description fleeing from scene of shooting and west on Jefferson.

Eye witnesses saw Oswald enter Texas Theater.

Oswald resisted arrest in Texas Theater, tried to shoot an arresting officer, and pistol taken from him proved to be pistol used to kill Officer Tippit.

Trace of weapon showed pistol had been mail-ordered by Oswald.

# WELCOME MR. KENNEDY TO DALLAS...

... A CITY so depressed by a recent liberal smear attempt that its citizens have just elected two more Conservative Americans to public office.  
... A CITY that is so economic "house down" not because of Federal handouts, but through conservative economic and business practices.  
... A CITY that will continue to grow and prosper despite efforts by you and your administration to sabotage it for its non-conformity to "New Realism."  
... A CITY that rejected your philosophy and policies in 1960 and will do so again in 1964—even more emphatically than before.

**MR. KENNEDY,** despite contentions on the part of your administration, the State Department, the Mayor of Dallas, the Dallas City Council, and members of your party, we free-thinking and America-thinking citizens of Dallas still have, through a Constitution largely ignored by you, the right to address our grievances, to question you, to disagree with you, and to criticize you.

In asserting this constitutional right, we wish to ask you publicly the following questions—indeed, questions of paramount importance and interest to all free peoples everywhere—which we trust you will answer ... in public, without sophistry. These questions are:

**WHY** is Latin America turning either anti-American or Communist, or both, despite increased U.S. foreign aid, State Department policy, and your own hy-Towar pronouncements?

**WHY** do you say we have built a "wall of freedom" around Cuba when there is no freedom in Cuba today? Because of your policy, thousands of Cubans have been imprisoned, are starving and being persecuted—with thousands already murdered and thousands more awaiting execution and, in addition, the entire population of almost 7,000,000 Cubans are living in slavery.

**WHY** have you approved the sale of wheat and corn to our enemies when you know the Communist soldiers "travel on their stomachs" just as ours do? Communist soldiers are daily wounding and/or killing American soldiers in South Viet Nam.

**WHY** did you host, salute and entertain Tito — Moscow's Trojan Horse — just a short time after our sworn enemy, Khrushchev, embraced the Yugoslav dictator as a great hero and leader of Communism?

**WHY** have you urged greater aid, comfort, recognition, and understanding for Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary, and other Communist countries, while turning your back on the pleas of Hungarians, East Germans, Cubans and other anti-Communist freedom fighters?

**WHY** did Cambodia kick the U.S. out of its country after we poured nearly 400 Million Dollars of aid into its ultra-leftist government?

**WHY** has Gus Hall, head of the U.S. Communist Party praised almost every one of your policies and embraced that party will endorse and support your re-election in 1964?

**WHY** have you banned the showing at U.S. military bases of the film "Operation Abolition"—the movie by the House Committee on Un-American Activities exposing Communism in America?

**WHY** have you ordered or permitted your brother Bobby, the Attorney General, to go soft on Communists, fellow-travelers, and ultra-leftists in America, while permitting him to persecute loyal Americans who criticize you, your administration, and your leadership?

**WHY** are you in favor of the U.S. continuing to give economic aid to Argentina, in spite of the fact that Argentina has just seized almost 400 Million Dollars of American private property?

**WHY** has the Foreign Policy of the United States degenerated to the point that the CIA is arranging escape and having staunch Anti-Communist Allies of the U.S. bloodily exterminated.

**WHY** have you scrapped the Monroe Doctrine in favor of the "Spirit of Moscow"?

MR. KENNEDY, as citizens of these United States of America, we DEMAND answers to these questions, and we want them NOW.

## THE AMERICAN FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE

"An unaffiliated and non-partisan group of citizens who wish truth"

BERNARD WEISSMAN,  
Chairman

P.O. Box 1792 — Dallas 21, Texas



President and Mrs. Kennedy arrive at Dallas Love Field Airport. At right are Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson and Texas Governor Connally. — *Dallas Morning News* photograph by Clint Grant.

Dallas police officer C. J. Williams helps guard President Kennedy as he greets crowds at Love Field — *Dallas Times Herald* photograph.





Presidential motorcade departs Love Field. Governor Connally sits in front of President and Mrs. Kennedy. — *Dallas Morning News* photograph by Tom Dillard.



Dallas police officers stand guard at Dallas Trade Mart, waiting for Presidential arrival which never came. — *Dallas Times Herald* photograph.



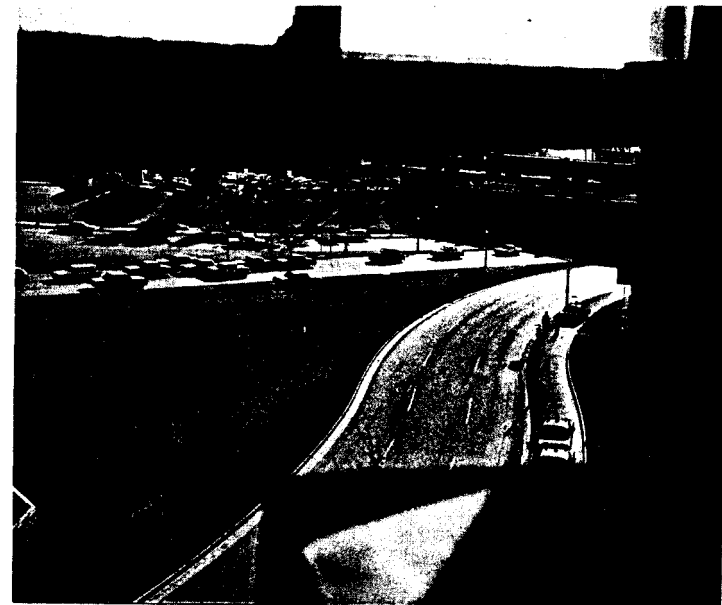


President Kennedy's motorcade rides through Main Street in downtown Dallas moments before fatal shots are fired. The President's car at front is flanked by Dallas Police Department motorcycle patrolmen, including James Chaney, right, who was splattered with blood when President was hit. — *Dallas Times Herald* photograph.

Texas School Book Depository at western edge of downtown Dallas, the last building motorcade would pass before reaching Stemmons Freeway and the place where Lee Harvey Oswald worked.



Arrow points to School Book Depository window from which assassin fired.

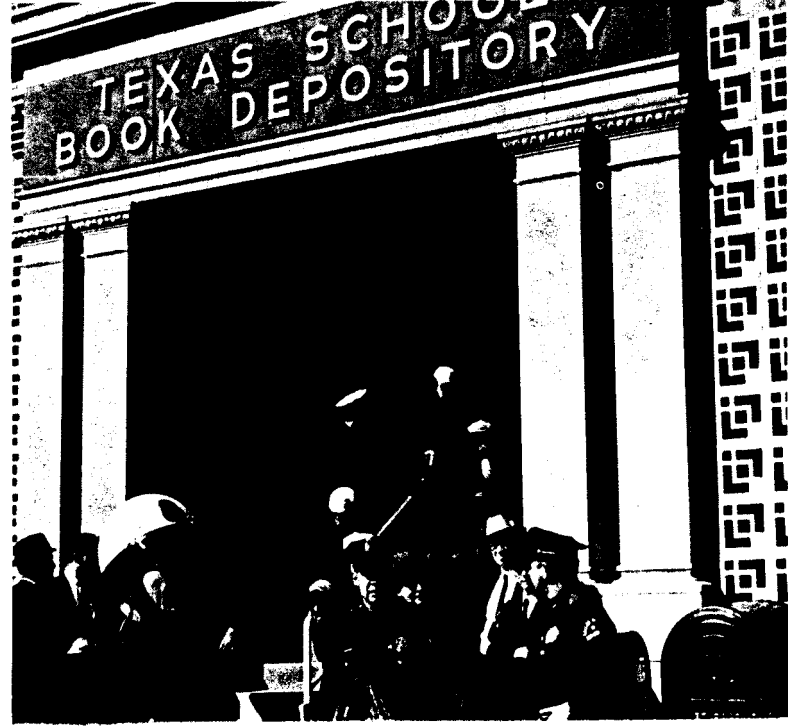


From this vantage point, as the motorcade passed beneath him, Oswald took aim through a telescopic sight and squeezed the trigger of his rifle three times. — *Dallas Morning News* photograph by Jack Beers.

lie

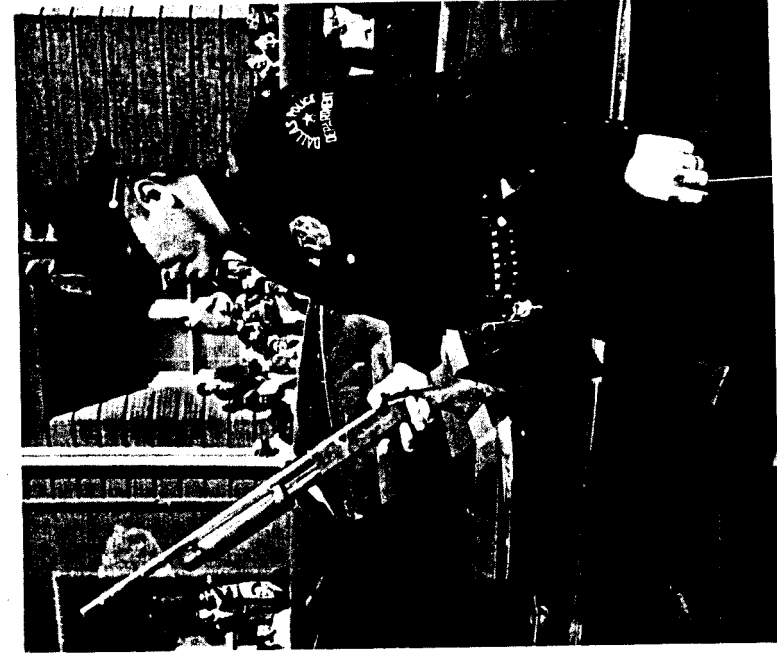
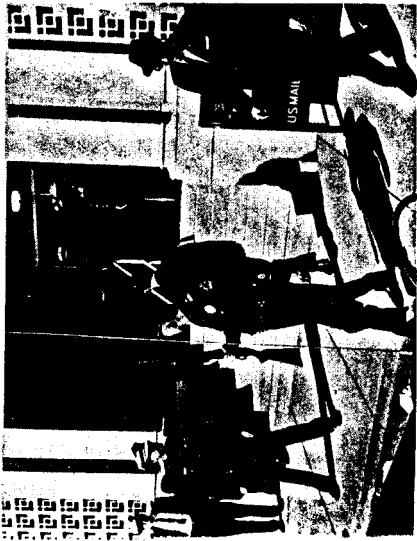
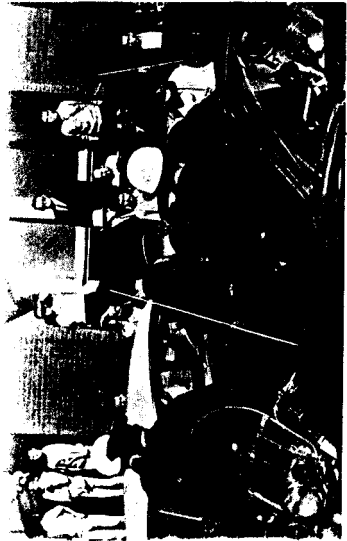


This photograph of Texas School Book Depository was taken seconds after shots were fired on motorcade. Boxes used by sniper can be seen in the sixth floor corner window. — *Dallas Morning News* photograph by Tom Dillard.



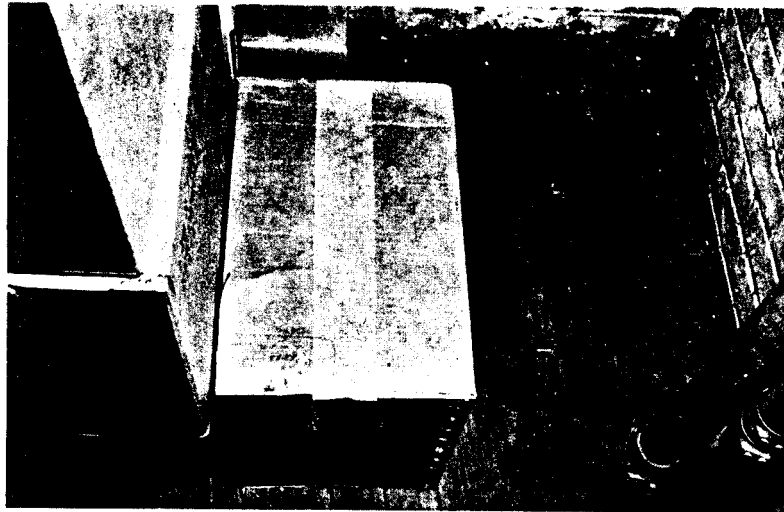
Moments after shots, Dallas police officers swarm around School Book Depository to seal and guard





Dallas police officers Roy Vaughn (right) and Leonard Jez are among those guarding School Book Depository.  
— Dallas Times Herald photograph.

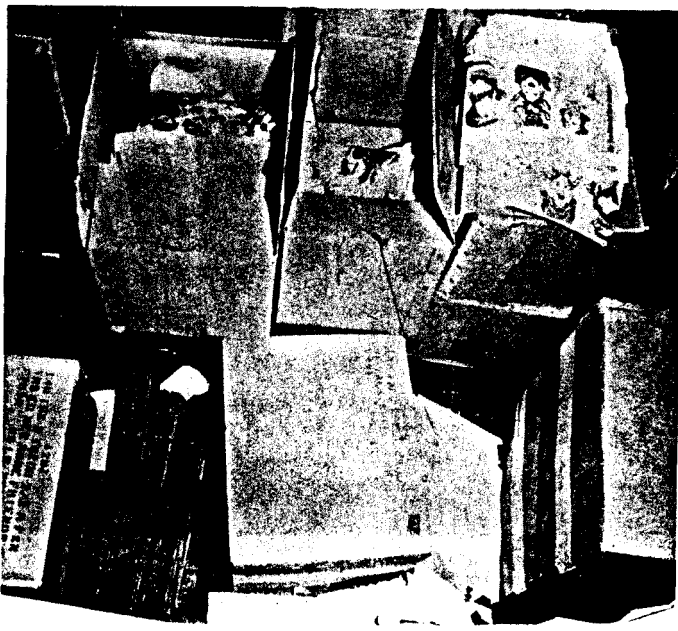




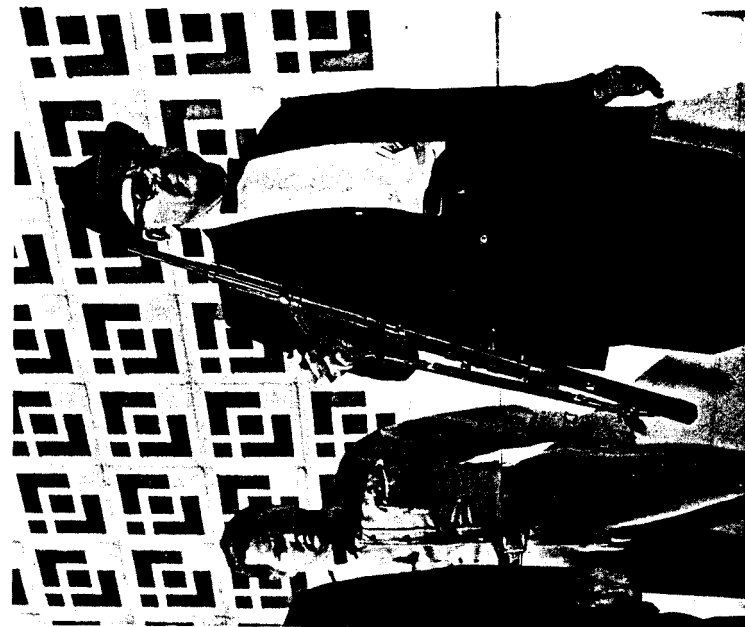
Close-up of box where Oswald sat contains palmprint (visible at right rear) which matched his right palmprint. Paper bag apparently used to carry rifle was found by police in corner beside box.



Crime lab photo shows three rifle cartridge cases as they were found shortly after 1 p.m. November 22 on floor by southeast corner sixth floor window of Texas School Book Depository. Cases matched rifle found later on same floor and matched bullets which killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally.



Crime lab photo shows rifle as it was found, partially hidden between cartons of books on sixth floor of School Book Depository.



Lieutenant Carl Day, chief of the Dallas Police Department's crime scene search section, carries rifle from School Book Depository.



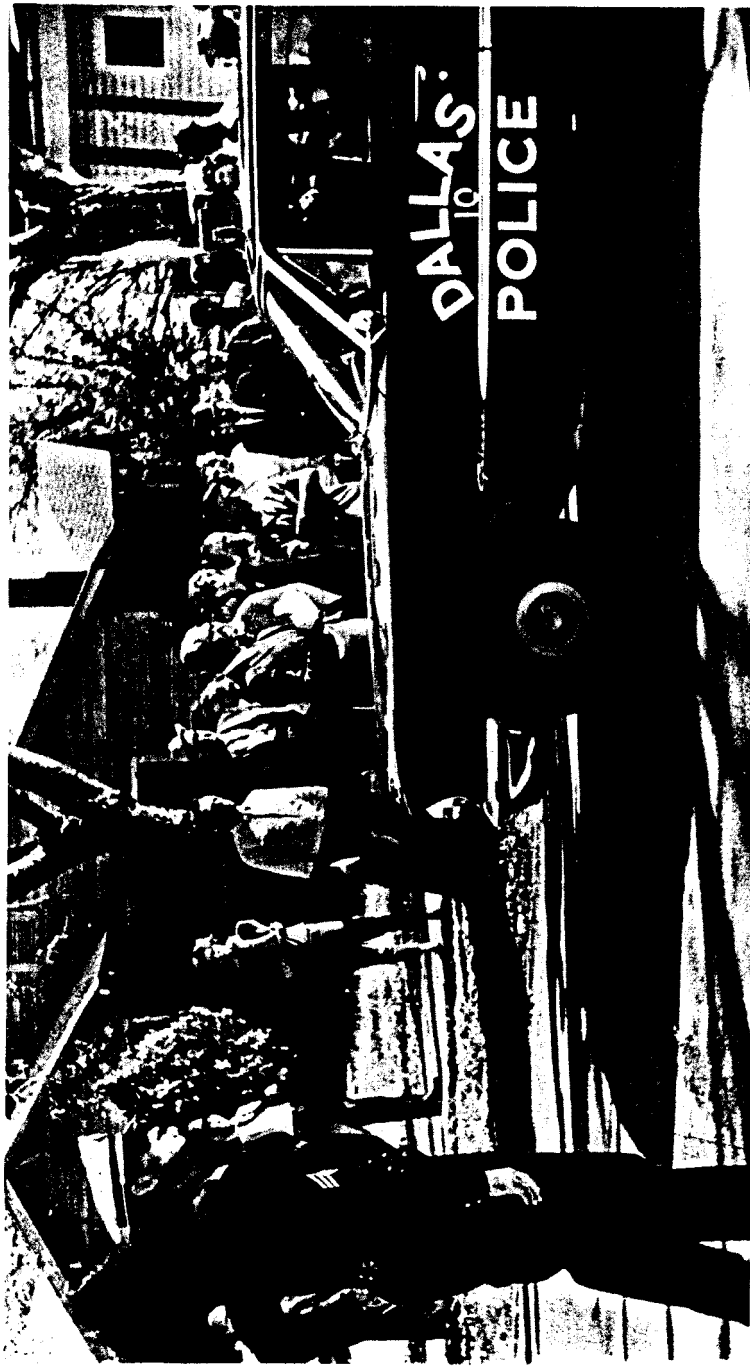
Brown paper bag assassin used to conceal rifle is carried from the building by homicide detective L. D. Montgomery. — *Dallas Morning News*



Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas, where President Kennedy was pronounced dead.



Dallas police Sergeant K. D. Shipley helps guard scene where Officer J. D. Tippit was shot. Tippit's car is at right where he stopped it when he got out to question Lee Harvey Oswald. Pool of blood where Tippit was shot can be seen in front of Shipley's right foot. — *Dallas Times Herald* photograph.




Texas Theater in Oak Cliff section of Dallas, where Lee Harvey Oswald was captured by Dallas police one hour and twenty-two minutes after President Kennedy's assassination.



Dallas police officer Bill Anglin, friend and neighbor of J. D. Tippit, points out seat in Texas Theater where Oswald was sitting when captured.



131  
5-9-4

FIRST NAME	MIDDLE NAME	LAST NAME	DATE	TIME	ST. THUMB PRINT
LEE	HARVEY	OSWALD	11-22-63	140 PM	
RACE WHITE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> COLORED <input type="checkbox"/>	SEX MALE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FEMALE <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE 24	DATE OF BIRTH OCT. 15-39	HOME ADDRESS 1026 N. BECKLEY	
ADDRESS WHERE ARREST MADE 231 W. JEFFERSON			TYPE PREMISES (IF BUSINESS, GIVE TRADE NAME ALSO) THEATRE		
CHARGE 1st MURDER			BUSINESS WHERE ARREST MADE HAS: BEER <input type="checkbox"/> LIQUOR <input type="checkbox"/> STATE LICENSE <input type="checkbox"/> LICENSE <input type="checkbox"/> LIC. NO.		
HOW ARREST MADE ON VIEW <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CALL <input type="checkbox"/> WARRANT <input type="checkbox"/>			LOCATION OF OFFENSE (IF OTHER THAN PLACE OF ARREST)		
COMPLAINANT (NAME-RACE-SEX-AGE)			HOME ADDRESS—PHONE NO.		BUSINESS ADDRESS—PHONE NO.
WITNESS			HOME ADDRESS—PHONE NO.		BUSINESS ADDRESS—PHONE NO.
WITNESS			HOME ADDRESS—PHONE NO.		BUSINESS ADDRESS—PHONE NO.
PROPERTY PLACED IN POUND (MAKE, MODEL, LICENSE NO. OF AUTO)			PROPERTY PLACED IN PROPERTY ROOM		
NAMES OF OTHERS ARRESTED AT SAME TIME IN CONNECTION WITH THE SAME OR SIMILAR OFFENSE					
NAME OF AND/OR INFORMATION CONCERNING OTHER SUSPECTS NOT APPREHENDED					
OTHER DETAILS OF THE ARREST					
<p><i>This man shot and killed President John F. Kennedy and Police Officer J. D. Tippit. He also shot and wounded Sen. Senator John Connally.</i></p>					
CHECK ALL ITEMS WHICH APPLY: DRUNK <input type="checkbox"/> DRINKING <input type="checkbox"/> CURSED <input type="checkbox"/> RESISTED <input type="checkbox"/> FOUGHT <input type="checkbox"/>					
INJURED BEFORE ARREST <input type="checkbox"/>		INJURED DURING OR AFTER ARREST <input type="checkbox"/>		OFFICER(S) INJURED <input type="checkbox"/> SPECIAL REPORT <input type="checkbox"/>	
ARRESTING OFFICER M. N. McDONALD 1178		ARRESTING OFFICER KE. LYONS		I. D. NO. 1226	
OTHER OFFICER LT. E. CONNINGHAM		OTHER OFFICER P. BENTLEY		I. D. NO. 526	
INVESTIGATION ASSIGNED TO		CHARGE FILED		FILED BY	
RELEASED BY		DATE-TIME		N.C. BOND BY	
DATE-TIME		DATE-TIME		COURT	
DATE-TIME		DATE-TIME		DATE-TIME	
DISTRIBUTION: (REMOVE CARBON—CHECK ORIGINAL FOR RECORDS BU.—CHECK COPY FOR EACH BUREAU CONCERNED)					
RECORDS	SPEC. SER.	HOMICIDE	AUTO	BUREAU	THIEF
BUREAU	BUREAU	ROBBERY	THIEF	FORGERY	JUVENILE
TRAFFIC					
USE REVERSE SIDE IF MORE SPACE NEEDED					

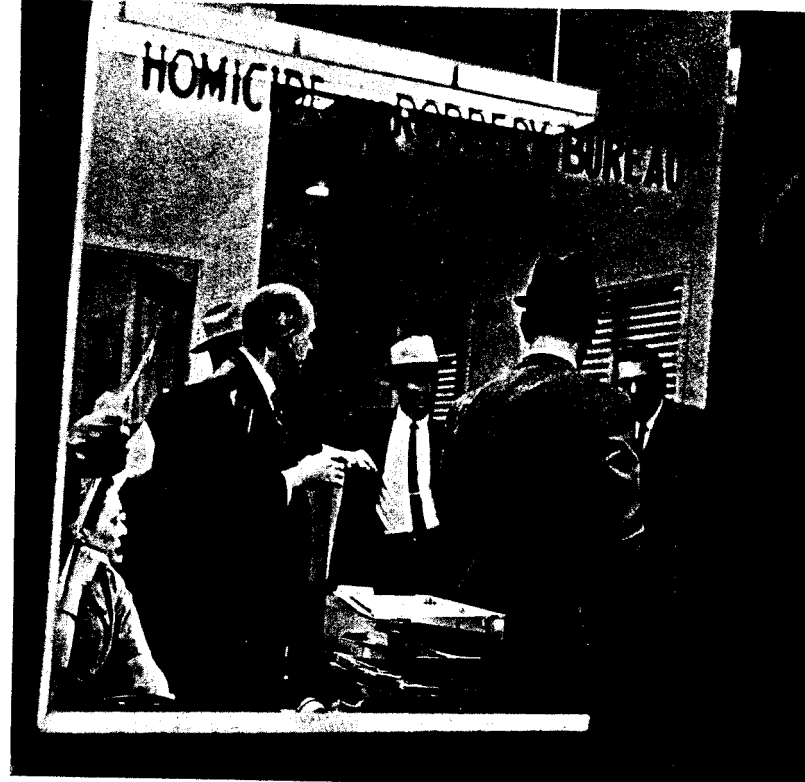


**Oswald raises his shackled hands angrily, in gesture some described as communist salute, as he is brought into police homicide bureau after arrest. — Dallas Morning News photograph by Bill Winfrey.**

The arrest report on Lee Harvey Oswald, made out by Dallas police officers shortly after his capture. Report notes time of arrest as 1:40 p.m., although it was actually closer to 1:50. Oswald's thumb print is recorded at top right; figures next to it are his weight and height at time of arrest.



Police homicide detectives Johnny Adamcik, M. G. Hall and Elmer Boyd lead Oswald into homicide bureau.



Detectives gather in outer office of homicide and robbery bureau shortly after Oswald's arrest. — *Dallas Morning News* photograph by Jack Beers.



Sergeant Gerald Hill, one of the Dallas police officers who captured Lee Harvey Oswald in the Texas Theater, describes arrest to newsmen. — *Dallas Times Herald* photograph.



Dallas jail officers T. V. Todd, left, and Wilson Warren guard a sullen Oswald.



Crowds of newsmen and photographers packed third floor corridor of Dallas Police Department throughout Oswald's two-day incarceration.

Lee Harvey Oswald at press conference in Dallas Police Department assembly room midnight November 22. The prisoner is flanked by police homicide detectives; second from his right is Police Chief Jesse Curry. — *Dallas Times Herald* photograph.



Police homicide chief Will Fritz, left, confers with Dallas assistant district attorney William F. Alexander about murder charges filed against Lee Harvey Oswald.





Dallas Police Department's official "mug shot" of Lee Harvey Oswald.



Irving home where Oswald's wife lived and where Oswald kept rifle before taking it with him to work on November 22.

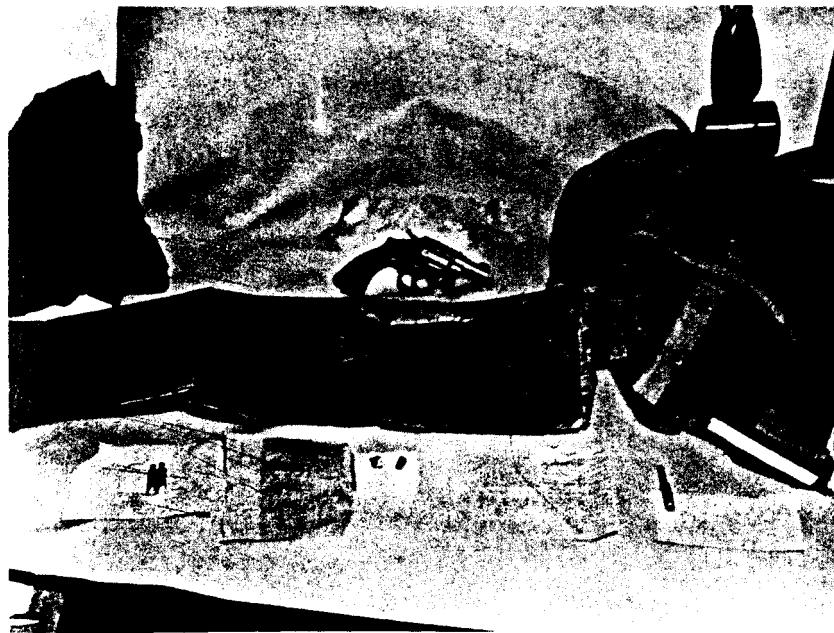


Oak Cliff rooming house where Lee Harvey Oswald lived and where he went after assassination to get pistol used to kill Officer Tippit.



Dallas Police Department crime lab photo of rifle found in Texas School Book Depository — the weapon which Lee Harvey Oswald ordered by mail and used to kill President Kennedy.

Dallas Police Department crime lab exhibits of gun used to kill Officer Tippit, blanket found in Oswald's home in Irving, and other evidence.



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NEW \$109.50 MATADOR DOUBLE SHOTGUN  
10 GAUGE MAGNUM! SAVE OVER \$60.00!

\$127.78

\$169.50—NEW MATADOR 12-10-20-28  
OR 410 GAUGE DOUBLE SHOTGUNS!

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**U. S. MODEL 1917  
MILITARY RIFLE  
30/06 CALIBER**  
MRA Very Good or Better  
\$29.78

**M1917 JAVON WITH NEW HI-POWER SCOPE INSTALLED**  
\$44.98

**DELUXE HAWLEY 3006  
HIGH POWER CARBINE  
WITH REDDIN. PAD,  
SHUTTLES AND SLINGS**  
\$79.78

<p><b>U.S. SPRINGFIELD M1903</b> \$35.78</p> <p><b>U.S. M-1 GARAND RIFLE</b> \$78.78</p> <p><b>22 ROSSBERG REPEATER</b> \$17.78</p> <p><b>RARE .303 JUNGLE CARBINE</b> \$29.78</p> <p><b>2-SHOT OVER AND UNDER BROWNINGERS</b> \$16.78</p> <p><b>BROWNING 22 AUTO M1932</b> \$26.78</p>	<p><b>MANSON M1928 30-06 CAL. U.S.A.</b> \$44.78</p> <p><b>10 GA. 3 1/4" MAG. SHOTGUN</b> \$47.78</p> <p><b>12 GA. DOLY ACTION SHOTGUN</b> \$33.78</p> <p><b>20-STANDARD POWER PACKED BROWNINGERS</b> \$29.78</p> <p><b>30 SPEC. SMITH &amp; WESSON REVOLVER, 6 SHOT</b> \$27.78</p>	<p><b>U.S. ITALIAN CARBINE</b> \$12.78</p> <p><b>KENTUCKY PERCUSSION</b> \$25.78</p> <p><b>MODEL 1951 6 SHOT REVOLVERS 6 SHOT</b> \$47.78</p> <p><b>SMOOTHBORE "POWER" FLINTLOCK PISTOL</b> \$26.78</p> <p><b>BUFFALO SCOUT SIX SHOOTER</b> \$28.78</p> <p><b>44 CAL. PERCUSSION 6 SHOT</b> \$26.78</p>	<p><b>SPECIALTASCO VARIABLE POWER SCOPES—22 TO .50</b> \$29.78</p> <p><b>TASCO VARIABLE 2000 SCOPE</b> \$27.78</p> <p><b>1964 1000 ANNUAL GUN DIRECT</b> \$39.78</p> <p><b>PIRELLI GUNSET ALL-SPORTS CATALOG</b> \$39.78</p>
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Mail order gun ad, found among Oswald's possessions, from which he ordered rifle used to kill President Kennedy. Also circled is ad for Smith and Wesson revolver, similar to one used to kill Officer Tippit, although Oswald mail-ordered this weapon from another source.



Photograph found among Lee Harvey Oswald's possessions showing him with rifle, revolver and copies of "Daily Worker" and "The Militant."

Police crime lab's re-creation of famous Oswald rifle photograph taken to disprove prisoner's claim that original photo was falsified. Crime lab detective B. G. Brown poses in same location with similar rifle.



Globe Ticket Co. - Dallas

**A. M. P. M.**

**1. BELMONT**

**6. FOREST**

**7. HARWOOD**

**9. CROSSTOWN**

**15. RAMONA**

**17. MT. AUBURN**

**18. PARKVIEW**

**19. ABRAMS**

**20. SKILLMAN**

**22. BECKLEY**

**23. LAKEWOOD**

**24. CAPITOL**

**25. WEST SHORE**

**30. MARSALIS**

**34. VICKERY**

**42. ELMWOOD**

**44. SO. OAKLAND**

**48. MEADOW**

**62. WYNNEWOOD**

**FAIR PARK**

**RETRANSFER**

**A | B | C**

**ZONE 2 3**

**SHOPPER TRANSFER**

**1 0**

Good within 15 minutes  
Valid for transfer only  
Transfer point  
Validity of transfer

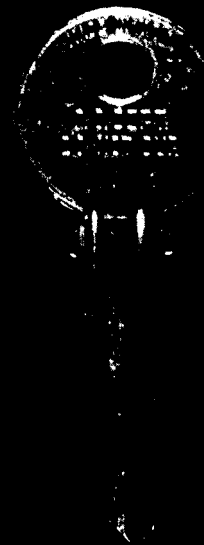
**W. S. E. W.**

**THRU CAR**

**00443**

**63**

**PRESIDENT**



Bus transfer slip and key to post office box taken from Oswald after his arrest. Transfer slip helped trace Oswald's escape route from downtown Dallas following the assassination.

30

1959

From OCT. 16 1959 ARRIVAL -

HISTORIC DIARY

LEAVING

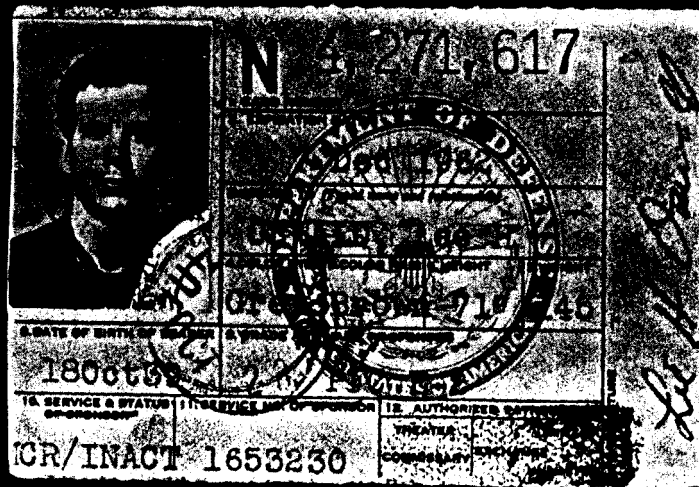
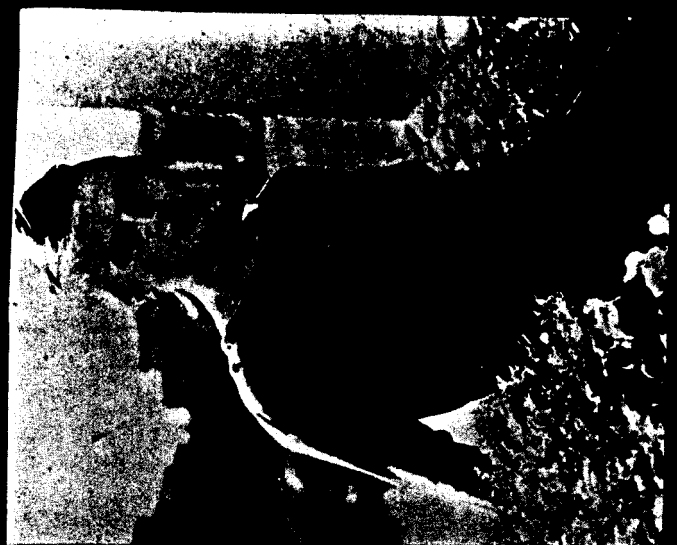
OCT. 16. ARRIVE FROM HELSINKI. BY TRAIN. AM MET BY INDUSTRY REPAIR. AND IN CAR TO HOTEL "BERLIN". RUBEN AS "STUDENT" & LAY LVA. TOURIST TICKET. MEET MY INDUSTRY GUIDED RIMMA SHERIKOVA. I EXPLAIN TO HER I WISH TO APPLY FOR RUS. CITIZENSHIP. SHE IS HESITANT BUT AGREES TO HELP. SHE CHECKS WITH HER BOSS, MAN OF THE INDUSTRY, THEN TELLS ME ADD. LETTER TO SUP. SOVIET. ASKING FOR CITIZENSHIP. MEAN WHILE BOSS TELEPHONE PASSPORT & VISA OFFICE AND NOTIFIES THEM ABOUT ME.

OCT. 17. RIMMA MEETS ME FOR INDUSTRY SIGHTSEEING. SAYS WE MUST CONTINUE WITH THIS ALTHOUGH I AM TWO WEEKS SHE IS "SURE" SHE HAVE AN ANSWER. SOON. ASKS ME ABOUT MYSELF AND MY REASONS FOR DOING THIS. I EXPLAIN I AM A COMMUNIST. ETC. SHE IS POLITELY SYM. BUT UNHAPPY NOW. SHE TRIES TO BE A FRIEND TO ME. SHE FEELS SORRY FOR ME & AM SOMEWHAT. NOVEL. OCT. 18. MY 30th BIRTHDAY. WE VISIT EXHIB. IN MORNING AND IN THE AFTER NOON THE LERIN-STATION TOMB. SHE GIVES ME A PRESENT BOOK "IDEOT" BY DOSTOEVSKI.

OCT. 19. TOURISM. AM ANNOYED SINCE MY VISA IS GOOD FOR FIVE DAYS ONLY AND STILL REMAIN FROM AUTH. ABOUT MY REQUEST.

OCT. 20. RIMMA IN THE AFTER NOON SAYS INDUSTRY WAS NOTIFIED BY THE PASS. VISA DEPT. THAT THEY WANT TO SEE ME & AM EXCITED GREATLY BY THIS NEWS.

OCT. 21. MEETING WITH SINGLE OFFICIAL. DALLING SPOUT, BLACK SUIT. FINALLY GOOD ENOUGH. ASKED WHAT DO I WANT? I SAY SOVIET CITIZENSHIP. HE ASK WHY I GIVE VARIOUS ANSWERS ABOUT "GREAT SOVIET UNION". HE TELLS ME "USSR ONLY GREAT IN LITERATURE WANTS ME TO GO BACK HOME" I AM SHOCKED & REITERATE. HE SAYS HE SHALL CHECK AND LET ME KNOW WHEN MY VISA WILL BE EXTENDED IT EXPIRES TODAY) EVE. 6.00 RECEIVE WORD FROM POLICE OFFICIAL. I MUST LEAVE COUNTRY TONIGHT AT 8.00 PM AS VISA EXPIRES. I AM SHOCKED!! MY DREAMS! I RETURN TO MY ROOM. I HAVE \$100. LEFT. I HAVE WAITED FOR 2 YEARS TO BE ACCEPTED MY FOND DREAMS ARE SHATTERED BECAUSE OF A PETTY OFFICIAL BECAUSE OF BAD PLANNING I PLANNED SO MUCH. 7.00 AM I DECIDE TO END IT. SOAK RUSTIN GUN UNDER TO NUMBER THE PAIN. THEN SLASH MY LEFT WRIST. THEN SLASH WRIST INTO BATHROOM OF HOT WATER. I THINK WHEN RIMMA COMES AT 8. TO FIND ME DEAD IT WILL BE A GREAT SHOCK. SOMEWHERE, RUSSIA FINISHES I



The following fourteen pages consist of photos of all cards, documents, photographs and other belongings of Lee Harvey Oswald taken from prisoner after his arrest or found by Dallas police in searches of his residences. Note cards which have been forged with name of Alek James Hidell, used as an alias by Oswald.



**SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM  
REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE**

SSS Form No. 2  
(Rev. 3-30-50)  
Approval not required

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SELECTIVE SERVICE LAW

**Lee Harvey OSWALD**

(FIRST NAME) (MIDDLE NAME) (LAST NAME)

SELECTIVE SERVICE NO.

44 114 39 532

3124 West 5th St.

RESIDENCE AT REGISTRATION

(NUMBER AND STREET OR R. F. D. NUMBER)

Fort Worth 7 Tarrant Tex.

(CITY, TOWN, OR VILLAGE)

(COUNTY)

(STATE)

Oct. 18, 1939 New Orleans, La.

(DATE OF BIRTH)

(PLACE OF BIRTH)

WAS DULY REGISTERED ON THE

14

DAY OF

Sept.

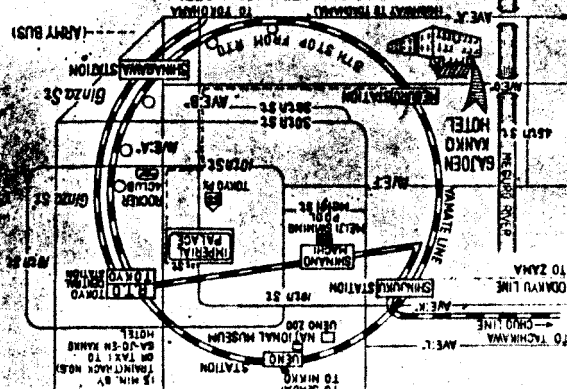
19 59

(Mr) John Z. Burger

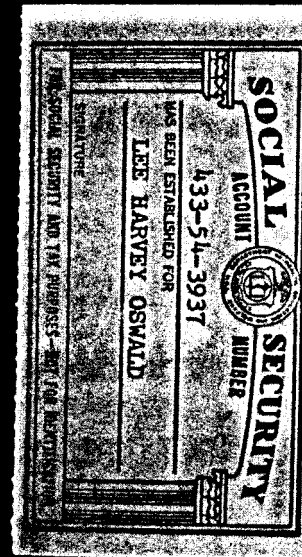
(SIGNATURE OF LOCAL BOARD CLERK)

49-3111  
TEL 49-0111

(A SPECIAL SERVICES HOTEL)



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SAJOEN RANKO HOTEL (EM. ONLY)



**FAIR PLAY FOR CUBA COMMITTEE  
NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER**

**L. H. OSWALD**

Name

Lee H. Oswald

Signature

JUN 15 1963

(J. H. H. H. H.)

Issued

Chapter President



SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM  
NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION

Approval not required

Lee

Harvey

OSWALD

(First name)

(Middle name)

(Last name)

Selective Service No.

11 111 39 532

has

been classified in Class IV-A (Until

19.....) by ☒ Local Board

☒ Appeal Board,

by vote of to

☐ President

FEB 2 1960

(Date of mailing)

(Show vote on appeal board only)

19.....

(Member or clerk of local board)

The law requires you, subject to heavy penalty for violation, to carry this notice, in addition to your Registration Certificate, on your person at all times—to exhibit it upon request to authorized officials—to surrender it to your commanding officer upon entering the armed forces.

The law requires you to notify your local board in writing (1) of every change in your address, physical condition, and occupational, marital, family, dependency, and military status, and (2) of any other fact which might change your classification.

FOR ADVICE, SEE YOUR GOVERNMENT APPEAL AGENT

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE  
ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES



THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT  
LEE HARVEY OSWALD 1653230

HONORABLY SERVED ON ACTIVE DUTY IN THE

United States Marine Corps

DD FORM 217 MC 1 JAN 51

Nationality (国籍)

American

Date of Birth (生年月日)

18 October 1939

Identity Card No. (身分証明書番号)

00646

Date of Issuance (発行日)

8 May 1958

Signature of Issuing Officer (発行官署名)

R. E. Lewis

Adjutant

## United States Marine Corps

HONORABLY SERVED ON ACTIVE DUTY IN THE

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT  
ALEX JAMES HIDELEARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES  
CERTIFICATE OF SERVICESELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM  
NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION

Approval not required

ALEX

(First name)

JAMES

(Middle name)

HIDELE

(Last name)

Selective Service No. 42 224 399 5521 has

been classified in Class 1 (Until

19.....) by ☒ Local Board ☐ Appeal Board,by vote of ..... to ..... ☐ President

(Show vote on appeal board cases only)

(Date of mailing)

19.....

(Member or clerk of local board)



The law requires you, subject to heavy penalty for violation, to carry this notice, in addition to your Registration Certificate on your person at all times—to exhibit it upon request to authorized officials—to surrender it to your commanding officer upon entering the armed forces.

The law requires you to notify your local board in writing (1) of every change in your address, physical condition, and occupational, marital, family, dependency, and military status, and (2) of any other fact which might change your classification.

FOR ADVICE, SEE YOUR GOVERNMENT APPEAL AGENT

PROPERTY OF UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT	
CIVILIAN	1156 59
PLACE OF ISSUE H&H'S, INCAS, EL TORO SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA	
SIGNATURE <i>A. G. Ayers</i>	
PRINTED NAME AND NAME A. G. AYERS JR., USMC	
WARNING: USE OF THIS AUTHORIZATION IS LIMITED TO THE PURPOSES OF THE NATIONAL DEFENSE AUTHORITY ACT OF 1950. IT IS NOT VALID FOR THE PURCHASE OF GOODS OR SERVICES FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OR FOR THE PURCHASE OF GOODS OR SERVICES FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OR FOR THE PURCHASE OF GOODS OR SERVICES FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.	
UNIFORMED SERVICES IDENTIFICATION AND PRIVILEGE CARD	



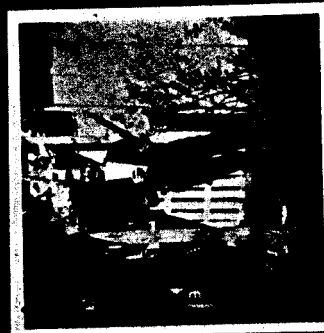
THE WORKER  
 23 W. 26th ST.  
 NEW YORK 10, N.Y.  


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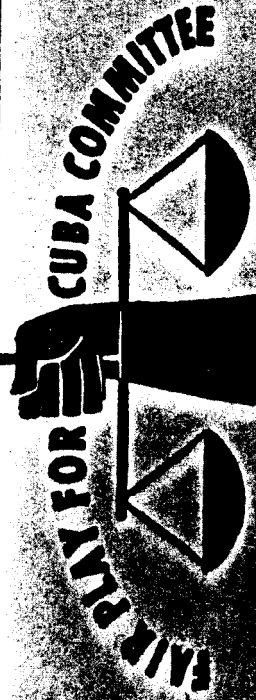
 THE WORKER  
 BOX 28 MADISON  
 SQ. STATION  
 NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

# UNDESIRABLE DISCHARGE

FROM THE ARMED FORCES OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA







799 BROADWAY NEW YORK 3, N. Y. OLeph 4-8393

LEE H. OSWALD

*Lee H. Oswald*

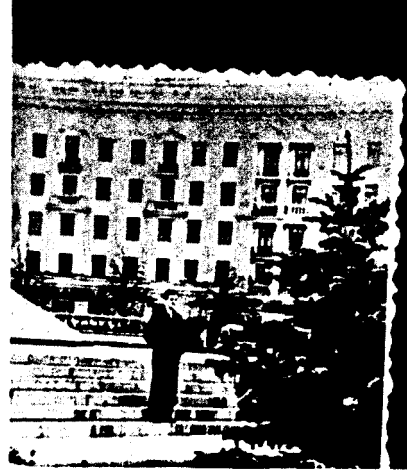
SIGNATURE

5-28-62

*J. J. Lee*

ISSUED

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY



IN THE NAME AND BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF TEXAS

PERSONALLY APPEARED before me the undersigned authority this affiant, who after being by me duly sworn, depose and say your Affiant has good reason to believe and does believe that one

Lee Harvey Oswald

hereinafter styled Defendant, hereupon as or about the 22<sup>nd</sup> day of November A. D. 1963

in the County of Dallas and State of Texas, <sup>then and there</sup> did ~~voluntarily~~ voluntarily and  
with Malice aforethought kill John F.  
Kennedy by shooting him with a gun

Against the peace and dignity of the State.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the

22<sup>nd</sup> day of November A. D. 1963

James White  
 Justice of the Peace  
 Dallas County, Texas

J. M. Tipton

IN THE NAME AND BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF TEXAS

PERSONALLY APPEARED before me the undersigned authority this affiant, who after being by me duly sworn, depose and say your Affiant has good reason to believe and does believe that one

Lee Harvey Oswald

hereinafter styled Defendant, hereupon as or about the 22<sup>nd</sup> day of November A. D. 1963

in the County of Dallas and State of Texas, <sup>then and there</sup> did ~~voluntarily~~ voluntarily  
and with Malice Aforethought kill  
J. D. Tippitt by shooting him with a  
gun

8

Against the peace and dignity of the State.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the

22<sup>nd</sup> day of November A. D. 1963

W. F. Abner, Jr.  
 Justice of the Peace  
 Dallas County, Texas

J. M. Tipton

On this and the following two pages are the official complaints and the three charges filed against Lee Harvey Oswald: the murder of John F. Kennedy, the murder of J. D. Tippitt, and assault to murder of John B. Connally.



## IN THE NAME AND BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF TEXAS

PERSONALLY APPEARED before me the undersigned authority this affiant, who after being by me duly sworn, deposed and says your Affiant has good reason to believe and does believe that one

LEE HARVEY OSWALD

hereinafter styled Defendant, hereafter on or about the 22<sup>nd</sup> day of November, A. D. 1963

in the County of Dallas and State of Texas, did unlawfully <sup>THEN KNOWN AS</sup> ISLAND MORN JAMES JR

CONSPIRACY WITH ARNOLD AMER TROTTER did make an attempt,

WITH THE THE INTENT THUS AND THERE TO MURDER THE SAID

JOHN F. CONNALLY

Against the peace and Equity of the State

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the

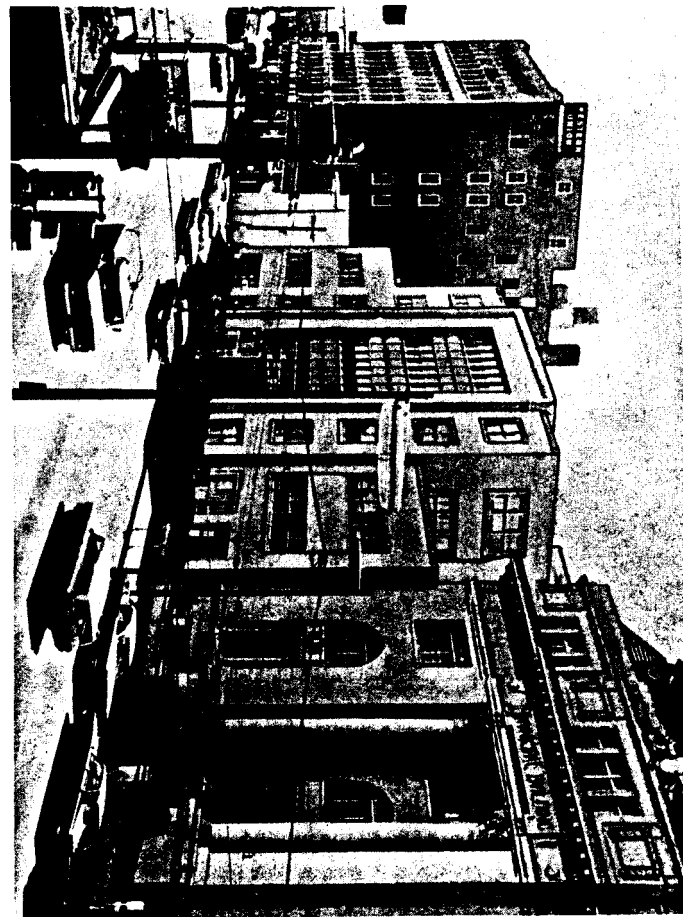
22<sup>nd</sup> day of November, A. D. 1963

Walter L. [Signature]

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Dallas County, Texas

[Signature]



Dallas' City Hall complex looking east from Main and Harwood. In foreground is Police and Courts Building which houses Dallas Police Department and city jail where Lee Harvey Oswald was prisoner. Next to it is City Hall annex. Jack Ruby went to Western Union Office half a block east of City Hall before entering City Hall basement through Main Street ramp (black doorway in annex just east of old building) to shoot Oswald.

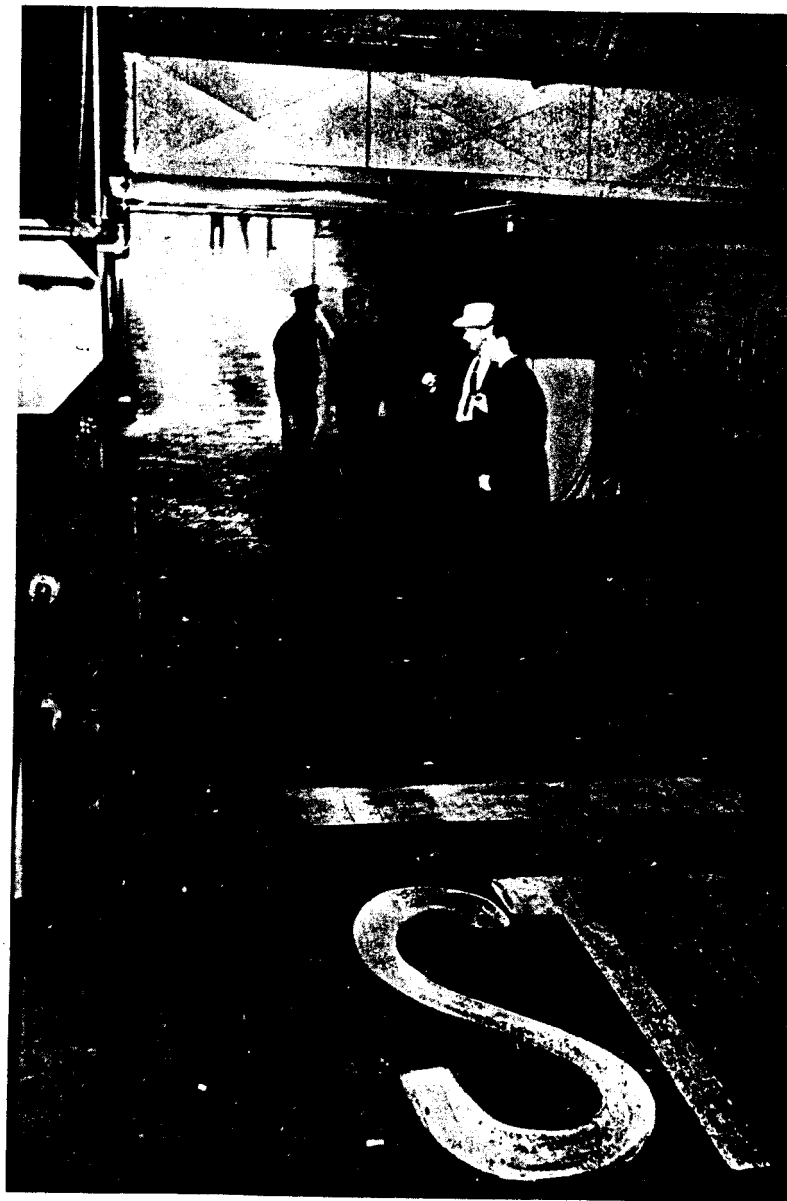




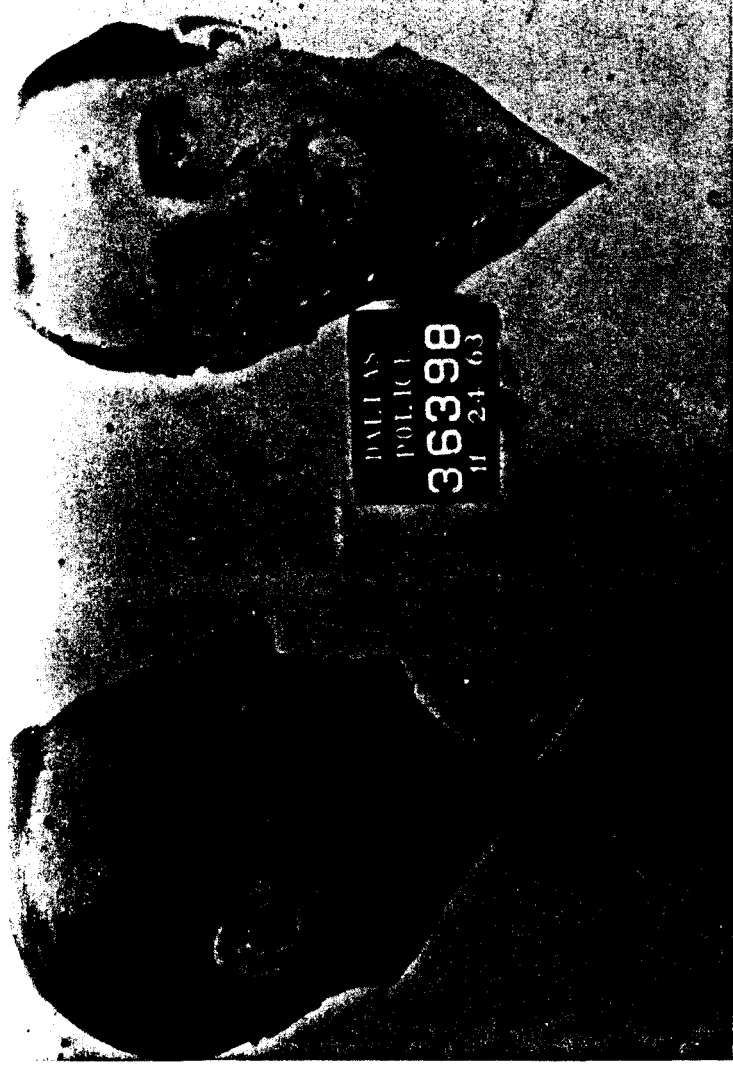
Oswald is lifted onto stretcher after being shot by Jack Ruby in basement of Dallas City Hall. Shooting took place at 11:21 a.m. Sunday, November 24, 1963; Oswald was pronounced dead at Parkland Hospital at 1:07 p.m. — *Dallas Morning News* photograph by Jack Beers.



Dallas police chief Jesse Curry grimly announces Oswald's death. — *Dallas Morning News* photograph by Tom Dillard.

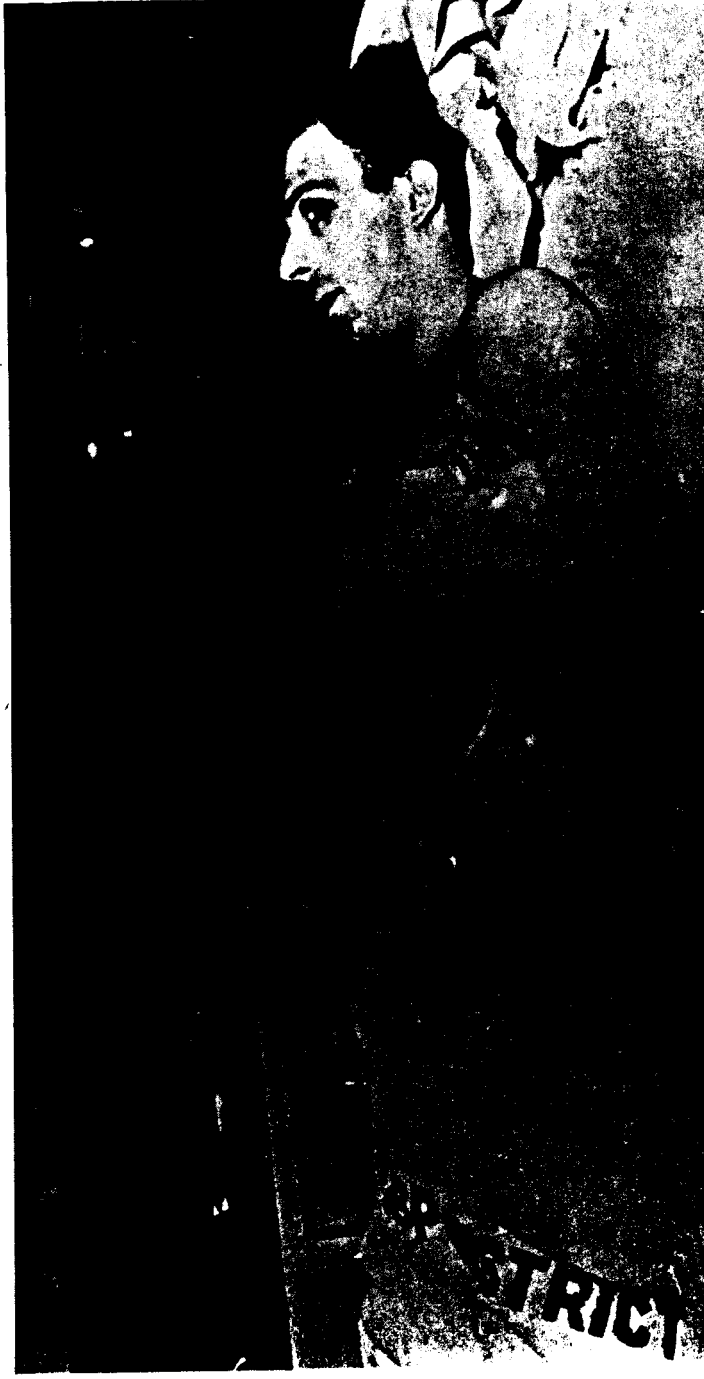


Police department officers in Dallas City Hall basement just after Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald November 24. Ruby walked down Main Street ramp, pictured in foreground. Exact spot where shooting occurred is just behind and to right of where men in foreground are standing. — *Dallas Morning News*. Photograph by Tom Dillard.



Dallas Police Department's official "mug shot" of Jack Ruby.

Official Dallas Police Department crime lab photograph of Lee Harvey Oswald's body following autopsy.



## THE "BEEF SHEETS"

The following pages comprise the official Dallas Police Department case report, or "beef sheet," containing the entire record of the case built by Dallas police against Lee Harvey Oswald in the murder of John F. Kennedy. This report, together with official crime lab photograph of the assassination site, crime lab report and the homicide report, was forwarded by Dallas police to the Dallas County district attorney. It would have formed the basis of Oswald's trial had the prisoner lived.

**Author's Note:** Several of the affidavits referred to in the witness list of this case report are not included in the report; the affidavits herein contained are all that were forwarded with the case report to the district attorney. The whereabouts of the missing affidavit is unknown. All affidavits herein are official copies of the original.

Form No. CPB-GF-27B

## POLICE DEPARTMENT CITY OF DALLAS

Disposition	CASE REPORT	Filed
Date	November 22, 1963	
Court	With Alexander	
Docket	By Capt. Fritz	
Method	C. N. Dhority - C. W. Brown	
Disposition	Investigating Officers Lt. L. E. Cunningham M. N. McDonald Arresting Officers Deceased Location of Defendant	
Defendant	Lee Harvey OSWALD	
Race	White	Age 24 Sex Male Residence 1026 North Beckley
Date of Arrest	November 22, 1963 - 2:00 PM	Identification No. 54018
Place of Arrest	231 West Jefferson	Arrest No. 63-98155
Date and Time of Offense	November 22, 1963, approx. 12:30 PM	Offense No. F-85950
Complainant	John F. Kennedy, w/m/47, Deceased	
Where and How Committed	On Elm West of Houston - Shot with rifle	
Charge	Murder	
Property Taken and Value		
Evidence and Seizures	Attached	
Voluntary Statement	No	
Accomplices		
List Witnesses and What Each Can Testify to on Reverse Side		
Summary of Case	Deceased was riding in motorcade with his wife and Governor Connally and his wife. Witnesses heard gun shot and saw deceased slump forward. More shots were fired and deceased fell forward. Governor Connally was also shot. Officers determined where shots came from and covered the building and went into the building. Capt. Fritz had name of Defendant, but Defendant was not in the building. Capt. Fritz received information that Defendant had killed Officer Tippit in Oak Cliff. Arresting officers brought Defendant to City Hall.	

# WITNESSES:

M. L. Baker  
Solo Motor Officer  
Traffic Division

Saw Oswald in building after shooting.  
Identified him in line-up.  
See affidavit.

Deputy S. Boone  
Sheriff's Office

Found rifle used in offense, Northwest corner of  
sixth floor of Texas School Book Depository Bldg.  
Turned rifle over to Capt. Fritz.

Deputy Seymour Weitzman  
2802 Oates Drive, DA 7-6624  
Bus. Robie Love RI 1-1483

Same as above.

Capt. J. W. Fritz No. 9  
CID

Made investigation of offense. Found empty  
and live shells used in offense.

Lt. J. C. Day  
Crime Lab

Made investigation at Texas School Book Depository.  
Took charge of rifle used. Lifted prints on building and from rifle and paper rifle was wrapped in.

Det. R. L. Studebaker  
Crime Lab

Made investigation  
where offense was committed.

Det. Johnny Hicks  
Crime Lab

Made paraffin cast of  
Defendant's hands and face.

Det. Pete Barnes  
Crime Lab

Made paraffin cast of  
Defendant's hands and face.

Capt. G. M. Doughty  
ID Bureau

Had charge of evidence which  
he turned over to F. B. I.

G. L. Hill, Sgt. 1180  
Radio Patrol, Sta. 511

Arrested defendant.

M. N. McDonald 1178  
City P. D., Sta. 511

Arrested defendant.

C. T. Walker 1529  
City P. D., Sta. 501

Arrested defendant.

Ray Hawkins 887  
City P. D., APB, Sta. 515

Arrested defendant.

T. A. Hutson 1146  
City P. D., Sta. 501

Arrested Defendant.

B. K. Carroll 923  
City P. D., Spl. Ser. Sta. 566

Arrested defendant.

Deputy Sheriff Luke E. Mooney  
Dallas Co. Sheriff's Office

Found 3 empty 6.5 rifle shells on  
6th floor Texas Book Depository Bldg.  
and notified Capt. Fritz.

O. P. Wright  
Security Officer, Parkland Hosp.  
2502. Also, WH6 2736

Recovered 6.5 rifle slug, turned it  
over to Secret Service at Parkland.

Det. Marvin Johnson 879  
City P. D., Sta. 551

Made investigation at Texas Book Depository.  
Recovered long brown paper rifle was wrapped in  
and Dr. Pepper bottle at scene. Took affidavit  
from cab driver Whaley and Officer Baker.

Det. L. D. Montgomery 1047  
City P. D., Sta. 551

Same as Officer Johnson above.

Det. L. C. Graves 702  
City P. D., Sta. 551

Took affidavit from Helen L. Markham  
and Mrs. Mary E. Bledsoe.

Det. B. L. Senkel 714

Was in motorcade about seven blocks ahead of  
President's car. Followed President's car to  
Parkland Hospital. Made investigation at Texas  
Book Depository. Made search of defendant's  
room at 1026 N. Beckley. Took affidavit from  
defendant's wife. Made search.

Det. F. M. Turner 809  
City P. D., Sta. 551

Same as Senkel above. Made identification of  
defendant's picture from witness Ronald B. Fischer  
who saw defendant before shooting. Not positive  
on identification. Made search 1026 N. Beckley.

Det. W. E. Potts 576  
City P. D., Sta. 551

Made identification of defendant's picture from  
witness Ronald B. Fischer who saw defendant  
before shooting. Not positive on identification.  
Recovered map, 1026 N. Beckley.

Det. C. N. Dhority 476  
City P. D., Sta. 551

Was present at lineup on defendant for William  
W. Whaley, cab driver who picked up defendant.  
Mr. Whaley made identification as No. 3 man in 4-man  
lineup, 2:15 pm, 11-23-63, city hall. Took  
affidavit and held lineup from Cecil J. McWatters  
bus driver who picked up defendant. Also made  
identification of bus transfer defendant had in  
his pocket. 11-22-63, 6:30 pm identified defendant

as No. 2 man in 4-man lineup. Took 3 spent 6.5 rifle shells to crime lab. Made copies of defendant's identification papers for Mr. Stewart of Service Service. Prepared case report.

C. W. Brown 759      Made investigation at Texas Book Depository Bldg.  
City P. D., Sta. 551      Took witnesses from Book Depository to room 317 City Hall, took affidavits from William H. Shelley and Seymour Weitzman. Was present at lineup when Mr. McWatters made identification of defendant and transfer, which defendant had in his possession at time of arrest.

G. F. Rose 1025      Made search of 2515 W. 5th St., Irving, Texas.  
City P. D., Sta. 551      Recovered blanket rifle was wrapped in, personal papers and pictures of defendant. Brought witness Wesley Frazier to city hall for affidavit and polygraph. Brought defendant's wife and Mrs. Ruth Paine to City Hall.

R. S. Stovall 1031      Same as above.  
City P. D., Sta. 551

H. M. Moore 679      Made search of 2515 W. 5th St., Irving, Texas.  
City P. D., Sta. 551      Found picture of defendant holding a rifle similar to the one defendant used at time of offense.

J. P. Adamcik 1548      Made search of 2515 W. 5th, Irving, Texas. Was  
City P. D., Sta. 551      present when defendant's wife made identification of defendant's rifle. Took affidavits from defendant's mother and brother and Michael Paine.

K. L. Anderton 1506      Was present at Texas Book Depository  
V. D. Monaghan 801      when investigation was made.  
City P. D., Sta. 551

J. R. Leavelle 736      Held lineup when Helen Markham made identification  
City P. D., Sta. 551      of defendant as the man who killed officer Tippit. Took affidavits from Ted Calloway, Sam Guinyard, R. S. Truly, Mrs. R. A. Reid and W. W. Scoggins.

E. R. Beck 45      Assisted officers in moving defendant from jail to  
City P. D., Sta. 551      Room 317. Took affidavit from Mrs. Geneva L. Hine.

R. M. Sims 629      Made investigation at Texas Book Depository.  
City P. D., Sta. 551      Recovered evidence from this building, took defendant from jail to Room 317, recovered bus transfer slip from defendant's shirt pocket.

E. L. Boyd 840      Same as above, also found 5 live .38 shells in  
City P. D., Sta. 551      left front pocket of defendant when searched in the showup room.

M. G. Hall 540      Took defendant from room 317 to showup room.  
City P. D., Sta. 551      Took affidavit from Lee E. Bowers. Was present when defendant's mother and brothers talked with defendant in city jail.

Marina Oswald w/f/22      Wife of defendant.  
2515 W. 5th St., Irving, Tex.      See affidavit No. 1.

Seymour Weitzman w/m      Was at place of offense.  
2802 Oates Dr., DA7 6624      See affidavit No. 2.  
Bus: Robie Love, RII 1483

James Richard Worrell, Jr. w/m/20      Was at place of offense.  
13510 Winterhaven, CH7 2378      See affidavit No. 3.  
bus: Thomas Jefferson High

William Wayne Whaley w/m      Cab driver who picked up defendant.  
619 Pine St., Lewisville, Tex.      See affidavit No. 4.  
bus: 610 S. Akard, RI2 9191

Mrs. Mary E. Bledsoe w/f      Saw defendant get on city bus  
621 N. Marsalis, WH-21985      knows defendant. See affidavit No. 5.

Lee E. Bowers, Jr. w/m/38      Was at place of offense.  
10508 Maplegrove Lane, DA1 1909      See affidavit No. 6.  
bus: Union Terminal Co., RI8 4698

Cecil J. McWatters w/m      Picked defendant up on his bus.  
2523 Blyth, DA1 2909      See affidavit No. 7.  
Bus: Dallas Transit Co., RII 1151

Helen Louise Markham w/f      Saw Officer Tippit killed by defendant.  
328½ E. 9th      See affidavit No. 8.  
bus: Eat Well Cafe, RI8 2475

Jeanette Davis w/f/22      Saw officer Tippit killed-recovered  
400 E. Tenth, WH3 8120      evidence. See affidavit No. 9.

Virginia Davis w/f/16      Saw Officer Tippit killed-recovered  
400 E. 10th, WH3 8120      evident. See affidavit No. 10.

W. W. Scoggins w/m  
3138 Alaska, FR4 2955  
Bus: Oak Cliff Cab, WH2 6203

Saw officer killed.  
See affidavit No. 11.

Ted Callaway w/m/40  
805 W. 8th St., WH6 8045  
bus: 501 E. Jefferson

Heard shots, saw defendant run with  
pistol when officer was killed.  
See affidavit No. 12.

George Jefferson Applin, Jr. w/m/21  
3423 Weisenberger, no pho. or bus.

Saw defendant come into picture  
show. See affidavit No. 13.

Ruth Hyde Paine w/f/31  
2515 W. Fifth St., Irving, Tex.

Owens house where defendant and his wife  
lived, also lives there. See affidavit No. 14.

Michael Ralph Paine w/m/35  
2515 W. Fifth St., Irving, Tex.

Owens house and lives where defendant and  
his wife lived. See affidavit No. 15.

Buell Wesley Frazier w/m/19  
2439 W. 5th St., Irving, Texas  
BL3 8965

Works Texas School Book Depository. See  
affidavit No. 16. (All listed below were  
there when offense happened)

Roy S. Truly w/m  
4932 Jade Dr., FR6 9893

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 17.

William W. Shelley w/m/37  
126 S. Tatum, FE7 1969

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 18.

Mrs. R. A. Reid w/f  
1914 Elmwood, FE1 6617

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 19.

Bonnie Ray Williams c/m  
1502 Avenue B., Apt. B

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 20.

Linnie Mae Randle w/f/30  
2439 W. 5th, Irving, Tex. BL3 8965

Brother works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 21.

Jack F. Dougherty w/m/40  
1827 S. Marsalis, WH6 7170

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 22.

James Earl Jarman, Jr. c/m/33  
3942 Atlanta St., HA8 1837

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 23.

William H. Shelley w/m/37  
126 S. Tatum, FE7 1969

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 24.

Danny Garcia Arce w/m/18  
1502 Bennett, TA1 3289

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 25.

Billy Nolan Lovelady w/m/26  
7722 Hume Dr.

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 26.

Charles Douglas Givens c/m/37  
2511 Carpenter, RI2 4670

Works Texas School Book  
Depository. See affidavit No. 27.

Howard Leslie Brennan w/m/44  
6814 Woodard EV1 2713

Saw shooting; was at place of offense  
of President Kennedy, See affidavit No. 28.

Amos Lee Euins c/m/15  
411 Ave. F., WH3 9701

Was at place of offense, saw  
shooting. See affidavit No. 29.

Ronald B. Fischer w/m/24  
4007 Flamingo Dr., Mesquite, Texas  
BR9 0950  
Dallas County Auditor's Office

Was at place of offense, saw  
shooting. See affidavit No. 30.

Robert E. Edwards w/m/22  
821 S. Nursery, Irving, Texas  
Bus: Dallas County Auditor's Office

Was at place of offense, saw  
shooting. See affidavit No. 31.

Arnold Lewis Rowland w/m/17  
3026 Hammerly St., FE7 1861  
Student, Adamson High

Was at place of offense; saw  
shooting. See affidavit No. 32.

Jesse James Williams w/m/40  
1108 Allen St., Apt. 114, Irving,  
Texas, phone PL3 7086  
Longview, Texas

Was at place of offense.  
See Affidavits No. 33 and No. 34.

Hugh William Betzner, Jr.  
5922 Velasco, TA7 9761

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavits No. 35 & No. 36.

Ernest Jay Owens w/m/36  
3005 Peachtree, Mesquite, Tex.

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 37.

Jim Braden w/m/49  
621 S. Parington Dr.  
Los Angeles, Calif. Pho. 4725301

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 38.

Jean Newman w/f  
3893 Clover Lane, FL2 4222

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 39.

Julia Ann Mercer w/f/23  
5200 Belmont, Apt. 208  
Bus: 1720 Canton

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 41 & 40.

Philip Ben Hathaway w/m/28  
11021 Quail Run, DI8 6532

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 42.

John Stevens Rutter Lawrence w/m/23  
709 Devonshire, Richardson, Tex.

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 43.

Barbara Walker Rowland w/f/17  
3026 Hammerly St., FE7 1861

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 44.

Jean Hill w/f/32  
9402 Bluffcreek, EV1 7419

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 45.

John Arthur Chism w/m/23  
4502 Underwood Dr., no phone

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 46.

Marvin Faye Chism w/m/19  
4502 Underwood Dr.

See affidavit No. 47.

Mary Ann Moorman w/f/31  
2832 Ripplewood, DA1 9390

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 48.

Austin Lawrence Miller w/m  
1006 Powell Circle, Mesquite, Tex.  
AT5 2998

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 49.

S. M. Holland w/m/57  
1119 Lucille, Irving, Tex.  
BL3 2185

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 50.

Gayle Newman w/m/22  
718 W. Clarendon, WH8 6082

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 51.

William Eugene Newman w/m/22  
718 W. Clarendon, WH8 6082

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 52.

Larry Florer w/m/23  
3609 Potomac

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 53.

Royce Glenn Skelton w/m/23  
2509 Reagan, LA1 2745  
Bus: 215 Union Terminal, RI1 1396

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 54.

J. C. Price w/m/62  
2602 Astor, WH1 1940  
Bus: Termianl Annex, R18 5611  
Ext. 3105

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 55.

Charles Hester w/m/28  
2616 Keyhole, Irving, Tex.  
No phone

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 56

Emmett Joseph Hudson w/m/56  
107 S. Bishop, WH2 2008  
Bus: City of Dallas Park Dept.

Was at place of offense.  
See affidavit No. 57.

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared

M. L. Baker, Patrolman Dallas Police Department

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Friday November 22, 1963 I was riding motorcycle escort for the President of the United States. At approximately 12:30 pm I was on Houston Street and the President's car had made a left turn from Houston onto Elm Street. Just as I approached Elm and Houston I heard three shots. I realized these shots were rifle shots and I began to try to figure out where they came from. I decided the shots had come from the building on the northwest corner of Elm and Houston. This building is used by the Board of Education for book storage. I jumped off my motor and ran inside the building. As I entered the door I saw several people standing around. I asked these people where the stairs were. A man stepped forward and stated he was the building manager and that he would show me where the stairs were. I followed the man to the rear of the building and he said, "Let's take the elevator." The elevator was hung several floors up so we used the stairs instead. As we reached the third or fourth floor I saw a man walking away from the stairway. I called to the man and he turned around and came back toward me. The manager said, "I know that man, he works here." I then turned the man loose and went up to the top floor. The man I saw was a white man approximately 30 years old, 5'9", 165 pounds, dark hair and wearing a light brown jacket.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Seymour Weitzman

w/m, 2802 Oates Drive, DA7-6624, Bus. Robie Love, RI1-1483

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Yesterday November 22, 1963, I was standing on the corner of Main and Houston, and as the President passed me and made his turn going west toward Stemmons, I walked casually around. At this time my partner was behind me and asked me something. I looked back at him and heard 3 shots. I ran in a northwest direction and scaled a fence towards where we thought the shots came from. Then someone said they thought the shots came from the old Texas Building, I immediately ran to the Texas Building and started looking inside. At this time Captain Fritz arrived and ordered all of the sixth floor sealed off and searched. I was with Deputy S. Boone of the Sheriff's Department and helping in the search. We were in the northwest corner of the sixth floor when Deputy Boone and myself spotted the rifle about the same time. This rifle was \*7.65 Mauser bolt action equipped with a 4/18 scope, a thick leather brownish-black sling on it. The rifle was between some boxes near the stairway. The time the rifle was found was 1:22 p.m. Captain Fritz took charge of the rifle and ejected one live round from the chamber. I then went back to the office after this.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 196 \_\_\_\_\_

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

\*Weitzman later testified both he and Boone mistakenly identified rifle as a Mauser; in fact it was a Mannlicher-Carcano. Only one rifle was found.



## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

James Richard Worrell, Jr., w/m/20 of 13510 Winterhaven, CH7 2378, Thomas Jefferson High

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Yesterday afternoon at approximately 12:30 pm I was standing on the sidewalk against a building on the corner of Elm and Houston Streets watching the motorcade of the President. I heard loud noise like a fire cracker or gun shots. I look around to see where the noise came from. I looked up and saw the barrel of a rifle sticking out of a window over my head about 5 or 6 stories up. While I was looking at the gun it was fired again. I looked back at Mr. Kennedy and he was slumping over. I got scared and ran from the location. While I was running I heard the gun fire two more times. I ran from Elm Street to Pacific Street on Houston. When I was about 100 yards from the building I stopped to get my breath and looked back at the building. I saw a w/m, 5'8" to 5'10", dark hair, average weight for height, dark shirt or jacket open down front, no hat, didn't have anything in hands, come out of the building and run in the opposite direction from me. I then caught a bus to my home.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

William Wayne Whaley, 619 Pine Street, Lewisville 2, Texas, Bus 610 S. Akar  
Bus phone Ri-2-9191

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Yesterday 11-22-63 I was sitting at Lamar and Jackson at the Greyhound Bus Station at 12:30 pm waiting for a fare. This boy walked up to the cab, he was walking South on Lamar from Commerce, he asked if he could get a cab, I told him, yes, and I opened the back door. He shut the back door and said he wanted to sit in the front. The boy said he wanted to go to the 500 Block of North Beckley. After we had gotten into the cab and I had turned my meter on, a lady came up to the cab and ask if she could get this cab. As i recall I said there will be one behind me very soon. I am not sure whether the man passenger repeated this to her or not, but I think he may have. I then drove away. I ask him what all of the sirens were about and he didn't say anything so I didn't say anymore to him. I turned right on Jackson and traveled to Austin Street where I turned left and traveled Austin to Wood Street where I turned right on Wood Street. I traveled Wood Street to Houston Street turned left went over the viaduct to Zangs Blvd. and traveled Zangs to Beckley and turned left and traveled on Beckley until I reached the 500 Block of North Beckley. When I got in the 500 Block of North Beckley he said this will do and I stopped. The fare was 95 cents and he gave me a dollar and told me to keep the change. The boy got out of the cab and walked in front of the cab at an angle south on Beckley Street. This boy was small, five feet eight inches, slender had on a dark shirt with white spots of something on it. He had a bracelet on his left wrist. He looked like he was 25 or 26 years old. At approximately 2:15 pm this afternoon I viewed a line up of 4 men in this City Hall. The number 3 man who I now know as Lee Harvey Oswald was the man who I carried from the Greyhound Bus Station to the 500 block of North Beckley. XXXXXXXXXX  
XXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Patsy Collins  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, PATSY COLLINS

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Mrs. Mary E. Bledsoe, w/f 67, 621 N. Marsalis, Dallas, Texas, Telephone WH2-1985

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Last Friday, November 22, 1963, I went downtown to see the President. I stood on Main Street just across the street from Titcher's until the parade passed by. Then I walked over to Elm Street and caught a bus to go home. The bus traveled West on Elm Street to about Murphy Street and made a stop and that is when I saw Lee Oswald get on the bus. The traffic was heavy and took it quite sometime to travel two or three blocks. During that time someone made the statement that the President had been shot and while the bus was stopped due to the heavy traffic, Oswald got off the bus and I didn't see him again. I know this man was Lee Oswald because he lived in my home from October 7, 1963 to October 14, 1963, XXXXX  
XX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23RD DAY OF NOVEMBER A.D. 1963

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

PS-GF-413

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared. Lee E. Bowers Jr., w/m/38 of 10508 Maple Grove Lane, Dallas, Texas DA-1-1909

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work at North Tower Union Terminal Co. RI-8-4698, 7 am to 3 pm Monday thur Friday. The tower where I work is West and a little north of the Texas Book Depository Building. I was on duty today and about 11:55 am I saw a dirty 1959 Oldsmobile Station Wagon come down the street toward my building. This street dead ends in the railroad yard. This car had out of state license plates with white background and black numbers, no letters. It also had a Goldwater for "64" sticker in the rear window. This car just drove around slowly and left the area. It was occupied by a middle aged white man partly grey hair. At about 12:15 pm another car came in the area with a white man about 25 to 35 years old driving. This car was a 1957 Ford, Black, 2 door with Texas license. This man appeared to have a mike or telephone in the car. Just a few minutes after this car left at 12:20 pm another car pulled in. This car was a 1961 Chevrolet, Impalla, 4 door, am not sure that this was a 4 door, color white and dirty up to the windows. This car also had a Goldwater for "64" sticker. This car was driven by a white male about 25 to 35 years old with long blond hair. He stayed in the area longer than the others. This car also had the XXX same type license plates as the 1959 Oldsmobile. He left this area about 12:25 pm About 8 or 10 minutes after he left I heard at least 3 shots very close together. Just after the shots the area became crowded with people coming from Elm Street and the slope just North of Elm. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Patsy Collins  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CP5-GF-413

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

BEFORE ME, \_\_\_\_\_ PATSY COLLINS

Cecil J. McWatters, 2523 Blyth, DA1-2909, Dallas, Texas  
Business Address: Dallas Transit Company

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22<sup>nd</sup> DAY OF November A.D. 1963

**CPS-GF-413**

BEFORE ME, ROBERT WISDOM

Helen Louise Markham 3281/2 East 9th  
Bus: Eat Well Cafe RI-8-2475

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_

**Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas**

269

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. Virginia Davis, w/m/16, of 400 E. 10th WH-3-8120

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Today November 22, 1963 about 1:30 pm my sister-in-law and myself were lying down in our apartment. My sister-in-law is Jeanette Davis, we live in the same house in different apartments. We heard a shot and then another shot and ran to side door at Patton Street. I saw the boy cutting across our yard and he was unloading his gun. We walked outside and a woman was hollering "he's dead, he's dead, he's shot!". This woman told Jeanette to call the Police and she did. I saw the officer that had been shot lying on Tenth street after Jeanette had called the Police. Jeanette found a empty shell that the man had unloaded and gave it to the police. After the Police had left I found a empty shell in our yard. This is the same shell I gave to Detective Dhority. The man that was unloading the gun was the same man that I saw tonight as number 2 man in a line up. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Patsy Collins  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

cd

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

F 85827

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Barbara

Jeanette Davis w/f/22, 400 E. 10th, WH3 8120. Bus; same

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Today November 22, 1963 shortly after 1:00 pm, my sister-in-law, Virginia Davis, and I were lying on the bed with two kids. I heard a shot and jumped up and heard another shot. I put on my shoes and went to the door and I saw this man walking across my front yard unloading a gun. A woman was standing across the street screaming that "he shot him, he killed him" and pointed towards a police car. That is the first time I noticed a police car there. I ran back in the house and called the operator and reported this to the police. When the police arrived I showed one of them where I saw the man emptying his gun and we found a shell. After the police had left I went back into the yard and Virginia found another shell which I turned over to the police. About 8:00 pm the same day, the police came after me and took me downtown to the city hall where I saw this man in a lineup. The #2 man in a 4-man lineup was the same man I saw in my yard, also the one that was unloading the gun.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

271

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, PATSY COLLINS

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared W. W. Scoggins

3138 Alaska, FR 4-2955, Business: WH 2-6203

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I am a driver for Oak Cliff Cab Company. Friday, November 22, 1963 at approximately 1:00 p.m., I discharged a passenger at 321 North Ewing. I then drove my cab to the Gentlemen's Club at 125 South Patton to get a cold drink to go with my lunch. I could not find a parking place in front of the club, so I drove to Tenth Street. I parked on Patton at Tenth headed north and walked back to the club to get the cold drink. I watched tv a little while then went back to my cab to eat my lunch. About the time I started to eat my lunch I saw a Police car going east on Tenth. The Police stopped on Tenth just east of Patton. The officer got out of his car and evidently said something to a man who was walking west on Tenth. When the Policeman spoke to him, the man stopped. The next thing that attracted my attention was a gun firing. I heard three or four shots, and I saw smoke near the squad car. The officer fell beside the squad car on the driver's side and the man the officer was talking to started running. He ran west on Tenth to Patton then south on Patton to Jefferson. After the man passed my cab, I picked up my mike and reported the shooting to my dispatcher. He asked if I needed an ambulance and I said "yes." Very shortly an ambulance arrived. I do not know the man that shot the officer, but I would recognize him if I saw him again. When the man ran past my cab, he had a pistol in his left hand. I heard him mumble something like "pore dumb cop" or "pore damn cop" twice as he went past. Another man ran up to me. He had a gun in his hand, I thought he was a Policeman, and said let's see if we can find him. This man got into the cab with me and we circled around several blocks but did not see this man who shot the officer. XXXXX  
XX  
XXXXXXXXXXXX

XX

XX

X  
XXXXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

GF-413

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Ted Callaway w/m/40 of 805 West 8th Street, WH-6-8045

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I am the manager of the Used Car lot at 501 E. Jefferson. I was working today when I heard some shots. This was about 1 pm. I ran out into Patton Street and looked to see what the shooting was about. I saw a white man running South on Patton with a pistol in hand. I hollered at him and he looked around at me, then kept on going. I ran around on 10th Street and saw a Police officer laying in the street. He looked dead to me. I got the officer's gun and hollered at a cab driver to come on. We might catch the man. We got into his cab, number 213 and drove up Patton to Jefferson and looked all around, but did not see him. The number 2 man in the line up that I saw at City Hall is the man I saw with the gun in his hand. XXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Patsy Collins

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

jrl



## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, ANGELA M. FLOWERS

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Michael Ralph

Paine, w/m/35, 2377 Dalworth, Apartment 217, Grand Prairie, Texas

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: My wife, Ruth, and I are separated. Sometime in May or June this year, I met Lee Oswald. I met him through my wife who knew him a little longer. Once, while I was at my wife's house, I saw a heavy pipe-like object wrapped in a rough blanket tied with string. This was in the garage. I picked this object up to get it out of the way of my power saw and thought it was tenting equipment. I don't recall exactly when this took place, but I think it was about the beginning of October. Since then I have moved this object a couple of times. The last time I saw Oswald was two week ends ago. I took Oswald to a meeting of American Civil Liberties Union once about the middle of October. On Friday, November 22, 1963, I was at work at Bell Helicopter, when I heard of the President's being shot. A short time later, I heard that the President was shot from the Texas School Book Depository Building. I knew that Lee Oswald worked there, and I immediately thought of him and wondered if he might have shot the President and wondered if I should call the F. B. I. I thought it unlikely that he shot the President, and that the F. B. I. was fully aware of his presence there, and I did not want to contribute to his harassment which would be likely to occur due to his known Marxist views.  
XX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 196

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

ANGELA M. FLOWERS

CPS-GF-413

HMM

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Buell Wesley Frazier, Age 19, 2439 West 5th Street, Irving, Texas BL 3-8965

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work at Texas School Book Depository, Corner Elm and Houston. I have worked there since September 13, 1963. I fill orders. About a month ago, I met Lee Harvey Oswald at work. I saw that he was a new man, and I walked up to him and asked him if he was Lee. I figured he must be Lee as my sister had told me about him. I asked him if he would like to ride back and forth with me as I knew his wife lived with Ruth Paine near my house, and he said he would. But only on week ends as he had an apartment of his own in Oak Cliff. After that every Friday evening Lee would ride home with me and then ride back to work with me on Monday morning. He has only rode home from work with me on Fridays, but yesterday morning, Thursday, November 21, 1963, Lee told me that he wanted to ride home with me that evening. I was surprised, and I asked him if he was going home with me Friday also, and he said, "No". He told me that he was going home to get some curtain rods. Thursday afternoon Lee rode to Irving with me to Ruth Paine's house, where his wife is staying. I let him out of my car in front of Ruth's house, then I went on. This morning, Friday, November 22, 1963, I got up between 6:00 - 6:30 AM, and got ready to go to work, and then sit down to eat breakfast, about 7:15 AM, me, my mother, and my two little neices were at the table, and my sister was at the sink. My mother looked up and said, "Who is that looking in the window?" I looked up and said, "That's Lee." I got up and finished getting ready and got my lunch and went to the door and met Lee on the car port. We walked to my car, it was parked backed up at the side of the car port. Before I got in the car, I glanced in the back seat, and saw a big sack. It must have been about 2' long, and the top of the sack was sort of folded up, and the rest of the sack had been kind of folded under. I asked Lee what was in the ask, and he said "curtain rods", and I remembered that he had told me the day before that he was going to bring some curtain rods. We drove to work the same way that I usually go. We came into town on Stemmons Freeway to Main and Main to Record, and then on across to McKi and by the warehouse to the parking lot. I parked the car and sit there awhile and run the motor to charge the battery, and while I was doing that, Lee got out and opened the back door and got the package out of the back seat and walked behind the car, then I got out of the car and started walking toward the building where I work.  
(Continued next page)

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 196

Mary Rattan  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

GFR

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Buell Wesley Frazier,  
Age 19, 2439 West 5th Street, Irving, Texas - BL 3-8965

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:  
(Continued from page 2)

I noticed that Lee had the package in his right hand under his arm, and the package was straight up and down, and he had his arm down, and you could not see much of the package. When we started walking, Lee was just a few feet ahead of me, but he kept walking faster than me, and finally got way ahead of me. I saw him go in the back door at the Loading Dock of the building that we work in, and he still had the package under his arm. I did not see him anymore for about 30 minutes, and then we were both working. Lee did not carry his lunch today. He told me this morning he was going to buy his lunch today. I was standing on the front steps of the building when the Parade came by, and I watched the Parade go by. After President Kennedy had got out of my sight, I heard three shots. I stood there, then people started running by, and I turned, and went back in the building and got my lunch and eat it. I did not see Lee anymore after about 11:00 AM today, and at that time, we were both working, and we were on the first floor. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 196

MARY RATTAN

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Roy S. Truly, 4932 Jade Dr., FR6 9893

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I am superintendent of the Texas School Book Depository, 411 Elm Street in Dallas, Texas. I was working in that capacity yesterday Friday November 22, 1963. I have 19 employees in the plant. Lee Harvey Oswald was one of these employees. We considered him a temporary employee. We work a lot of extra employees during the summer and fall. Mr. O. V. Campbell, one of the owners, and I started to lunch a few minutes after twelve o'clock. We saw that the parade was nearly down to us, so we stopped and watched the President go by. After the President passed, we heard what sounded like an explosion. I heard three such explosions. Then I realized that they must have been shots. I saw an officer break through the crowd and go into our building. I realized he did not know anything about the building, so I ran in with him. The officer and I went through the shipping department to the freight elevator. We then started up the stairway. We hit the second floor landing, the officer stuck his head into the lunch room area where there are coke and candy machines. Lee Oswald was in there. The officer had his gun on Oswald and asked me if he was an employee. I answered yes. We then went up the stairs to the 5th floor where we found the elevator open. We took the elevator to the 7th floor and out on the roof. We searched the roof and a small room, also checked the landings. We could look out over the tracks and street below. We did not find anything. We started down on the elevator. The officer took a hurried look on a couple floors on the way down. We then met some other officers on the 4th floor searching the building. I overheard someone say that the shot came from the window of our building. By that time there was several people in the building. Some fifteen minutes later I was checking our employees, and I did not find Lee. I asked Mr. Shelby if he had seen Lee. He said no. I then contacted Chief Lumpkin and told him Lee was missing. Then both of us went up on the sixth floor where Captain Fritz was and I told Captain Fritz about Lee being missing and where he lived. I did not see Lee Oswald any more. We don't run a thorough check on our temporary employees. They fill out an application form. In Lee Oswald's case, a lady from Irving called and said a neighbor had a brother working for me, and he had said we could use some more help. This woman said she knew a nice young boy

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23 DAY OF November A.D. 196 3

Mary Rattan

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas



AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan  
a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared.  
Roy S. Truly, 4932 Jade Dr., FR6 9893

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: who needed work. I told this woman to send him down and I would talk to him. I talked with Lee and liked his appearance so I hired him. His employment application shows him to be honorably discharged from the Marine Corps.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins  
a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared.  
William H. Shelley, w/m/37 of 126 S. Tatum, FE-7-1969. Bus 411 Elm, RI-7-352

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Approximately October 10th or 12th, 1963 a man by the name of Lee Oswald w/m/21, came to work wher I do. I was put in charge of him by Mr. Truly to show him what to do. I have been working close with this man since he has been there. This man stayed by him-self most of the time, and would go for a walk at noon time. Lee would bring his lunch and usually eat with us in the lounge and read the paper. He would usually read about politics Today I arrived for work about 8 am and went about my usual duties. Lee was already filling some orders just outside my office. I saw him periodically all morning with the exception of when we were on the sixth floor. At noon I started eating my lunch in my office and I went outside to see the President. XX After the Presidents accident, I started checking around and I XX missed Lee I ask Mr. Truly about him and He told me he had not seen him. I didn't see Lee until the Police brought him in to the Police Homicide Bureau. XXXXXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 196<sup>3</sup>

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. R. A. Reid, 1914 Elmwood, FE-1-6617

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work for the Texas School Book Depository I have worked for them seven years, at 411 Elm Street. Yesterday November 22, 1963 I was working, we took our lunch period from 12 to 1p.m. I went out side to watch the parade go by. I was standing on the front steps of our Building, as the parade drew near I walked closer to the street. Just after the President passed by I heard three shots. The first thing I thought of was someone was shooting at the President. I remarked to Mr. Campbell who was standing near by that I thought the shots had come from our building. But I heard someone else say no, I think it was farther down the street. I went back into our building and up to the second floor to our office, just after I entered the office I saw one of the men who work in the warehouse come through the back office door. This door is located near the lunch room and the rear stairway. I did not know this man's name at the time for he had not worked there long. However I now know his name to be Lee Oswald. I said to Lee, Oh! someone has shot at the President. I hope they didn't hit him. Lee mumbled something and walked on out of the office. I did not understand what he said, he had a coke in his hand. When I saw him he was dressed in a white T-shirt and I don't recall what his trousers was like. I did not see him anymore after that. X XXXX XXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

jrl

CPS GF-413

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Bonnie Ray Williams

1502 Avenue B, Apartment B, Bus. 411 Elm

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I went to work at 8 am this morning. I worked on the 6th floor today with Mr. Bill Danny, Charles and a Billy Lovelady. Charles was outside and couldn't get back in, so I guess he went home. We worked up until about 10 minutes to 12. Then we went downstairs. We rode the elevator to the 1st floor and got our lunches. I went back on the 5th floor with a fellow called Hank and Junior, I don't know his last name. Just after we got on the 5th floor we saw the President coming around the corner on Houston from Main Street. I heard 2 shots it sounded like they came from just above us. We ran to the west side of the building. We didn't see anybody. We looked down and saw people running and hollering. We stayed there and in a little while some officers came up. They left and then we took the elevator to the 4th floor. We stayed there awhile and then went on out. Lee Oswald was there when I got to work this morning at 8 am. He fills orders and goes all over the building. I didn't see Oswald anymore, that I remember, after I saw him at 8 am. I recognized him just a few minutes ago when the officers brought him in the office. Oswald has been working at the Texas School Book Depository for about 6 weeks. XXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 196

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS GF-413

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Linnie Mae Randle, w/t/30, of 2439 West 5th Irving, Texas BL-3-8965

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: My brother Wesley Frazier lives with me. Wesley works at the Texas XX School book Depository at Elm and Houston Streets. A boy named Lee Oswald works with Wesley. I have seen this boy Lee a few times. His wife and his children lives with one of my neighbors, Mrs. Michael Paine, 2515 West 5th. His wives name is Marina. I have met her twice. Lee usually rides home with Wesley on Friday evenings and stays the weekend with his wife and rides back on Monday mornings. Yesterday, Thursday, November 21, 1963, I was going to the store about 5:30 p.m. I saw Wesley letting this boy, Lee, out down at Mrs. Paine's house. I didn't see Lee again until this morning, Friday, November 22, 1963 about 7:10 or 7:15 a.m. I saw Lee walk up my driveway carrying a long brown package. I saw him put it in Wesley's car, then he walked back to the side of the house and stood and waited until Wesley came out about 7:25 a.m. They both left for work. Lee was bareheaded, wearing a light brown or tan shirt. I don't remember what kind of trousers he had on. My brother has a 1954 black four-door Chevrolet car that they went to work in. XX  
XX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22ND DAY OF NOVEMBER A.D. 1963

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Patsy Collins

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Jack E. Dougherty

w/m/40, 1827 So. Marsalis WH-6-7170

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I am employed at the Texas School Book Depository at 411 Elm and have been since 1952. I was working on the sixth floor today. There was six of us working on the floor. The others were Bill Lovelady, William Shelby, Danny Arce, Bonnie Williams, and Charles Givens. worked until 12:00 noon, and went down on the first floor and ate my lunch and went back to work at 12:45 p.m. I had already gone back to work and I gone down on the fifth to get some stock when I heard a shot. It sounded like it was coming from inside the building, but I couldn't tell from where. I went down on the first floor, and asked a man named Eddie Piper if he had heard anything and he said yes, that he had heard three shots. I then went back on the sixth floor. I didn't see anyone on the floor except the people I named. There was another employee that is named Lee Oswald that I saw on the sixth floor. He works all over the building, but I saw him on the sixth floor shortly before noon. I didn't see Oswald in the building after lunch. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, PATSY COLLINS

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

James Earl Jarman, Jr., c/m 33, 3942 Atlanta Street, Dallas, Texas HA8-1837

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work for the Texas School Book Depository, 411 Elm Street, as a Checker on the first floor for Mr. Roy S. Truly. On Friday, November 22, 1963, I got to work at 8:05 a.m. The first time I saw Lee Oswald on Friday, November 22, 1963 was about 8:15 a.m. He was filling orders on the first floor. A little after 9:00 a.m. Lee Oswald asked me what all the people were doing standing on the street. I told him that the President was supposed to come this way sometime this morning. He asked me "Which way do you think he is coming?". I told him that the President would probably come down Main Street and turn on Houston and then go down Elm Street. He said, "Yes, I see". I only talked with him for about three or four minutes. The last time I saw Lee Oswald on Friday, November 22, 1963 was between 11:30 a.m. and 12:00 noon when he was taking the elevator upstairs to go get some boxes. At about 11:45 a.m. all of the employees who were working on the 6th floor came downstairs and we were all out on the street at about 12:00 o'clock noon. These employees were: Bill Shelley, Charles Givens, Billy Lovelady, Bonnie Ray (last name not known) and a Spanish boy (his name I cannot remember). To my knowledge Lee Oswald was not with us while we were watching the parade. XX  
XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 23RD DAY OF NOVEMBER \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 1963

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

PS GF-413

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

William H. Shelley w/m/37 of 126 S. Tatum, FE7 1969. Bus: 411 Elm, RI7 3521

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Today approximately 12:30 pm November 22, 1963 I was standing on the front steps at 411 Elm watching the President in the parade. The President's car was about half way from Houston Street to the Triple Underpass when I heard what sounded like three shots. I couldn't tell where they were coming from. I ran across the street to the corner of the park and ran into a girl crying and she said the President had been shot. This girl's name is Gloria Calvery who is an employee of this same building. I went back to the building and went inside and called my wife and told her what happened. I was on the first floor then and I stayed at the elevator and was told not to let anyone out of the elevator. I left the elevator and went with the police on up to the other floors. I left Jack Dougherty in charge of the elevator.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Danny Garcia Arce w/m/18 of 1502 Bennett, TAI 3289

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I am employed at Texas School Book Depository at 411 Elm. I work all over the building. I was working on the sixth floor all morning. At lunch time at 12:00 noon I went down on the street to see the parade, and get a look at the President. I was standing on the corner of Elm and Houston, and I heard three shots ring out. I didn't know what had happened until I heard a woman scream that the President had been shot. While working on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository the only people I saw all morning was Bill Shelly, Bonnie Ray Williams, Charles Douglas Givens, Billy Lovelady and Jack E. Dougherty. The only person I saw was a real old man, and he had on an old brown suit and a western type hat. I saw this man leave the building and drive off in an old black Buick. This man was not carrying anything in his hands when I saw him. This man was in the building after lunch. This man left in the car before the President was shot. I didn't see any other people in the building but this old man, other than the people that I named that worked there. There was another employee that I saw named Lee Oswald. He was on the first floor of the building when I saw him at 8:00 am. He is the same man I saw the police bring into the Homicide Bureau about 2:00 pm. I also saw him on the 5th floor as we were leaving for lunch at 11:50 am.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Billy Nolan Lovelady w/m/26 of 7722 Hume Drive, Dallas, Texas

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work at Texas School Book Depository 411 Elm. On Friday November 22, 1963 I worked on the 6th floor along with Danny Arce, Jack Dougherty, Bill Shelley and Charles Givens. When the President came by Bill Shelley and I was standing on the steps in front of the building where I work. After he had passed and was about 50 yards past us I heard three shots. There was a slight pause after the first shot then the next two was right close together. I could not tell where the shots come from but sounded like they were across the street from us. However, that could have been caused by the echo. After it was over we went back into the building and I took some police officers up to search the building. I did not see anyone around the building that was not supposed to be there. Our lunch period is from 12 to 12:45 pm. All of us had left the 6th floor to see the President.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Charles Douglas Givens c/m/37, 2511 Carpenter, RI2 4670

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work for the Texas School Book Depositor 411 Elm Street. I worked up on the 6th floor today until about 11:30 am. Then I went downstairs and into the bathroom. At twelve o'clock I took my lunch period. I went to the parking lot at Record and Elm street. I have a friend who works at the parking lot. We walked up to Main and Record when the President passed by. We then walked back to the parking lot after the President had passed by. We had just got back to the lot when we heard the shooting. I think I heard three shots. I did not see anyone in the building that was not supposed to be there this morning.

The following pages comprise the official Dallas Police Department case report, containing the entire case built by the Dallas Police against Lee Harvey Oswald in the death of Officer J. D. Tippit.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

JRL

**POLICE DEPARTMENT  
CITY OF DALLAS**

Filed

Disposition

Date November 22, 1963  
 Court \_\_\_\_\_  
 Docket \_\_\_\_\_  
 Method \_\_\_\_\_  
 Disposition \_\_\_\_\_

**CASE REPORT**

With Alexander  
 By Capt. Fritz  
J. R. Leavelle  
 Investigating Officers  
M. N. McDonald, T. A. Hutson  
 Arresting Officers  
Deceased  
 Location of Defendant

Defendant Lee Harvey OSWALD  
 Race White Age 24 Sex Male Residence 1026 North Beckley  
 Date of Arrest November 22, 1963 Identification No. 54018  
 Place of Arrest 231 West Jefferson Arrest No. 63-98155  
 Date and Time of Offense November 22, 1963, - 1:18 PM Offense No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Complainant J. D. Tippit  
 Where and How Committed 400 Blk E. 10th Street; with pistol  
 Charge Murder  
 Property Taken and Value \_\_\_\_\_  
 Evidence and Seizures Eyewitness and pistol used. Plus clothing of defendant

Voluntary Statement NoAccomplices None

List Witnesses and What Each Can Testify to on Reverse Side

Summary of Case The above defendant was walking west in the 400 blk. of East 10th when  
stopped by above complainant to be questioned. When Tippit got out of his squad  
car to walk around in front to further question the defendant, the defendant,  
Oswald, pulled a .38 pistol and shot Officer Tippit three times: one time  
each in the head, chest and stomach.

## WITNESSES:

Helen Markham  
 328 East 9th St.  
 1404 Main  
 RI 8-2475  
 Business

This witness can testify that she was waiting on the corner for a bus near the shooting scene. She saw the officer stop Oswald and get out to question him. As Tippit got to the left front fender of squad car, Oswald stepped back from the right side of squad car, pulled a pistol and fired several times at the officer. She ran to the aid of the officer and later identified Oswald in police lineup at city hall as the No. 2 man in 4-man lineup, 4:05 p.m. 11-22-63. She gave affidavit.

Ted Callaway  
 501 E. Jefferson  
 WH 2-3530 and  
 WH 6-8045

Can testify he is manager of used car lot, 501 E. Jefferson, just around corner from scene of shooting, that he heard the shots, ran out and saw Oswald running south on Patton Street with pistol in his hand. He ran to the scene and helped load Tippit on stretcher and ambulance then took Officer Tippit's gun, got into cab with witness Scoggins and attempted to find Oswald. He was unable to do so. He identified Oswald in police lineup 11-22-63, 6:30 p.m. as No. 2 man in 4-man lineup, as the man he saw running from the scene of shooting. He also identified jacket in crime lab as the one worn by Oswald or one just like it.

W. W. Scoggins  
 3138 Alaska  
 FR 4-2955  
 wks: Yellow Cab

Can testify that he is a cab driver, that he was parked on Patton Street at the intersection of 10th St., that he saw the officer get out of his car and start around to question Oswald. He saw Oswald shoot the officer. Oswald then ran past him and he heard Oswald say, "That poor damn cop." He later identified Oswald in a lineup as the No. 3 man in 4-man lineup, 11-23-63, 2:15 p.m. He also gave an affidavit.

Sam Guinyard c/m

Can testify that he works as a porter at the used car lot at 501 E. Jefferson, that he was working 11-22-63 when he heard shots being fired. He ran out and saw Oswald running down the street with a pistol in his hand. Went to scene of shooting, saw the officer lying in the street. He later identified Oswald as the No. 2 man in 4-man lineup, 6:30 p.m., 11-23-63, as the same man he saw running from the scene of the shooting. This witness also identified the jacket in crime lab as the one suspect wore or

one just like the one he wore. This jacket was found between the shooting scene and the Texas Theater where arrest was made.

J. R. Leavelle 736 City Detective, Sta. 551 Can testify that he answered the call to 400 E 10th Street, that he contacted the officers at the scene and interrogated the witnesses, took affidavits from them and held showups for Helen Markham, W. W. Scoggins, Ted Calloway and Sam Guinyard. Each of these people were able to positively identify Oswald as the man they saw at the scene of the Tippit shooting.

T. F. Bowley 1454 Summertime Lane FR 6-5965 Can testify that he came up on the scene of the shooting just after it happened. He helped load the officer in the ambulance and used the police radio to call into the dispatcher about the shooting.

M. N. McDonald 1178 Radio Patrol Officer Can testify that he answered a call to the Texas at 231 W. Jefferson, 11-22-63, about 2:00 p.m., that he entered the rear door and proceeded to the rear of the theater checking several people as he went. He came to Oswald seated in the center section in rear of theater. When he approached him, he told Oswald to stand up. Oswald did, bringing his hands to shoulder height. He then struck McDonald in the face. McDonald grabbed Oswald and began struggling with him, hollering for help from other officers. While struggling for possession of Oswald's pistol, it snapped one time in his face. He did succeed in getting the pistol and giving it to another officer.

T. A. Hutson 1146 Traffic Officer City P. D. Sta. 515 Can testify that he was looking for suspect in shooting of Officer Tippit when call came out that suspect was at Texas Theater. He went to rear of theater with Officer Hawkins. They entered through the rear door and were checking the patrons from the front to the back. Walked into the aisle behind Oswald as McDonald approached Oswald from opposite side. He saw Oswald stand up and strike McDonald. He grabbed Oswald around the neck, helped subdue him. Also heard the pistol snap as McDonald struggled for it.

Ray Hawkins 887 Patrolman, Traffic Div. City P.D., Sta. 515 Answered call to Texas Theater, entered through rear door with Officers Walker and Hutson. Was near Oswald and McDonald when the struggle

started. He put his handcuffs on Oswald. He also heard the snap of the pistol during the struggle for the gun.

Charles T. Walker 1592 Patrolman, Traffic Div. Sta. 515 Can testify he entered the theater along with Officers Hawkins and Hutson, that he was approaching Oswald from behind as he began grappling with Officer McDonald. He helped subdue him and assisted Officer Hawkins put the handcuffs on Oswald. He led him from the theater and rode to City Hall with him in back seat of squad car.

Bob K. Carroll 923 Special Service Bureau City P. D. Sta. 566 Can testify that he was at the Texas Theater, the scene of arrest, assisted in arrest, took pistol from McDonald and later turned it over to Sgt. Hill while enroute to city hall.

Gerald Hill Sergeant City P. D., Sta. 513 Can testify he was at scene of arrest, received pistol from Carroll and released it to Det. T. L. Baker at City Hall, Homicide Office. Rode to City Hall in same car with Oswald.

K. E. Lyons 1276 Patrolman, Special Service Can testify that he was at scene of arrest, that he rode to city hall with Oswald along with other officers.

Det. Paul Bentley Identification Bureau City P. D., Sta 525 Can testify that he was at the scene of the arrest, assisted in the arrest and rode in back seat of squad car with Oswald and C. T. Walker to city hall where the suspect Oswald was turned over to homicide officers.

Lt. E. L. Cunningham CID, City P. D., Sta. 571 Was at the scene of arrest and along with other men under his command interrogated people in the theater after the arrest of Oswald.

Julia Postol 2728 SeEVERS FR 6-5750 Can testify that she is employed at the Texas Theater. That she saw a suspicious person duck into the theater on November 22, 1963, just after the shooting of Officer Tippit. That she called the Police and saw the man later identified as Oswald brought from the theater.

William Wayne Whaley 619 Pine Street Lewisville, Texas RI 2-9191 Can testify that he is a cab driver, and that on Nov. 22, 1963, he took a man to the 500 block of Beckley. This was just a short time before the shooting of Officer Tippit. He later identified Oswald as the man he took to the 500 block of Beckley.



Johnny Calvin Brewer Can testify that he saw Oswald come into his store,  
512 North Lancaster 213 West Jefferson, when a police car came by. He  
Apartment 102 was acting suspicious. He followed him to the theater  
WH 1-4793 and told the cashier about him. She called the police.

Barbara Jeanette Davis Can testify that she heard some shots on the  
w/f/22 afternoon of the Tippit shooting. She jumped up,  
400 East 10th looked out the door and saw Oswald running across  
WH 3-8120 the yard unloading a pistol. After police arrived,  
she showed them the spot and empty shells were found.  
She later identified Oswald as No. 2 man in 4-man lineup.

Mrs. Virginia Davis Can testify that she heard the shots that killed  
w/f/16 Officer Tippit and saw Oswald running from the  
400 East 10th scene. She later that same day identified Oswald  
WH 3-8120 as No. 2 man in 4-man lineup.

## AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Sam Guinyard c/m/38 of 605 East Park St, Waxahachic, Texas

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work as a porter at the used car lot  
at 501 E. Jefferson. Today about 1:00 pm I heard some shooting near Patton and  
10th Street. I ran out and looked. I saw a white man running south on Patton  
Street with a pistol in his hand. The last I saw of this man he was running west  
on Jefferson. I went around on 10th Street and saw a policeman laying in the  
street. He was bloody and looked dead to me. The #2 man in the lineup I saw at  
the city hall is the same man I saw running with the pistol in his hand.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 22 DAY OF November A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-QF-413

JRL

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

I, Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

T. F. Bowley w/m/35 of 1454 Summertime Lane, FR6 5965

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: On Friday November 22, 1963 I picked up my daughter at the R. L. Thornton School in Singing Hills at about 12:55 pm. I then left the school to pick up my wife who was at work at the Telephone Company at Ninth Street and Zangs Street. I was headed north on Marsalis and turned west on 10th Street. I traveled about a block and noticed a Dallas police squad car stopped in the traffic lane headed east on 10th Street. I saw a police officer lying next to the left front wheel. I stopped my car and got out to go to the scene. I looked at my watch and it said 1:10 pm. Several people were at the scene. When I got there the first thing I did was try to help the officer. He appeared beyond help to me. A man was trying to use the radio in the squad car but stated he didn't know how to operate it. I knew how and took the radio from him. I said, "Hello, operator. A police officer has been shot here." The dispatcher asked for the location. I found out the location and told the dispatcher what it was. A few minutes later an ambulance came to the scene. I helped load the officer onto the stretcher and into the ambulance. As we picked the officer up, I noticed his pistol laying on the ground under him. Someone picked the pistol up and laid it on the hood of the squad car. When the ambulance left, I took the gun and put it inside the squad car. A man took the pistol out and said, "Let's catch him." He opened the cylinder, and I saw that no rounds in it had been fired. This man then took the pistol with him and got into a cab and drove off. The police arrived and I talked to a police sergeant at the scene. I told him I did not witness the shooting and after questioning me, he said it was all right for me to leave. I then went on to the Telephone Company office at Ninth and Zangs.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 2 DAY OF December A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, Mary Rattan

I, a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared \_\_\_\_\_

Johnny Calvin Brewer w/m/22 of 512 N. Lancaster, Apt. 102, WHI 4793, Bus: 213 W. Jefferson, Hardy Shoe Store

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: Friday November 22, 1963 I was at work at Hardy's Shoe Store, 213 W. Jefferson. I had heard on the radio that the President had been shot, also that a policeman had been shot in Oak Cliff. About 1:30 pm I saw a man standing in the lobby of the shoe store. This man was wearing a brown sport shirt. He also acted as if he was scared. About this time a police car came up the street going west on Jefferson. When the police car reached Zangs it made a turn and went back east on Jefferson. After the police car passed, the man in the lobby walked on up Jefferson toward the Texas Theater. I followed the man up the street and he went into the theater. I asked the girl in the box office if she sold the man a ticket and she replied that she did not think so, that she had been listening to the radio and did not remember. I went into the show and asked Butch, the concession man, if he had seen the man come in. Butch said that he had been busy and did not notice. Butch and I then checked the exits to see if any of them had been opened. The exits were all closed and did not appear to have been opened. I then went back to the box office and told Julie to call the police. When the police arrived the show was stopped and the lights were turned on. A man in the middle section and about five or six rows of seats from the back stood up when the lights were turned on. An officer approached him and he hit the officer and knocked him back. Several other officers then joined the fight and the man was taken out of the theater. This was the same man I had seen in front of the shoe store where I work. The reason I noticed the man in front of the store was because he acted so nervous, and I thought at the time he might be the man that had shot the policeman.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 6 DAY OF December A.D. 1963

Mary Rattan

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, GEORGE F. SNYDER

I, Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Julia Postal,  
w/f/39, 2728 Seevers, FR 6-5750.

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work at the Texas Theatre at 231 West Jefferson, WH 6-2161. I have worked there since November 24, 1952. On Friday, November 22, 1963, at approximately 1:30 PM or a little later I was working in the ticket office at the theater. I was listening to my transistor radio, and KLIF had just announced that President Kennedy was dead. I had just seen a police car go west on Jefferson. As the police went by, a man ducked inside the theater. My boss, Mr. John A. Callahan went outside, got in his car and left to see where the police were going. I stepped from the box office to the front and looked west. When I turned around, Johnny Brewer, Manager of Hardy's Shoes Store, was standing there. As I started back in the box office, Johnny asked me if I sold that man a ticket. I asked him what man. He said that man that just ducked in here. I told him no, I didn't, but I had noticed him as he ducked in here. I asked Johnny if he would go inside and see if he could see him. He went in and looked, then came out and said that he didn't see him. I told Johnny that he had to be in there, and that he was running from the Police for something. I then asked Johnny to prop the center door open so I could see the concession. Then I asked Johnny and Warren Burroughs, an usher, to go and look again real good and check the lounges as well. Then the two of them came back out, and Johnny said he just wasn't in there. Johnny said that he had heard a seat pop as if someone had gotten out of it, but didn't see anyone. I told him that I was going to call the Police and asked him and Warren to check the two exits to see if they had been opened and if not, to stand by them. I called the Police Department, and some woman answered, and I told her that I wanted to talk to an officer about a suspect. She referred me to a man, and I told him that this is the Texas Theatre at 231 West Jefferson. I told him that I knew that you men are very busy, but that I have a man in the theater that is running from you for some reason. The officer asked me what made me think he was running from us. I told him when the police drove by, that the man ducked in. The officer asked me if the man bought a ticket, and I told him no, he did not. Then he asked me

(Continued next page)

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 196

Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

S-GF-413

# AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF DALLAS

BEFORE ME, GEORGE F. SNYDER

a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared Julia Postal,  
w/f/39, 2728 Seevers, FR 6-5750.

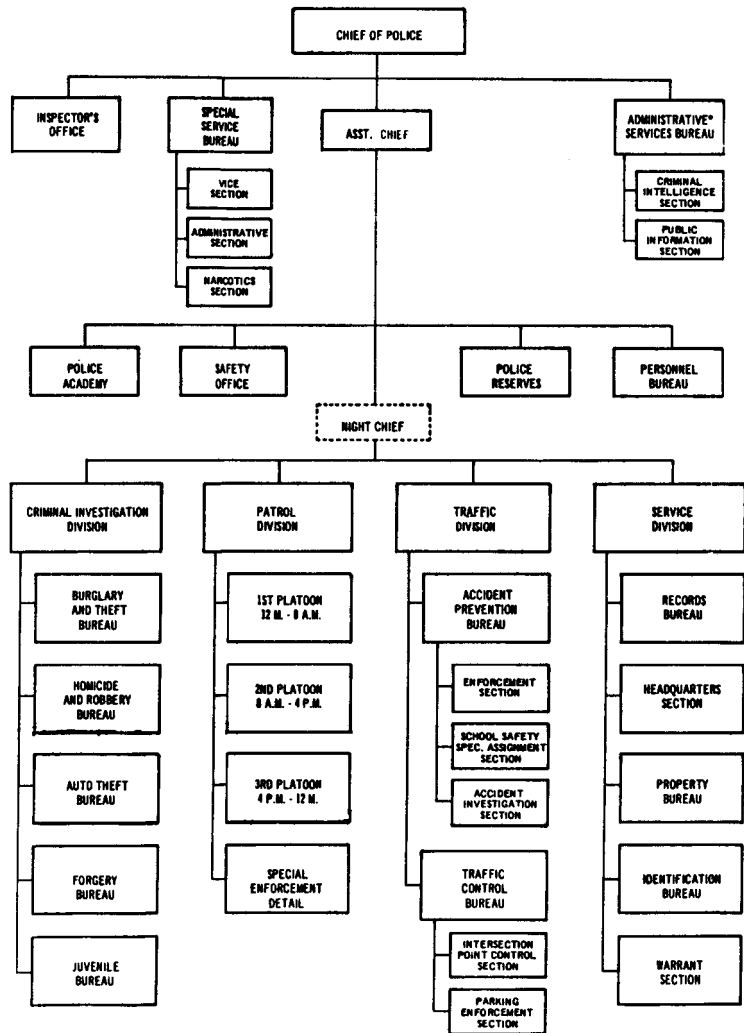
Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:  
if I could describe what he looked like, and I did, and he said some police officers would come right away.

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 196

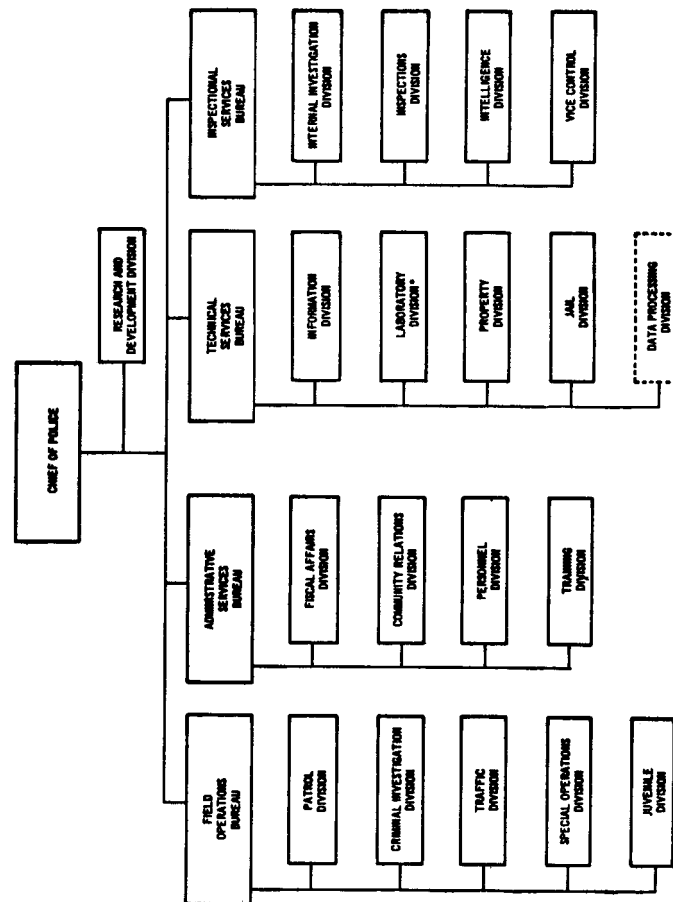
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

CPS-GF-413

# ORGANIZATION OF THE DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT NOVEMBER, 1963



# ORGANIZATION OF THE DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT EFFECTED 1968



# **THE DALLAS POLICE RADIO LOG**

**November 22, 1963**

**Official Transcript Of The Dallas Police Department Radio**  
(KKB-364, Channels 1 and 2, November 22, 1963)

**Times of transcript:**

Channel 1 – assigned for regular Dallas Police Department business on November 22 – 12:15 p.m. to 1:56 p.m.

Channel 2 – assigned for the visit of President Kennedy on November 22 – 11:15 a.m. to 12:54 p.m.

**Explanation:** When a police officer in the field calls the radio dispatcher, he signals by giving his squad number and the dispatcher responds by calling back the squad number. Similarly, when the dispatcher calls a squad, he gives the squad number and the squad replies with his number. For sake of clarity, these calls are noted in the transcript as “1 calls – dispatcher: 1” or “dispatcher calls 1 – 1 answers.”

The notations of a squad number followed by the word “clear” means that squad called in to tell the dispatcher it had completed an assignment and was clear for another. The word “out” means the squad is out of his car temporarily on an assignment. When a squad “checks out,” it is reporting to the scene of an assignment. The signal “10-4” means the squad, or the dispatcher, has received the radio message.

The times noted in the transcript are exactly those given by the dispatchers on November 22, 1963. Customarily a dispatcher notes the time with every major signal he gives; this was not always done on November 22 only because of the great number of calls and their urgency.

On channel 1 on November 22 the four dispatchers rotated duty on the microphone. The actual names of the dispatchers giving messages are not indicated except when they are considered to be of interest.

Following are the general categories of squad numbers assigned by the Dallas Police Department on November 22, 1963:

1 through 7 – Chief Jesse Curry (1), Assistant Chief Charles

Batchelor (2), deputy chiefs and night chief

8 through 11 – inspectors

12 – administrative assistant

15 – Captain Cecil Talbert (captain of the radio patrol division)

15 car 2 – Captain J. N. (Red) Souter, assigned with Chief Batchelor at Trade Mart.

16 through 19 – lieutenants

20 – radio patrol sergeant

20's and 30's – radio patrol squads in West and Northwest Dallas

40's, 50's, and 60's – radio patrol squads in Northeast Dallas

70's, 80's, and 90's – radio patrol squads in Oak Cliff

100's – radio patrol squads in downtown Dallas

150 through 200 – solo motorcycle squads

200 through 220 – accident investigator squads

250 through 260 – school safety patrolmen

260 through 300 – three-wheel motorcycle officers

300 through 500 – criminal investigation division (including homicide)

500 through 600 – miscellaneous assignments

600's – ambulances

**Channel 1 Transcript**

*Dispatchers: Virgil McDaniel, Clifford Hulse, Murray Jackson and Bob Huffstutler*

Dispatcher: 309 and 305, call 551. 12:15.

72 calls.

Dispatcher: 72.

72: 1950 Chevrolet in Mesquite. Checked three persons for alias tickets. Car not registered to any of them.

78 (Officer J. D. Tippit) calls.

Dispatcher: 78.

78: Be out of the car a minute, 4100 block of Bonnie View.

Dispatcher: 12:17.

628 (ambulance): Clear from Parkland Hospital.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 628. 12:18.  
 41 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 41.  
 41: Put me out at the radio station.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 41. 12:18.  
 66 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 66 clear. 12:18.  
 289 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 289.  
 289: Give us an ambulance at 100 North Houston on an epileptic seizure.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. What do you want? White Code 3?  
 (No answer)  
 113 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 113 clear. 12:19.  
 97 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 97 clear. Call 544. 12:19.  
 118 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 118 clear. 12:19.  
 102 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 102 clear.  
 Dispatcher calls 72.  
 72: Go ahead.  
 Dispatcher: 1 on James (alias ticket)  
 72: All right.  
 289 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 289.  
 289: Make that ambulance Code 3, and could you give me the direction he'll be coming in?  
 Dispatcher: 606 (ambulance), what is your location?  
 606: We're about at Harwood and Cedar Springs now.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Code 3, Signal 28 (sick person) 100 North Houston. 12:20. Now at Harwood and Cedar Springs, 289.  
 289: 10-4.  
 95 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 95.

95: Like a 5 (Signal 5 – coffee or meal).  
 Dispatcher: Yes.  
 72: Check and see if that's a parking ticket.  
 Dispatcher calls 289.  
 289 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Go ahead and start your set-up.  
 289: 10-4.  
 78 (Tippit) clear.  
 Dispatcher: 78 clear. 12:20.  
 223 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 223 clear. 12:21.  
 38 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 38.  
 38: Clear my 5, remain out at Corporation Court.  
 Dispatcher: Out. 12:21.  
 Dispatcher calls 72.  
 72 answers.  
 Dispatcher: No moving violations.  
 72: All right.  
 312 (homicide squad): Try 305 or 309.  
 305 answers.  
 312: Say, he's supposed to be up there around 2431 Ellis. If you are close, we're leaving City Hall now.  
 305: We're about a block from there.  
 115 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 115 clear. 12:21.  
 111 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 111.  
 111: We're going to have to take this prisoner to Parkland. Is Harwood blocked off all the way?  
 Dispatcher: Yes, all the way, 111.  
 111: 10-4.  
 91 and 101 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 91 and 101 clear. 12:22. 603 and 61, Signal 16 at the restaurant, Parry and Exposition.  
 603 and 61: 10-4.  
 23 and 243 clear.

Dispatcher: 23 and 243 clear. 12:23. 243, your radio is about out.

231 clear.

Dispatcher: 231 clear. 12:23.

606 out.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 606. 12:24.

79 clear.

Dispatcher: 79 clear. 12:24.

97 clear.

Dispatcher: 97 clear. 12:25.

606 calls.

Dispatcher: 606.

606: We're enroute to Parkland with a Signal 16.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Need a squad to meet you there.

606: 10-4.

252 calls.

Dispatcher: 252.

252: Out here at the intersection of Fairmount and Cedar Springs there is a V-shaped piece of land with no improvements on it. Someone during the parade backed over a water faucet and water is shooting in the air. Wonder if you could have the Water Department come out here and turn it off?

Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:25.

91: On traffic, PP 4700.

309 calls.

Dispatcher: 309.

309: Need to talk to 312 a minute.

210 and 213 clear.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

312: Go ahead.

309: We have this subject. You want to meet us somewhere up here?

312: Right behind you.

309: All right.

Dispatcher calls 23.

23 answers.

Dispatcher: Meet 606 at Parkland, Signal 16. 12:26.

23: 10-4.

258 clear.

Dispatcher: 258. 12:26 (calls 305)

305: Go ahead.

103: PN 6365 on a Buick on Indiana Avenue - 2100 block.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:27. (calls 305)

305: 10-4.

24 clear.

Dispatcher: 24 clear. 12:27.

56 calls - no answer.

83: Traffic, 3200 South Westmoreland.

Dispatcher: 83 out. 12:28.

56: Traffic, '56 Chevrolet. Can't see license number. (At this point an officer left his motorcycle radio microphone stuck open, blocking all transmissions on channel 1 for several seconds.)

38 calls.

Dispatcher: 38.

38: Might tell some of these people involved here in this deal out here at Market Hall that the people are walking across southbound Stemmons at the Marriott Hotel (sic) all the way down south.

Dispatcher (McDaniel): 10-4, 38. 12:28. (Motorcycle microphone stuck again for about three minutes.)

603 checks out at Baylor Hospital.

Dispatcher: 531 testing - 1-2-3-4. (Now nothing can be heard over channel 1 except the high-pitched screaming of ambulance and police car sirens. This eerie sound continues another three minutes.)

75: Signal 5.

Unidentified squad: You still want me to hold this traffic on Stemmons 'til we find out something?

103 clear.

Dispatcher: 103 clear. 12:34.

76 clear.

Dispatcher: 76 clear. 12:34. (calls 24)

24 answers.



Dispatcher (Jackson): Report to Inwood and Stemmons and cut all traffic for the ambulance going to Parkland Code 3.

24: Inwood and Stemmons?

Dispatcher: Inwood and Stemmons, where they come off Stemmons going to Parkland.

24: 10-4.

Dispatcher (Hulse): Make your assignment Code 3, 24.

24: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 35, Signal 9A, Lobello, Ames and Northwest. 12:35.

35: 10-4.

Dispatcher (Jackson): 21, Code 3 Stemmons and Inwood. Cut traffic.

21: 10-4.

75 calls.

Dispatcher: 75.

75: Signal 5.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

65 clear.

Dispatcher: 65 clear. 12:36.

4 (Deputy Chief Newton Fisher) calls.

Dispatcher: 4, did you call?

4: What's happened to the transmission on 1?

Dispatcher: A mike on a motorcycle has been stuck open. It's still jamming.

Dispatcher (Gerald Henslee), simultaneous broadcast on channels 1 and 2: Attention all emergency equipment, attention all emergency equipment. Do not use Industrial Boulevard. Do not use Industrial Boulevard.

93 calls.

Dispatcher: Your location?

93: Sylvan and Fort Worth Avenue. (Now interference from the stuck microphone increases again. Over the noise, a portion of a message from an unidentified officer can be heard: "...came from the fifth floor of Texas Book Depository.")

Dispatcher (Hulse): 35, did you receive?

35: I got it.

61 clear.

Dispatcher: 61 clear. 12:37.

4 calls.

Dispatcher: 24 and 21, redirected to assignments. 4, did you call?

4: Yes. I don't know what happened to the traffic officers assigned to Cedar Springs and Mockingbird but they are not there and the traffic is really snafued.

32 clear.

Dispatcher: 32, on mark-out report to Cedar Springs and Mockingbird.

32: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 71, robbery of individual, 2205 Cockrell. 12:38.

71: 2205.

51 and 80 clear.

Dispatcher: 51 and 80 clear. 12:38.

24 calls.

Dispatcher: 24.

24: These ambulances must have passed through Stemmons and Inwood.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

24: Was an APB (Accident Prevention Bureau) car supposed to be following the ambulances?

Dispatcher: Unknown, 24. (At this point a microphone begins sticking again. 68 calls, then 21. Sirens can be heard in the background.)

21: What did you want us to do here at the service road on Hines?

Dispatcher (Jackson): Has the ambulance gone through already?

21: We just arrived.

Dispatcher: Stand by there till we notify you.

21: 10-4.

20 calls.

Dispatcher: 20.

20: I'm on Hines in front of Parkland. What is this emergency on this ambulance?

Dispatcher (Hulse): 20, there's been a shooting in the downtown area involving the President.

20: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 242, call 654.

242: 10-4.

87 clear.

Dispatcher: 87 clear. 12:40.

269 calls.

Dispatcher: 269.

269: Will you check with my supervisor and see where he wants me to go? I'm clear from my second assignment.

Dispatcher calls 260 — no answer.

242 on phone.

4 calls.

Dispatcher: 4.

4: Is 32 one man or two man?

Dispatcher: He's two man.

4: 10-4. I'm going to take at least two.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 32, have you arrived;

32: Naw, we're way up in North Dallas on this call. We're at Webb's Chapel and Royal Lane right now.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

43 and 53 clear at City Hall.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:41.

222 clear.

Dispatcher: 222 clear. 12:42.

97: Signal 4, Westmoreland and Fort Worth Avenue.

Dispatcher: Are you in service, 97?

97: 10-4.

20 calls.

Dispatcher: 20.

20: Ambulance hasn't arrived on Hines yet. You have a location on him?

Dispatcher calls 601 — no answer.

Dispatcher: 101, Elm and Houston. Meet 260, 101.

115 calls.

101: 10-4.

601 calls.

Dispatcher: What's your location?

601: I'm here at the market.

Dispatcher: Repeat.

601: I'm here at the market.

Dispatcher: Disregard.

601: Headed for Parkland.

2 (Assistant Chief Charles Batchelor) calls.

Dispatcher (Jackson): Attention all squads in the downtown area, report Code 3 to Elm and Houston with caution.

These squads check out: 43, 102, 233, 61, 63, 76, 83, 71, 60, 113, 80, 100, 66, 41, 53, 81, 258, 386, 233.

Dispatcher (Hulse): Calling 113.

Dispatcher (Gerald Henslee), simultaneous broadcast on channels 1 and 2: Attention all squads, attention all squads. The suspect in the shooting at Elm and Houston is reported to be an unknown white male, approximately 30, slender build, height five feet ten inches, weight 165 pounds, reported to be armed with what is thought to be a 30 caliber rifle. (Message repeated.) No further description at this time or information. 12:45, KKB 364, Dallas.

85 clear.

Dispatcher: 85 clear. 12:45.

Unidentified squad: What's he wanted for?

Dispatcher (Jackson): Signal 19, involving the President.

233 calls.

Dispatcher: 233.

233: He's thought to be in this Texas School Book Depository here on the northwest corner of Elm and Houston.

102: Out this location.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 102 and 233.

81 calls.

Dispatcher: 81.

81: Be going north on Industrial from Corinth.

Dispatcher (Jackson): 10-4. 87 and 78 (Tippit) move into

Central Oak Cliff area.\*

78: I'm now at Kiest and Bonnie View.

87: I'm going north on Marsalis from R. L. Thornton.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

93: I'm clear. Where do you want me to go?

Dispatcher (Hulse): Report to the old school book depository building, Elm and Houston area.

95 and 85 clear.

Dispatcher: 95 and 85 clear. 12:46.

77 calls.

Dispatcher: 77.

77: Report where?

Dispatcher: Elm and Houston. School Book Depository.

77: 10-4. (Several more squads call at this time and receive the same order.)

116 clear.

Dispatcher: 116 clear. Report triple underpass.

24 calls.

Dispatcher: 24.

24: I'm going to be out at the triple underpass.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

35 clear.

Dispatcher: 35 clear. 12:47. Your location?

105 clear.

35: Somewhere on Northwest Highway.

Dispatcher: Remain in service, 35. 19 and 231, report to Elm and Houston with several more squads, Code 3.

95: What's goin' on?

Dispatcher (Jackson): Signal 19, involving the President. Suspect is a white male, 30, slender build, five feet ten, 165 pounds, believed to have used a 30 caliber rifle, believed to be in the old school book depository Elm and Houston at this time. 12:48.

550, car 2 (Sergeant Gerald Hill): 550 car 2 and 104 en route to Elm and Houston Code 3.

\*Apparently Squad 87 disobeyed orders. See log pages 316 and 327.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

Calls from 174 and 212 (en route), 40 (clear - en route), 23 (en route), 87, 116, 81 (out), 76 (out).

4 calls.

Dispatcher: 4.

4: Who's in charge down there at that area?

Dispatcher: 19 (Sergeant Bud Owens) is en route. He'll be in charge.

4: 10-4.

Dispatcher calls 100 and 60.

60 answers.

Dispatcher: Have you arrived?

60: Yes, I've just arrived at Elm and Houston now.

115 and 223 out.

15 (Capt. Cecil Talbert): At the scene, the building is the old purse company on the east side of Houston. (Then, to someone else but with his microphone still transmitting, "How about cutting off on the back side, will you? Make sure that nobody leaves there.") Again, to the dispatcher, "15's in charge down here."

Dispatcher: 10-4, 15.

15: Correction, 5's in charge. (5 is Deputy Chief George Lumpkin.)

Dispatcher: 10-4. Did you receive, 4?

4: Yes, I did, thank you.

Unidentified squad: Can you give a description again?  
Dispatcher (Hulse) repeats description exactly as given before.  
605 calls.

Dispatcher: 605.

605: This call on Crockett is a drunk. You don't have a downtown squad clear, do you?

Dispatcher: Let that drunk go! Disregard, return to service.

605: We're clear.

212: I'll report to the rear of that building.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

252: Elm and Houston.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:51.

45 and 57 clear.  
396: Which hospital is it?  
Dispatcher: Parkland.  
601 calls.  
Dispatcher: 601.  
601: We're at standby at Parkland.  
68 clear.  
Dispatcher: Are you en route to Parkland, 601?  
601: We're at standby at Parkland.  
69: We're going down, be out at the garage.  
Dispatcher: 10-4.  
24 calls.  
Dispatcher: 24.  
24: What do you want us to do?  
Dispatcher: Do you have a description on the suspect, 24?  
24: 10-4.  
Dispatcher: Remain in that vicinity.  
24: 10-4.  
79: Be out at the triple underpass.  
Dispatcher: 10-4.  
Dispatcher calls 211.  
211 answers.  
Dispatcher: Signal 7, 2535 North Industrial. 12:52.  
211: 10-4.  
87: Out down here.  
49: I'm going to be in the downtown area.  
Dispatcher: 10-4.  
35: I'm heading downtown.  
Dispatcher: 10-4, 35.  
252 calls.  
Dispatcher: 252.  
252: Is this the place that has Texas School Book Depository on it?  
Dispatcher: Yes.  
603: Code 5, Baylor Hospital.  
Dispatcher: 10-4, 603. 12:53.  
95 and 174 out.

Dispatcher: 263, remain in that location.  
232 car 2: I'm boxed in at Parkland. It's going to be a while till I can get back in service.  
Dispatcher: 10-4.  
48 calls.  
Dispatcher: Remain in service.  
242 clear.  
Dispatcher: Remain in service.  
Dispatcher: 242 clear. 12:54.  
Dispatcher (Murray Jackson) calls 78 (Tippit).  
78 answers.  
Dispatcher: You are in the Oak Cliff area, are you not?  
78: Lancaster and Eighth.  
Dispatcher: You will be at large for any emergency that comes in.  
78: 10-4.  
21 calls.  
Dispatcher: 21.  
21: We're still out here on Hines. Do you want us to go to the downtown area?  
Dispatcher: Yes, 21.  
21: 10-4.  
603 out.  
Dispatcher: 10-4, 603. 12:55.  
49: Do you have any clothing description?  
Dispatcher: No. (Repeats full description as given previously.)  
21: Routine or Code 3?  
Dispatcher: Code 3.  
Traffic officer calls dispatcher.  
Dispatcher: Go ahead.  
Traffic officer: I have an eye witness over here that saw the President get hit. The witness is over here at the T&P (Texas and Pacific) railway overpass, at the Stemmons service road.  
Dispatcher: What radio are you using, traffic officer?  
Officer: I'm using a three-wheel radio.  
Dispatcher: 10-4. (Calls 5 – no answer – unidentified voice

over radio says, "He's in the building there, I think.")  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. (Calls 60 or 100.)  
 15 and 312 call.  
 Dispatcher: Did you receive that information, 312? The three-wheeler has an eye witness of the shooting on the T&P Railroad overpass at Stemmons just beyond the triple underpass.  
 Traffic officer: Stemmons Freeway service road.  
 Dispatcher: Hold on to him!  
 19: I'm at this location, the triple underpass. Where do you want me?  
 Dispatcher: Three-wheeler has an eye witness that saw the shooting, 19. He's on the T&P overpass and Stemmons.  
 19: I see him over there. I'll go over there.  
 15: 100's got about six men shaking down that railroad yard back toward that direction to get any information on the shooting. Start someone. . . (remainder of message garbled).  
 312: Where's the command post?  
 Dispatcher: At Elm and Houston.  
 312: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: 212 car 2, call operator 1 for Parkland.  
 212 car 2: 10-4.  
 15 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 15.  
 15: Call two of the K-9 units back in — Norman's dog and the sergeant's dog, if you will.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 260 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 260.  
 260: Get us 508 down to the Texas School Book Depository.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. (calls 15)  
 15 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Where do you want them to report, to Elm and Houston?  
 15: 10-4. School Book Depository Building. Be a hard one to search out without those dogs — thoroughly.  
 Dispatcher: 508 is en route.

402 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 402.  
 402: We'll need two more cars to report to the President's plane for escort service, please, sir.  
 19 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 19.  
 19: I have the one that saw the President get hit in my car. I'm on the Elm Street side of the triple underpass, just before you go up on Stemmons.  
 Dispatcher: Received.  
 492 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 492.  
 492: We've been instructed to go to the scene. What code?  
 Dispatcher: Code 2.  
 Dispatcher calls 5.  
 15: I think 5 and 9 are both in the building.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Did you receive 19's transmission?  
 15: No, I didn't.  
 Dispatcher: He has the person that saw the shooting in his car. He's returning to the location.  
 15: 10-4. Have you got a condition yet?  
 Dispatcher: No.  
 19 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 19.  
 19: He didn't see the shooting; he saw the President get hit.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher calls 45 or 47. 78 (Tippit), your location.  
 45 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Give your location.  
 45: Gaston and Abrams.  
 48: Park Lane and Greenville.  
 Dispatcher: Stand by. Any unit near 2000 Commerce?  
 508 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Disregard, 508. Return to scene.  
 241: Live Oak and Central.  
 Dispatcher: 241, go to blood bank at 2000 Commerce Code 3, take to Parkland.

241: En route.  
607: Code 5.  
Dispatcher: 10-4. Be at 2109 (Commerce), 241.  
241: Front or rear?  
16: I'm at Akard and Main if you want me to make that call.  
Dispatcher: 241, disregard. 16 will make it.  
241: 10-4.  
Dispatcher: Be at front door, 16.  
16: 10-4.  
309: Have you heard from 300? (300 is Homicide Captain Will Fritz).  
Dispatcher: Negative.  
610: Code 5.  
Dispatcher: 10-4, 610. 1:04.  
309: Which squad has that subject that's supposed to have seen the shooting?  
Dispatcher: He did not see the shooting, 309. He saw the President get hit. That's 19. He has the person in his car.  
309: 10-4. You have the information this came from the book depository down here?  
Dispatcher: Yes.  
309: 10-4. It's well covered off.  
241 calls.  
Dispatcher: 241.  
241: I'm Code 5 at the blood bank.  
Dispatcher: 10-4.  
Dispatcher: 16, Code 4. 241 is there. He's going to take it.  
16: 10-4.  
241: I've got it and gone!  
4 calls 15 — no answer.  
4 calls dispatcher.  
Dispatcher calls 15.  
610: What's our location?  
Dispatcher: 816 South Beacon, 610.  
610: 10-4.  
Dispatcher: Was that the assignment you were on?  
610: He was the one that gave me Abrams and Gaston on a

major.

Dispatcher: We don't have that information. Are you there?  
610: We're here at Abrams and Gaston but there's nothing here.  
Dispatcher: 10-4. Return to service.  
221: Traffic — 600 West Jefferson.  
Dispatcher: 221 out.  
15: Did you call?  
4: See if you can contact 15. See if he thinks it advisable to send some of the people out here down there to relieve some of the squads that are on duty.  
Dispatcher: Did you receive, 15?  
15: 10-4, 4.  
91 clear.  
Dispatcher: 91 clear. 1:07.  
15 calls 4.  
4: Go ahead.  
15: Is 4 at Market Hall?  
4: No, I'm at Love Field.  
15: Do we have radio contact with anyone at Market Hall?  
4: I think 15 car 2 is on the air.  
15 calls 15 car 2 — no answer.  
610 calls.  
Dispatcher: 610.  
610: We are on the Abrams Street side of Harrell's drug store. We don't know the nature of the call but there is (sic) about 50 young boys congregated here.  
Dispatcher: Are you at Gaston and Abrams?  
610: 10-4.  
Dispatcher: 45, meet 610. Gaston and Abrams.  
45: 10-4.  
Unidentified squad: 4, channel 2.  
4: All right.  
Dispatcher calls 599: Signal 26, 3909 Poinsetta. 1:08.  
599: 10-4.  
261 calls.  
Dispatcher: 261.

261: Got any clothing description yet?

Dispatcher: All we have is a white male, 30, slender build, five feet ten, 165 pounds, armed with a 30 caliber rifle.

15 calls.

261: I have a white male that fits that description and size. He's drunk down at the north end of Laws Street. You want to have someone check him?

Dispatcher: 15, can you get to him? 261, are you near that person?

261: I've got him on my motor.

Dispatcher: Are you at the north end of Laws at the dead end?

261: 10-4.

388 calls.

Dispatcher: 388.

388: Four members of the CID (Criminal Investigation Division) en route to Elm and Houston as ordered.

Dispatcher: Have 312, 305, 386, 492, 309.

388: We're en route to that location to await orders there.

Dispatcher calls 15 — no answer.

260 calls.

Dispatcher: 260.

260: Inform the squads that get any information regarding this incident down here to bring the person to 9 at Elm and Houston, bring the person to 9 at Elm and Houston. (9 is Inspector Herbert Sawyer.)

Dispatcher: Did you receive, 261?

15 calls.

Dispatcher: 15.

15: If you can get 15 car 2, get him to put some personnel on the railroad tracks near Market Hall and check them back toward this location and the tracks in the immediate vicinity.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 15. He's on channel 2 and has the information. 15, do you have anyone you can send to the dead end of Laws Street? 261 has a suspect on the back of his motor.

15: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 603, Signal 16 at the Gardner and Denver

Company, 4700 Scyene Road. 1:11. 65, meet him there.

65: 10-4.

610: We're going to be clear from this location. Only two of these little boys were fighting a while ago.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Squad needed?

610: No, you can disregard them.

Dispatcher: 45, return to service.

45: 10-4.

65: Was that for 65?

Dispatcher: No, 65. Continue on your call to 4700 Scyene.

65: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 91, Signal 7, 817 West Davis. 1:11.

Dispatcher calls 222.

222: En route.

91: 7 on West Davis.

Dispatcher: 817.

91: Code 5.

Dispatcher: 45, Signal 9, manager's office, 4916 Live Oak. 1:12.

45: 10-4.

212 calls.

Dispatcher: 212.

212: Have you got another squad that can meet that unit at the dead end of Laws? I'm blocked in here and can't get out.

Dispatcher: Yes, disregard. Have someone there now.

212: 10-4.

261 calls.

Dispatcher: 261.

261: I'm going to stay on these railroad tracks at the end of Laws.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

603 out.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 603. 1:15. KKB-364 Dallas.

45 calls.

Dispatcher: 45.

45: There's a minor accident at 5700 Live Oak. You want me to stay here or answer the call?

Dispatcher: Handle the accident, disregard call.  
45: 10-4.  
Dispatcher: 47, Signal 9, contact manager, 4916 Live Oak.  
1:16.  
47: 10-4.  
69: Clear at garage.  
Dispatcher: 69 clear. 1:16.  
120 calls.  
Dispatcher: 120.  
120: 29 and 99 are en route to their respective homes to pick up car and dogs and will clear on channel 1. You advise them where to go.  
Dispatcher: 10-4. 15, did you receive?  
15: 10-4.  
Dispatcher calls 69.  
69: Go ahead.  
Dispatcher: Remain in the downtown area available for call.  
69: 10-4.  
599 calls.  
Dispatcher: 599.  
599: I'm going to be in service looking for three small girls.  
Dispatcher: Clear. 1:16. Attention all squads. Any telephone truck en route to Parkland Code 3, give him the way in.  
607 calls.  
Dispatcher: 607.  
607: We're going to be en route to Parkland.  
Dispatcher: 10-4.  
452 calls.  
Dispatcher: 452.  
452: Have unit 47 in the basement if somebody needs it.  
Dispatcher: 10-4.  
Unknown citizen: Hello, police operator?  
Dispatcher: Go ahead — go ahead, the citizen using the police radio.  
Citizen: Hello, we've had a shooting out here.  
Dispatcher: Where's it at? Citizen using the police radio, go ahead.

Citizen: Tenth Street.  
Dispatcher: What location on Tenth?  
Citizen: Between Marsalis and Beckley. It's a police officer. Somebody shot him. (Talking in the background.) 504 Tenth.  
(More talking.)  
Dispatcher (Jackson) calls 78 — no answer.  
Citizen: It's in a police car. Number 10.  
Dispatcher (Hulse) calls 78.  
Citizen: You got that? Hello, police operator, you got that?  
Dispatcher: Attention any squad. Shooting involving a police officer at 510 East Jefferson (a telephone call to the dispatcher's office had erroneously reported this to be the location of the shooting.)  
Citizen: Thank you.  
Dispatcher: The citizen using the police radio, remain off the radio now.  
Dispatcher calls 91.  
69: Enroute there.  
Dispatcher: 10-4, 69. Code 3.  
602: Code 5.  
211 calls.  
Dispatcher: 211.  
211: We're clear at Industrial and Stemmons. We'll go on out there.  
Dispatcher: 10-4, 211.  
603: Code 5, Baylor.  
15 calls.  
602: Code 6.  
Dispatcher: 10-4, 603 and 602. 1:19.  
Unidentified squad: What what that address on Jefferson?  
Dispatcher: 404 East Tenth.  
85: En route.  
19 calls.  
Dispatcher: 19.  
19: Give me the correct address on the shooting.  
Dispatcher: 404 East Tenth.  
105 calls.



602: Was 519 East Jefferson correct?

Dispatcher: We have two locations. 501 East Jefferson and 404 East Tenth. Believe East Tenth correct. 19, are you en route?

Citizen: This is an officer on Tenth.

19: En route.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 19.

605: Code 5.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 605. 1:19.

602 calls.

Dispatcher: 85, suspect running west on Jefferson from location.

85: 10-4.

Dispatcher: No physical description.

Citizen: Hello, hello, hello. Get some cars around here on Tenth Street. This police officer just shot, I think he's dead.

Dispatcher: 10-4. We have the information. The citizen using the radio, remain off the radio, remain off the radio now.

224 calls.

Dispatcher: 224.

224: Me and 111 are clear at 2000 Commerce.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Remain in downtown area, 224 and 111.

Dispatcher: 15, Channel 2.

15: I'm using a three-wheeler's motor. I'll have to go to another radio (in order to receive channel 2.)

Dispatcher: Did you receive the information about the police officer shot?

15: 10-4. But didn't that citizen say at first he was on Jefferson, then on Tenth, then on Chesapeake?

Dispatcher: Yes.

15: Do they relate?

Dispatcher: Yes, at Denver.

15: 19 will be en-route shortly.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

91: Will be clear.

Dispatcher: 91, we have a Signal 19 involving a police officer at 404 East Tenth. Suspect last seen running west on Jefferson.

No description at this time. . . (pause). . . Suspect just passed 401 East Jefferson.

91: 10-4.

85 calls.

Dispatcher: 85.

85: I just called.

Dispatcher: Give us the correct location on it, 85. We have three different locations.

85: I don't see anything on Jefferson yet.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Check 404 East Tenth at Patton.

85: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 91, subject just passed 401 East Jefferson.

91: 10-4.

87 calls.

Dispatcher: 87.

87: I'm in my car here at Elm and Houston. Do you want me to go over there?

Dispatcher: 87, report to the service station at 4340 West Davis for information on the suspect on this Signal 19 of the President.

87: 4340.

Dispatcher: Code 3.

26 calls.

Dispatcher: 26.

26: I'm clear at the jail. Anything I can do?

Dispatcher: Remain in the downtown area, 26. Clear. 1:22.

26: 10-4.

75 clear.

85: We have a description on this suspect over here on Jefferson. Last seen about 300 block of East Jefferson. He's a white male, about 30, five feet eight, black hair, slender, wearing white shirt, white jacket and dark slacks. (Sirens can be heard in the background.)

Dispatcher: Armed with what?

85: Unknown.

602: In service.

105 calls.

Dispatcher: 105.  
 105: We're at the location now.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 19: Code 6.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 19.  
 75 clear.  
 Dispatcher: Clear. 85, repeat his clothing description.  
 85: Wearing white jacket, believed to be white shirt and dark slacks.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 603: Out Baylor.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 603. 1:23.  
 Unidentified squad: What was his direction of travel on Jefferson?  
 Dispatcher: Traveling west on Jefferson. Last seen 401 East Jefferson. Wanted for investigation for assault to murder a police officer, a white male, approximately 30, height five feet eight inches, slender build, has black hair, a white jacket, a white shirt and dark trousers. The suspect last seen running west on Jefferson from 400 East Jefferson. 1:24.  
 Dispatcher (Jackson): Does anybody know the condition of the officer?  
 Dispatcher calls 602 – no answer.  
 87 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 87.  
 87: Was that 4340 West Davis?  
 Dispatcher: Yes.  
 87: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: Somebody pulled in there and bought some gas driving a white Pontiac 61 or 62 station wagon with the prefix P Pecos, E Ellis. He had a rifle laying in the seat.  
 87: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: Have a citizen following the car at this time. Unknown direction.  
 605: Code 6.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 605. 1:25. Any unit near Gaston, 3600 Gaston, at the blood bank?

257: 257 is downtown.  
 Dispatcher: Can you escort some blood?  
 257: Which way is he going?  
 275: I'm at Forest and Central.  
 257: I'm at Pacific and Central right now, 257.  
 279 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 279.  
 279: We believe we got this suspect in the shooting of the officer out here. He dumped his white jacket on this parking lot behind this service station in the 400 block of East Jefferson across from Dudley Hughes and he had a white jacket on, and we believe this is it.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. You do not have the suspect, is that correct?  
 279: No, just his jacket lying on the ground.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. What unit is going to take that blood to Parkland Code 3?  
 257: Where is it?  
 Dispatcher: 3600 Gaston, Wadley Blood Center.  
 257: I got it.  
 21 clear.  
 Dispatcher: 21 clear. 1:26.  
 91 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 91.  
 91: What was the description besides the white jacket?  
 Dispatcher: White male, 30, five feet eight inches, black hair, slender build, white shirt, white jacket, black trousers. Going west on Jefferson from 400 block East Jefferson.  
 550 car 2 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 550 car 2.  
 550 car 2: I'm at Twelfth and Beckley now, have a man in the car with me that can identify the suspect if anybody gets him.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 550 car 2, have you been to the scene?  
 550 car 2: 10-4. The officer was already gone when I got there. He was driving car number 10.

Dispatcher: Do you know what ambulance took him? We had three going.

550 car 2: No. Dudley Hughes passed in front of me going to Beckley. He looked like he might have had him.

Dispatcher calls 602.

211 and 224: Working Oak Cliff.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

85: Did someone find the jacket?

Dispatcher: Yes, 85.

79: Clear downtown.

Dispatcher: 79 clear.

19 calls.

Dispatcher: 19.

19: One of the men at the service station that saw him seems to think he's in this block, the 400 block of East Jefferson. Need you to get more squads over here.

75, 550 car 2, 412 and 211 check out.

Dispatcher: 75, 400 East Jefferson. 19, where did the officer go?

19: I saw some squads going toward Methodist real fast. I imagine that's where he is.

Dispatcher: 75, 400 East Jefferson. Report that vicinity.

75: Code 3?

Dispatcher: Yes.

76 calls.

Dispatcher: 76.

76: I'm en route over there.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

16: Will be out on East Jefferson.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 16.

77: Going back over to 400 East Jefferson.

Dispatcher: Yes.

93: En route 400 East Jefferson.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 79, are you en route to 300 East Jefferson?

79: 10-4.

95: En route.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 95.

221 out.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 221.

223: I'm there.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 19, you have the information?

19: No, what?

Dispatcher: 19, channel 2.

75 calls.

Dispatcher: 75.

75: NBC News is reporting DOA.

Dispatcher: That's correct.

75: Is that the officer?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Unknown squad: What officer was it?

Dispatcher (Jackson): J. D. Tippit.

87 calls.

Dispatcher: 87.

87: A white station wagon believed to be PE 3435 unknown make and model occupied by two white males left this service station going east on Davis. Believed to have a shotgun or rifle in the front seat.

Dispatcher: Received, 87.

87: Be en route down there on Jefferson.

Dispatcher: 87, when you get down there call if you can find that car at the scene.

87: 10-4. Code 2.

Dispatcher: Code 3.

87: 10-4.

603: Code 5 to Baylor.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 603. 1:32.

Dispatcher calls 19 – no answer.

111: They say he's running west in the alley between Jefferson and Tenth.

Dispatcher: 85, west in alley between Jefferson and Tenth.  
85 and 87: 10-4.

75: Received.  
 599: In service.  
 Dispatcher: 599 clear. 1:32.  
 605: Code 5, VA Hospital.  
 Dispatcher: Escort going north on Hines, cut your sirens.  
 (Message repeated.) 10-4, 603. 1:33.  
 Unidentified squad: Do you have clothing description on the suspect?  
 Dispatcher: White male, 30, five feet eight inches, slender build, white jacket, white shirt and dark slacks. 1:33.  
 19 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 19.  
 19: Do you know what kind of a call he was on?  
 Dispatcher: What type what?  
 19: Was he on a call or anything?  
 Dispatcher: No.  
 19: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: You have any information for us, 19?  
 19: We're shaking down these old houses in the 400 block of East Jefferson right now.  
 105 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 105.  
 105: Send me a squad to Tenth and Crawford to check out this church basement.  
 Dispatcher: Need a squad at Tenth and Crawford. (Several squads answer.)  
 32 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 32.  
 32: We're out here at Mockingbird and Cedar Springs. The traffic is all right now. Do you want us to stay out or check in service?  
 Dispatcher: Return service. 1:34.  
 Dispatcher calls 87: PE 3435, Story (name not clear), 1961 Falcon 4-door.  
 87: He wasn't sure of the license number.  
 16: Prefix and color on that car again.  
 223 calls.

Dispatcher: 223.  
 223: (voice excited and loud, tires can be heard squealing in background): He's in the library, Jefferson.  
 Dispatcher: What's the location, 223?  
 223: Marsalis and Jefferson, in the library. I'm going around the back. Get somebody in front. Get'em there fast!  
 Dispatcher: Any unit near Marsalis and Jefferson?  
 (85 and several others answer.)  
 29 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 29.  
 29: Clear in downtown area. Any place you can use me?  
 Dispatcher: Jefferson and Marsalis, 29.  
 29: En route.  
 22 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 22.  
 22: They got him holed up in the building over here at the corner.  
 85: Library. 211 at location.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 19 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 19.  
 19: We're all at the library.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 223 is supposed to be there.  
 19: We're behind the building now.  
 221 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 221.  
 221: Where is it?  
 Dispatcher: Marsalis and Jefferson.  
 221: 10-4. Might can give you some additional information. I got an eye-ball witness to the get-away man. That suspect in this shooting is a white male, 27, five feet eleven inches, 165 pounds, black wavy hair, fair complected, wearing a light grey Eisenhower type jacket, dark trousers and white shirt. Last seen running from the north side of the street from Patton on Jefferson, on East Jefferson, and he was apparently armed with a 32 dark finish automatic pistol which he had in his right hand.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. For your information they have the suspect

cornered in the library at Marsalis and Jefferson.

221: 10-4. This man can positively identify him if they need him.

Dispatcher: 10-4. They do have the suspect under arrest now.

9: 221, hold onto your witness.

Dispatcher: Hold onto him!

19 calls.

Dispatcher: 19.

19: It was the wrong man.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Disregard all information on the suspect arrested. It was the wrong man.

Dispatcher calls 221: Are you by 19?

Dispatcher calls 19: 221 has an eye witness to the shooting. You want him to hold onto him?

19: Where is he?

Dispatcher: You want him to keep the eye witness at the scene?

19: Yes.

221: I'm in front of 404 West — uh, East — Tenth right now. I got two witnesses that talked to the officer and one that observed the man.

Dispatcher: 242, your location.

252: R. L. Thornton and Marsalis.

Dispatcher calls 243.

550 calls.

Dispatcher: 550.

550: What officer do you have commanding this area over here where this officer was shot?

Dispatcher: 19.

550: Repeat.

Dispatcher: 19.

19 answers.

550: 19, what is your location?

19: I'm at Marsalis and Jefferson right now.

550: There's nothing to this Marsalis here. Let's get back up to. . .

(223 interrupts.)

550: We've got a witness that seen (sic) him go up to West Jefferson. . .

(223 interrupts.)

550: . . . where he shed his jacket, so check from that area towards Tyler.

Dispatcher: 223.

223: It was just a boy running to tell 'em what happened. He works there.

Dispatcher: 241, your location?

241: 100 North Central.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Report to the third floor of the Sheraton. Contact the officer there for an escort to Parkland. 1:40.

49 calls.

Dispatcher: 49.

49: I'm back in the car. Where do you want me?

Dispatcher: Remain in the downtown area.

49: 10-4.

241: Whereabouts on the third floor?

550 car 2 calls.

Dispatcher: 550 car 2.

550 car 2: The shells at the scene indicate the suspect is armed with an automatic, a 38, rather than a pistol.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

492 calls.

Dispatcher: 19, are you en route to 404 East Tenth where 221 has the eye witness?

19: Yes.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

492 calls.

Dispatcher: 492.

492: We've been instructed to report to the Oak Cliff scene. What is the location and the code?

Dispatcher: 300 East Jefferson.

492: Code?

Dispatcher: Code 2.

492: 10-4.

19 calls.

Dispatcher: 19.  
 19: Is 80 in service?  
 Dispatcher calls 80 — no answer.  
 19: I think he was sent down to Elm and Central. We need somebody to notify that officer's wife.  
 Dispatcher calls 80 and 241 — no answer.  
 210 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 210.  
 210: I'm at Hines and Wolf. Does 19 want me out in Oak Cliff?  
 Dispatcher calls 19.  
 210: I'll head that way.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 19 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Can you use 210 over there? (No answer.)  
 222 clear.  
 Dispatcher calls 241 — no answer.  
 410 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 410.  
 410: En route from the Trade Mart with three detectives to the City Hall unless otherwise directed.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 410. 1:43.  
 Dispatcher calls 241 — no answer.  
 Dispatcher: 87, Pontiac or Falcon?  
 87: He didn't say what kind of car it would be, said it was a white car with a luggage rack on the top. He wasn't sure of the model. He talked like it was a big car, though.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 392 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 392.  
 392: 392 and 363 in service from Fed-Mart, available for assignment.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 1:44.  
 87: What was the last location on that suspect anybody's had out here in Oak Cliff?  
 Dispatcher: Running west on Jefferson.  
 222 clear.

Dispatcher: 222 clear. 1:45. KKB-364.  
 232 car 2 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 232 car 2.  
 232 car 2: I just run (sic) an emergency escort out here to Love Field. I'm clear now.  
 252 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 252.  
 252: Would you check through Austin on H Henry S Sam 1877 and get the registration on it, please? The car is parked out here at this shooting which took place regarding the President.  
 65 clear.  
 252 calls.  
 Dispatcher calls 19.  
 19 answers.  
 252 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 252.  
 252: Did you receive the license number?  
 Dispatcher: No, give it to me again.  
 252: H-S 1877, Texas, 1963.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 79 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 79.  
 79: I'm here at 19's location. Any message for him?  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Have information that a suspect just went in the Texas Theater on West Jefferson.  
 79: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: Supposed to be hiding in the balcony. 1:46.  
 79: 10-4. (Many squads check out to this location.)  
 9 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 9.  
 9: We have a man that we would like to have you pass on to the CID and see if we can pick this man up. Charles Douglas Givens, colored male, 37, six feet three inches, 165 pounds. Has an ID number in Sheriff's Department 37954. He's a porter that worked on this floor here (at School Book Depository) and he has a police record and he left.

492: Out, Texas Theater.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 9.  
 550 car 2 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 550 car 2.  
 550 car 2: Do you have any additional information on this Oak Cliff suspect?  
 Dispatcher: Meet 85 at the Texas Theater, 550 car 2.  
 550 car 2: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: 241, did you make that pick-up at the Sheraton?  
 241: No, I couldn't find him. He's not on the front, not on the side, and not on the third floor.  
 108 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 108.  
 108: I run (sic) him on out here myself. I'm at Parkland. Now going back to the communications center.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 241, are you clear? 1:47.  
 508 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 508.  
 508: Notify our office to send us more slides and additional metallic pits, extra metallic pits. Bring to the sixth floor down here at Houston and Elm.  
 Dispatcher: That extra metallic what? What was that?  
 508: A metallic pit.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Have someone cover off the rear of the theater at the fire escape.  
 211: There's about five squads back here with me now.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 48, information, 757 Parkhurst. 1:48.  
 48: 10-4.  
 99 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 99.  
 99: I'm in my car. Where do you want me to go?  
 26 calls.  
 Dispatcher: Stand by, 99. 15, do you want 99?  
 15: Send him to the Texas Theater if they don't need him. . . (message fades out).  
 Dispatcher: 10-4: Texas Theater on West Jefferson, 99.  
 29 calls.

Dispatcher: 29.  
 29: About two blocks away.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Handle assignment. 99, report to the book depository at Elm and Houston.  
 99: 10-4.  
 397 calls.  
 19 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 19.  
 19: 15 and some squads are going to the Texas Theater. I'll remain here at the scene.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 1:49.  
 610: Code 5.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 610.  
 Dispatcher: 41, meet 610, unconscious person, 2412 Elm. 1:50.  
 41: 2410 Elm.  
 Dispatcher: 2412.  
 41: 10-4.  
 397 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 397.  
 397: 397 and 375 is (sic) on the air and available for call.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 1:50.  
 19 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 19.  
 19: Did you get anybody to go by the officer's house?  
 Dispatcher: We're going to have 210 contact you there and you give him the information. He said he would handle it.  
 19: 10-4.  
 26 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 26.  
 26: We remain out to homicide bureau with a witness on this officer's shooting.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 610 out.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 610. 1:50.  
 Dispatcher calls 68.

68 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Are you still downtown.  
 68: I'm at Central and Loop 12.  
 Dispatcher: Meet the officers regarding a demented person in Republic Bank lobby, 300 North Ervay. 1:51.  
 68: 10-4.  
 49 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 49.  
 49: I'm available.  
 Dispatcher: Are you downtown?  
 49: 10-4.  
 257 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 257.  
 257: I'm clear at Wadley. Had to bring one of the employees back.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 1:52.  
 550 car 2 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 550 car 2.  
 550 car 2: Suspect in the shooting of the police officer is apprehended and we are en route to station with suspect and weapon.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Did you catch him in the Texas Theater?  
 550 car 2: On the lower floor of the theater, after a fight.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 3 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 3.  
 3: 2 and 3 are on the air en route to Parkland Hospital now. Will be back en route to the station in a few moments. What do you have working at the Texas Theater?  
 Dispatcher: Had a shooting of a police officer which was DOA at Methodist. The suspect has been apprehended at the Texas Theater, en route to station.  
 3: 10-4. Thank you.  
 Dispatcher: 1:56.

**Channel 2 Transcript**  
*Dispatcher: Sgt. Gerald D. Henslee*

260 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 260.  
 260: One of the three-wheelers ordered a wrecker down here for a car that has broke (sic) down. We're going to keep this wrecker down here in the event we need him for any other breakdown at Field and Main. Will you advise the pound?  
 Dispatcher: What's his call number?  
 260: Stand by. . . (pause). . . That's wrecker 564. If he doesn't have a wrecker en route, we'll still be able to meet him.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. (Calls 39, a squad at Love Field airport.)  
 39 answers.  
 Dispatcher: You have information yet? (Dispatcher is referring to landing of Air Force One bearing President Kennedy.)  
 39: No.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 66 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 66.  
 66: I got a colored male out here. A cat jumped up on him and bit him five or six places on the hand. Will you send an ambulance about Code 1 to take him to Parkland? He ain't got no job (sic) or nothin' else.  
 Dispatcher: Where?  
 66: Out here on Tune, I think that's where I am. 2457 Tune. T-U-N-E.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 289 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 289.  
 289: Let me know when they (referring to Presidential motorcade) get to Elm and Harwood. I got a set-up to make.  
 Dispatcher: Repeat, 289.  
 289: Let me know when they get to Elm and Harwood. I



have a set-up to make on Main Street.

Dispatcher: 10-4. The progress will be dispatched.

289: On channel 2, won't it?

Dispatcher: That's right. 11:24

1 (Chief Jesse Curry) calls.

Dispatcher: 1.

1: Those officers haven't arrived. . . (remainder of message unclear).

Dispatcher: 10-4.

Unidentified squad calls.

Dispatcher: Go ahead.

Squad: Advise 1 that I just dropped those officers with Chief Fisher at Love Field.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

4 (Chief Fisher) calls 39.

39 answers.

4: They changed landing directions on us. Did you notice?

39: Yes, sir.

4: We'll have to set up on Mockingbird there.

39: Yes, sir.

Dispatcher: 39, any contact yet?

39: Not yet.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

30 (another squad at Love Field) calls.

Dispatcher: 30.

30: Air Force One. . . (remainder of message unclear).

Dispatcher: 10-4. 11:28.

(No more messages for two minutes.)

Dispatcher: 11:30. KKB 364 Dallas, Channel 2.

9 (Inspector Herbert Sawyer, stationed on Main St. downtown) calls.

Dispatcher: 9.

9: Is 2 on the air? (2 is Assistant Chief Charles Batchelor)

Dispatcher calls 2.

15 car 2: I'll get him.

Dispatcher: Stand by, 9.

2 answers.

9: Are we going to have any more men on Main St. than what we now have assigned? We've got some pretty large crowds down here and very few officers.

2: We have some assigned in the middle of the block and some three-wheelers riding the route.

9: We got some crowds on Harwood, but Main Street is getting pretty well loaded. If we had some more men, we could certainly use 'em.

30 calls.

Dispatcher: Go ahead, 30.

30: Air Force One has turned into its final approach.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 11:32.

20 calls 21 and 32: Cut your traffic.

21 and 32: 10-4.

2 calls 9.

9: Go ahead.

2: Have you received information that his (referring to President Kennedy) arrival time is about 20 minutes late?

9: I haven't received that information.

Dispatcher: 2, Air Force One is on final approach now.

2: 10-4.

30 calls.

Dispatcher: 30.

30: One plane is down, second plane is coming in. Air Force One is right behind it.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 11:34.

2 calls 9.

9 answers.

2: We have some fifteen solo motorcycle officers that are assigned with the convoy. These can probably help in pushing back the crowd as they approach. There are five in front, in front of the convoy, plus those along the side. I think they'll be able to move the crowd.

9: 10-4. Message received.

20 calls.

Dispatcher: 20.

20: All clear.

Dispatcher: Stand by, 39.  
 30 calls.  
 Dispatcher: Go ahead.  
 30: Did you call?  
 Dispatcher: Is Air Force One down?  
 30: No, he's just coming in.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 5 (Deputy Chief George Lumpkin): Air Force One is on the ground.  
 Dispatcher: 21 and 32, all clear. 11:35.  
 30 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 30.  
 30: Air Force One is not on the ground yet.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 21 and 32, remain on your assignments.  
 32: 10-4.  
 Unidentified squad: Approaching downtown Dallas now.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 32 calls 20.  
 20 calls.  
 Dispatcher calls 30.  
 30: Air Force One is a mile out.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. (Calls 21.)  
 21: 10-4.  
 32 calls 21.  
 21: Go ahead.  
 32: You still got your traffic cut?  
 21: 10-4.  
 32: Huh?  
 21: 10-4.  
 30: He's on the ground.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 30. 11:37. (Calls 30.)  
 30 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Weather and crowd estimate?  
 30: Weather's good... (remainder of message unclear -- except for the words "several hundred," apparently referring to size of the crowd.)  
 540: Weather will remain clear the rest of the day. The

temperature will probably stay about the same.  
 Dispatcher 10-4, 540.  
 20 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 20.  
 20: So far as the crowd, there's quite a crowd all along Mockingbird Lane and Lemmon Avenue around the Coca-Cola bottling plant (located near Love Field).  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 Unidentified squad calls 20.  
 20 answers.  
 Squad: Where do you want me to meet you?  
 20: We'll meet here at the fire station on Mockingbird with your partner.  
 Squad: 10-4.  
 9 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 9.  
 9: Is 2 on the air?  
 Dispatcher: Stand by (Calls 15 car 2.)  
 15 car 2: I'll get him.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 250 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 250.  
 250: Ask 125 if he wanted a man at Herschel and Lemmon at the signal light there.  
 Dispatcher calls 125.  
 125 answers.  
 Dispatcher repeats 250's message.  
 125: Yes, have one of those men from Lomo Alto go over there. Lomo Alto and Lemmon.  
 Dispatcher: Did you receive, 250?  
 250: No, I didn't.  
 Dispatcher: Take one from Lemmon and Lomo Alto and assign him to Lemmon and Herschel.  
 250: 10-4.  
 289 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 289.  
 289: Did you call?

Dispatcher: Negative. 280 is calling 9, 289. 280, try him on channel 1. 11:45. KKB 364.

5 calls 1.

1 answers.

5: Just checking communications. I'm at the front gate entrance.

1: Loud and clear.

Dispatcher calls 9.

9 answers.

Dispatcher: 280 wants to contact you. Stand by a few minutes. 11:48.

280 calls.

Dispatcher: Go ahead to 9.

280: Ervay Street is completely blocked with pedestrians. It's completely out of control.

9: I've got two reserves I'm bringing down now.

280: We've got three or four three-wheelers and we still can't get the people off Ervay, so Ervay is completely closed.

9: 10-4. I'm on my way.

15 car 2 calls.

Dispatcher: 15 car 2.

15 car 2: Progress report?

Dispatcher: One minute. (Calls 5.)

5 answers.

Dispatcher: Are they moving yet?

5: No.

Dispatcher: They have not started yet, 15 car 2. 11:49.

15 car 2: 10-4.

1 calls 5.

5: Go ahead.

1: Moving out — very slow.

5: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 11:50. (Calls 15 car 2.)

15 car 2: 10-4.

5 calls 1.

1: Go ahead.

5: Got a little traffic up there around Mockingbird. Might send a motorcycle up there to kinda get 'em over to one side.

1 calls escort motorcycle: Send two men to Mockingbird and Cedar Springs to help clear traffic.

Dispatcher: What's your location now?

1: Just made the turn out of the field onto Cedar Springs.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

1: Traveling 15 miles per hour at this time.

Dispatcher: 10-4. (Calls 15 car 2.)

15 car 2 answers.

Dispatcher: 15 car 2, are you reading all right?

15 car 2: No.

Dispatcher: They're just leaving the field on Cedar Springs at 15 miles per hour.

15 car 2: 10-4.

5 calls 1.

1: Go ahead.

5: Might need a motorcycle at Manor Way and Lemmon.

1: 10-4.

5 calls 1.

1: Go ahead.

5: Quite a few people on Lemmon on both sides of the street, on the median strip and on the curb.

1: 10-4.

5 calls 1.

1: Go ahead.

5: Your location now?

1: At Airdrome Drive and Mockingbird Lane.

5: 10-4.

9 calls.

Dispatcher: 9.

9: Any late developments?

Dispatcher: At Airdrome and Mockingbird, preceeding at approximately 15 miles per hour.

9: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 12 noon, KKB 364 Dallas Channel 2.

Unidentified squad calls — interference in background

drowns out message.

Dispatcher: 3, are you calling?

Answer noisy.

Dispatcher: Unit calling 531, unable to read you.

15 car 2 calls.

Dispatcher: 15 car 2.

15 car 2: That's 3 calling 531.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Go ahead, 3.

1 calls 531.

Dispatcher: Come in, 1.

1: Approaching Inwood Road on Lemmon Avenue. Traveling about 12 to 15 miles per hour.

Dispatcher calls 15 car 2: They're on Lemmon approaching Inwood, 12 to 15 miles per hour. 12:01.

15 car 2: 10-4.

Dispatcher calls 3.

15 car 2 answers.

Dispatcher: Go ahead.

(Answer unclear)

Dispatcher: Yes, 601 is standing by at Love Field and as soon as he completes that assignment he's going to your location. There will also be a transfer ambulance at that location.

15 car 2: 10-4.

1 calls to motorcycles leading motorcade: Drop back closer. Hold up so you'll be about fifty feet ahead of us, about fifty feet ahead of us. Stay at about. . . (remainder of message drowned out by cheering of crowds in background) OK - go ahead!

162 calls 15 car 2.

15 car 2 answers.

162: This greeting committee's turning south on Hines from Mockingbird now.

15 car 2: 10-4.

Dispatcher: 15 car 2, 601 en route to your location.

15 car 2: 10-4.

5 calls 1.

1: Go ahead.

5: What's your location?

1: I didn't get you.

5: What is your location now?

1: We are approaching the Cotton Belt underpass near Lomo Alto. The President has asked us to halt the motorcade temporarily. There's a large group of children here.

Dispatcher: Did you receive, 5?

5: 10-4.

Dispatcher calls 15 car 2: Now on Lemmon, nearing Lomo Alto. 12:05.

15 car 2: 10-4.

151 calls 1.

Dispatcher: 1, 151 is calling you.

1 calls escort: We've started up again. Three or four miles faster, please.

4 calls.

Dispatcher: 4.

4: Let me talk to Ed Wofford, motorcycle officer.

157 (Wofford): Go ahead, 4.

4: Return to my location.

157: 10-4.

5 calls 1.

1: Let's start pulling those cars off the street. Cut traffic at Oak Lawn.

5 calls 1.

1: Go ahead.

5: Got a pretty good crowd of people down here on Turtle Creek. It's down to two lanes of traffic.

1: 10-4. We've got a good motorcycle escort. Get the traffic off of it.

Dispatcher: 1, are you nearing Oak Lawn?

1: About a block away. We're at Knight Street.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 15 car 2, on Lemmon now nearing Knight.

15 car 2: 10-4.

1: Drop down and cut traffic at Turtle Creek.

130 calls 15.

Dispatcher: Go ahead, 130. 130, did you call?

1 calls 531: Crossing Oak Lawn.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 1.  
 1: OK, escort.  
 260 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 260. Go ahead, 260.  
 15 car 2 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 15 car 2.  
 15 car 2: Advise 3 that the ambulances have arrived and are standing by.  
 Dispatcher: 3, the ambulances have arrived and are standing by. (Repeats message.) 12:11.  
 260 calls.  
 Dispatcher: Go ahead, 260.  
 1 calls 531.  
 Dispatcher: 1.  
 1: Just turning onto Turtle Creek off Lemmon, 12 miles per hour.  
 Dispatcher: 260.  
 260 answers.  
 Dispatcher: 260, 260. (No answer.)  
 5 calls 190.  
 190 answers.  
 5: What's your location?  
 190: Just on Cedar Springs.  
 5: 10-4.  
 260 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 260.  
 289 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 289.  
 289: Apparently 260's receiver is out. He's going to get on channel 1.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Yes, I've been answering him. Your location, 1?  
 1: MKT underpass at Turtle Creek.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:14. (Calls 15 car 2.)  
 15 car 2: 10-4.  
 1 calls escort: Three to four miles faster. Let's try it.

Dispatcher: 12:15. KKB 364.  
 9 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 9.  
 9: What's the location?  
 Dispatcher: Now turning onto Cedar Springs off of Turtle Creek.  
 9: 10-4.  
 1: Cedar Springs and Fairmount.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:16.  
 139 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 139.  
 139: For your information you have... (part of message unclear)... on Stemmons on the shoulder on both sides of Commerce north to Oak Lawn. Will advise.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 190 to 131: Turn on your red lights.  
 5 calls 1.  
 1: Go ahead.  
 5: About Ross Avenue. Pedestrian crowd.  
 1: I can't read you.  
 5: Gonna be a pretty good crowd from about Ross Avenue on to Harwood.  
 1: 10-4.  
 2 calls 1.  
 1: Go ahead.  
 2: Everything's in good shape out here at Market Hall. Traffic's moving well, crowd is, uh, there's not any crowd on the side of the street, a good crowd along the edges of the barricades.  
 Dispatcher: 1, for your information, Stemmons Freeway on both sides is pretty well crowded from Continental on to the Trade Mart.  
 1: We're at Harwood and McKinney.  
 Dispatcher: Harwood and McKinney, 15 car 2.  
 5 calls 1: Let's kinda keep the crowd over about Harwood and Ross. They're getting out in the street here.  
 1: We've got 'em.

Dispatcher: 1, are you approaching Ross?  
 1: Just approaching at this time.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:20.  
 Dispatcher: 15 car 2, are you reading all right now?  
 15 car 2: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: Received.  
 212 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 212.  
 212: A man on the construction crew out here wants to know approximately what time the President will be back through here so they can clear out.  
 Dispatcher: Back through where, 212?  
 212: There on Mockingbird near Denton Drive.  
 Dispatcher: It will probably be after 2:30.  
 212: 10-4.  
 5 calls 1.  
 1: Go ahead.  
 5: Crowd on Main Street is in real good shape. They got 'em back to the curb.  
 1: Good shape. We're just about to cross Live Oak.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:25.  
 1: Have to go at a real slow speed now. (Heavy crowd noises can be heard in background.)  
 Dispatcher: 15 car 2, are you reading?  
 15 car 2: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: Received.  
 1: Hold up, escort. OK — move along. (More crowd noises.)  
 531, check and see if we've got everything in top. Check with the rear car.  
 Dispatcher: 1, who's in that rear car?  
 158 answers.  
 Dispatcher: 158.  
 158: Everything's OK.  
 Dispatcher: 158 advises everything's OK, 1.  
 1: 10-4. We're just at Field Street. (Crowds cheer in background.)  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:26. (Calls 1.)

4 calls.  
 Dispatcher: Is 125 on the air?  
 Dispatcher calls 125 — no answer.  
 1: Crossing Lamar Street.  
 Dispatcher: Is there a pretty good crowd there?  
 1: A big crowd — yes.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:28. (More cheering can be heard in the background.)  
 5 calls 531.  
 Dispatcher: 5.  
 5: Notify Capt. Souter the location of the convoy now.  
 Dispatcher calls 15 car 2.  
 15 car 2 answers.  
 Dispatcher: They're now on Main, probably just past Lamar.  
 15 car 2: 10-4.  
 1: Just crossing Market Street.  
 Dispatcher: Now at Market, 15 car 2. 12:28 (Calls 125.)  
 125 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Go ahead, 4.  
 4: 125, this is 4. What traffic personnel do you have on Cedar Springs in the vicinity of Love Field here?  
 125: Cedar Springs and Mockingbird?  
 4: Yes. The traffic seems to be moving out of this lot awfully slow. What's your location?  
 125: I'm at the Trade Mart now. I'll head back out that way.  
 4: That's all right. I'll check it.  
 125: 10-4.  
 1: Approaching the triple underpass.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 1. (Calls 15 car 2.) 12:30 KKB 364 Dallas, Channel 2.  
 125 calls 250.  
 Dispatcher calls 15 car 2.  
 1: Go to Parkland. Go to the hospital. Parkland Hospital. Have them stand by. Get men on top of that underpass and see what happened. Go up to the overpass. Have Parkland stand by. (Noise, confusion, shouting of crowds and calls of motorcycles can be heard in the background.)

Dallas 1 (Sheriff Bill Decker) calls.  
 Dispatcher: Go ahead, Dallas 1.  
 Dallas 1: Tell my men to empty the jail and go up on the railroad right of way there. I'm sure it's going to take some time to get your men in so throw everyone of my men in there.  
 Dispatcher: Repeat, 1. I didn't quite understand all of it.  
 Dallas 1: Have station 5 to move all men available out of my department back into the railroad yards there in an effort to try to determine what and where it happened down there, and hold everything secure until homicide and other investigators can get there.  
 57 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, Dallas 1. Station 5 will be notified. 1, do you have any information whatsoever?  
 1: Looks like the President has been hit. Have Parkland stand by.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Parkland has been notified. 12:32.  
 4 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 4.  
 4: We have those K-9 units in that vicinity, don't we?  
 Dispatcher: No. Stand by.  
 Dispatcher calls 1 — no answer.  
 5 calls 1.  
 1: (Over noise of sirens) Headed for Parkland.  
 Unidentified squad: Is something the matter with channel 1?  
 (A microphone button is stuck open on a motorcycle, blocking all channel 1 transmissions.)  
 5 calls 1.  
 1: Go ahead.  
 5: What disposition do you want me to make with these men I have with me?  
 1: Just go on to Parkland hospital with me. (Sirens are screaming in the background.)  
 5: 10-4.  
 Unidentified squad: Dispatcher on channel 1 seems to have his mike stuck. (More sirens can be heard in background.)  
 1: Get those trucks out of the way! Hold everything! Get out

of the way!  
 Dispatcher calls 15 car 2.  
 15 car 2 answers.  
 Dispatcher: There is a motorcycle officer up on Stemmons with his mike stuck open on channel 1. Could you send someone up there to tell him to shut it off?  
 15 car 2: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: 12:34.  
 190 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 190.  
 190: You want me to still hold this traffic Stemmons until we find out something, or let it go?  
 1: Keep everything out of this emergency entrance.  
 Dispatcher: 190, let it go.  
 190: 10-4.  
 136 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 136.  
 136: Passerby says Texas School Book Depository. The shots came from that building.  
 1: Get everything out of the way!  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Get all that information, 136?  
 136: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: 12:35.  
 152 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 152.  
 152: I'm here where the shots were fired. A witness says he was sitting pretty close to it and the best he could tell they came from this Texas Book Depository building here with that Hertz rent-a-car sign on top.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Get his name, address and phone number and all information that you can. 12:35.  
 15 car 2 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 15 car 2.  
 15 car 2: Captain advises to have all emergency traffic use some route besides Industrial. Have 283 cut the traffic at Hines and Industrial.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 283, cut traffic at Hines and Industrial.

(Repeats message.) Attention any unit near Industrial Boulevard, do not use Industrial Boulevard. 12:36.

260 calls.

Dispatcher: 260.

260: I have a witness that says they came from the fifth floor of the Texas Depository Book store at Houston and Elm.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:36.

220 calls.

Dispatcher: 220.

220: Where do you want traffic cut going into that area?

Dispatcher: Keep all traffic off the emergency entrance to Parkland Hospital and all emergency equipment off of Industrial Boulevard.

220: 10-4.

Dispatcher calls 1 - no answer.

125: We have the emergency entrance secured at Parkland.

Dispatcher: 10-4, 125. 12:37.

Unidentified squad calls.

Dispatcher: Go ahead.

Squad: Get some men up here to cover this building, this Texas School Book Depository. It is believed the shots came from there. If you're facing it on Elm Street looking toward the building, it would be the upper right hand corner, the second window from the end.

Dispatcher: 10-4. How many do you have there?

Unidentified squad: I have one guy that was possibly hit by a ricochet off of the concrete and another one that seen (sic) the President slump and another one here. . (remainder of message drowned out by noise of crowds in background).

Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:38.

147 calls.

Dispatcher: 147.

147: We have a man here that said he saw a man pull a weapon back through the window off the (second or seventh - unclear) floor of the southeast corner of that depository building.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Do you have the building covered off?

147: Naw, I'm about three quarters of a block away from it.  
Dispatcher: 10-4. Report on down there!

147: 10-4. I'll leave these witnesses here.

257 calls.

Dispatcher: 257.

257: Do you want us to go back to Mockingbird and Cedar Springs?

Dispatcher: 10-4. Yes.

290 calls.

Dispatcher: 290.

290: See if you can contact 125.

125: I'm at Parkland.

290: Do you want us to stay down here on Industrial or where do you want us to go now?

125: Stay at your location right now.

2 (Assistant Chief Batchelor at Trade Mart) calls.

Dispatcher: 2.

2: Can you give us any information as to what happened for these people out here?

Dispatcher: 2, evidently there has been a shooting with the President involved. I do not know the seriousness of it. The shots came from a lower floor of the School Book Depository store on the corner of Elm and Field (sic). Officers are now surrounding and searching the building. 12:40.

2: Where did this happen. At Field and Main?

Dispatcher: On Elm between Stemmons and the triple underpass.

2: 10-4.

Dispatcher: And there is a possibility that six or seven more people may have been shot!

295 calls.

Dispatcher: 295.

295: Believe the President's head was practically blown off.

303 calls.

Dispatcher: 303.

303: What hospital did the President go to?



Dispatcher: Parkland Hospital.  
 303: 10-4.  
 Dispatcher: Where are you?  
 303 and 300 (Homicide Capt. Will Fritz is 300) are enroute.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. Elm and Houston at that store.  
 303: Enroute to the hospital.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 295, do you know the extent of the injury?  
 295: It's not for me to say. I – I can't say.  
 Dispatcher: Where did you get the information.  
 295: I should have been listening instead of talking. I'm at Parkland now.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:41.  
 260 calls.  
 Dispatcher calls 5.  
 5 answers.  
 Dispatcher: Go ahead, 5.  
 260: Send me a squad to Elm and Houston!  
 Dispatcher: Do you have the suspect?  
 260: No.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 15 car 2 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 15 car 2.  
 15 car 2: Did they advise they have the suspect?  
 Dispatcher: No, they do not have the suspect.  
 9 (Inspector Sawyer) calls.  
 Dispatcher: 9.  
 9: We have a command post now at this School Book Depository. We are trying to seal and search the building but we need more manpower. Should be a bunch of men on Main Street if somebody can pick 'em up and bring 'em down here. Send us some help!  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 9.  
 250 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 250.  
 250: I'll start down Elm Street and pick up as many as I can on the way.  
 Dispatcher: 10-4, 250. 12:43.

190 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 190.  
 190: If we release this traffic we can go down there or stay here and hold it.  
 Dispatcher: Release traffic and report Code 3 to Elm and Houston, 190. 12:43.  
 190: Enroute.  
 15 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 15.  
 15: Are you having them contain that block or two block area?  
 Dispatcher: Yes. We're trying to seal off that building until it can be searched.  
 15: More than the building. Extend it out further!  
 Dispatcher: 10-4.  
 267 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 267.  
 267: I've got two men in front of Parkland. You want me to head south?  
 Dispatcher: Yes. Code 2. 12:44.  
 9 calls.  
 Dispatcher: 9.  
 9: This suspect is a white male about 30, five feet ten, 165 pounds, and carrying what looks like a 30-30 or some type of Winchester.  
 Dispatcher: It was a rifle?  
 9: A rifle, yes.  
 Dispatcher: Any clothing description, 9?  
 9: Current witness can't remember that.  
 Dispatcher: Attention all squads, attention all squads. The suspect in the shooting at Elm and Houston is reported to be an unknown white male, approximately 30, slender build, height five feet ten inches, 165 pounds, is armed with what is thought to be a 30 caliber rifle. Attention all squads. (Repeats description.) No other description or information at this time.  
 12:45. KKB 364.  
 15: Could 9 determine if the man was supposed to be in the

building or has he left?

Dispatcher: He didn't know for sure and the witness he had didn't have the description, but we've got that building saturated by now. We should know something before long.

9 calls.

Dispatcher: 9.

9: From this building it's unknown whether he's still there or not. It's unknown whether he was there in the first place.

Dispatcher: 10-4. All the information we have received, 9, indicates that it did come from about the fifth or fourth floor of that building.

9: 10-4.

Dispatcher: That's the School Book Depository at Elm and Houston.

220 calls.

Dispatcher: 220.

220: We'll be out of the car at that location.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

260: We have an epileptic seizure just before this and he went to Parkland Hospital. Send a squad out there to get all the information they can from this person.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 12:48.

Dispatcher calls 125.

125 answers.

Dispatcher: Do you have any information that there was a possibility that the Governor also was hit?

125: Not yet. I'll check in just a minute.

15 car 2 calls.

Dispatcher: 15 car 2.

15 car 2: Is 1 on the air?

Dispatcher: No, he's at Parkland.

157 calls.

Dispatcher: 157.

157: Did you notify the DPS (Department of Public Safety) on this suspect?

Dispatcher: I haven't had time yet but I will.

157: 10-4. There's a highway patrolman out here that would

like for you to.

Dispatcher: 10-4.

15 car 2 calls.

Dispatcher: 15 car 2.

15 car 2: Attempt to contact station 401 at Parkland and see if 1 can give us any information.

Dispatcher: 10-4. Stand by.

2 calls.

Dispatcher: 2.

2: Contact 1 at Parkland and find out what the situation is on the President as to whether or not he will be able to appear out here. We got all these people out here and we need to know whether to feed them or what to announce out here.

Dispatcher: Yes, 2, as soon as we can obtain that information.

211 calls.

Dispatcher: 211.

211: There's numerous people asking us what happened. Do you have any information at all?

Dispatcher: 211, there were some shots fired in the vicinity of the triple underpass involving the President and his party. We do not know the severity or the extent of it at this time. 12:51.

211: Was he shot or do you know?

Dispatcher: I understand that he was involved in it, yes.

211: 10-4. Thank you.

125 calls.

Dispatcher: 125.

125: The Governor was also shot.

Dispatcher: Where did the information come from?

125: The information was from Inspector Putnam.

Dispatcher: Can you obtain from 1 if the President is going to appear at the Trade Mart?

125: 10-4.

1 calls 531.

Dispatcher: Go ahead, 1.

1: Very doubtful.

Dispatcher: 10-4. 2 is trying to contact you.

2 calls 1.

Dispatcher: 1, can you read 2?

1: No.

Dispatcher: Go ahead, 2.

2: Ask whether or not the President will appear and what his condition is so that we can decide what to do out here with these people at this luncheon.

Dispatcher: His appearance at that location is very doubtful, 2.

2: Do you know what his condition is?

Dispatcher calls 1.

1: Go ahead.

Dispatcher: 2 wants to know his condition.

1: Unknown.

Dispatcher: It is unknown, 2. 12:52.

2: Ask 1 if he will advise us immediately that he is going to be here or not.

Dispatcher: 1, 2 requests information if you can advise as to any definite arrangements being made that he will or will not appear?

1: Not at this time that I know of. I don't know, but I feel reasonably sure he will not.

190 calls.

Dispatcher: 190.

190: Need some rope down here at Elm and Houston. We have some record crowds down here.

Dispatcher: 10-4. What else do you need?

190: A lot of rope to rope this off.

Dispatcher: 10-4. We're going to send the Fire Department rescue equipment with rope to that location. 12:54.

(Remainder of messages about assassination, shooting of officer Tippit and capture of suspect are on channel 1 transcript.)

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book was not easily born. If the Dallas Police Department had gotten its way, it would never have been written. This is not because the Dallas Police Department has anything to hide regarding its investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy; on the contrary, as the book shows, the Dallas police did an outstanding job of finding and proving the charges against the man who shot the President. But in the aftermath of the assassination and Jack Ruby's shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald, the Dallas police were blasted and maligned by a hostile press throughout the world, with facts and truth distorted to the point that the police department became understandably reluctant to grant more interviews. Finally, after the Warren Commission investigation had been completed, the department issued an official order prohibiting its officers from ever discussing anything about the assassination with any reporter or writer, and all police records pertaining to the assassination were closed to public scrutiny.

Nonetheless, this book is thorough, accurate and complete — as official an account of the Dallas Police Department's entire role in the assassination investigation as any book could ever be. It contains every movement of the Dallas Police Department on that fateful November, 1963, weekend, as recorded by the official police radio. It includes every police department record about the assassination — some never before published, not even by the Warren Report. It traces every aspect of the police department's

detailed investigation which led to the charge of Lee Harvey Oswald in the murder of John F. Kennedy.

I was able to write this story because the officers of the Dallas Police Department and others who took part in the capture and investigation of Oswald believed – despite the department's official order – that it must be told, that the facts are too important to history and to criminology to remain unpublished. These men's first-hand accounts of what actually happened, as they experienced it, form the basis for this book. Understandably I cannot credit them by name, but I am deeply grateful to each of them for their willingness to talk, for their trust in me and in this book's purpose.

There are many others who deserve credit. Foremost is Robert Owens, an imaginative editor who conceived the idea for a book which would tell the only official story of the assassination which has never been told. Evelyn Oppenheimer, Texas' grand lady of letters, acted as the catalyst who mixed idea and author, with assistance from my business partner, Charleen McClain. Jim Ewell, police reporter for the Dallas Morning News, provided valuable background information. Linda Alexander, my capable researcher, combed through the volumes of the amazing document, the Warren report, for essential details. Mrs. Dixie Jones, founder of the John F. Kennedy Living Center in Dallas, gave understanding support. Mrs. C'cele Berkman supplied welcome editorial advice. Dr. Wirt M. Wolff also provided guidance and assistance without which I could never have completed this project.

Finally and perhaps most especially I would like to thank a very special place with the unlikely name of Dinkey Creek, California, in whose pine-scented surroundings this book took final form, and my California relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Bell, for their patience and understanding.

I think of myself primarily as a reporter. Ten years of newspaper work taught me so. Every reporter knows that early in the game he develops a detached attitude, a complete inability to take sides on any store or issue. There is never a rush to defend or to condemn when you are a reporter – only to report, hopefully

to report truthfully and completely. This has remained my attitude while researching and writing this book. I have not defended the Dallas police – and could not. I have not judged them. I have only reported their investigation of a homicide – the murder of John F. Kennedy.

– Judy W. Bonner